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F A B L E S

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE, FROM

H O M E R, O V I D,
BOCCACE, AND CHAUCER:

W I T H

O R I G I N A L P O E M S.

By M R. D R Y D E N.

*Nunc ultro ad Cineres ipsius & ossa parentis
(Haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine divum)
Adsumus*

VIR. ÆN. lib. 5.

L O N D O N:

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TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE of ORMOND.

MS

Anno 1699.

My LORD,



SOME Estates are held in
England, by paying a Fine at
the Change of every Lord: I
have enjoyed the Patronage of
your Family, from the Time
of your excellent Grandfather to this pre-
sent Day. I have dedicated the Transla-
tion of the Lives of *Plutarch* to the first
Duke; and have celebrated the Memo-
ry of your Heroic Father. Though I
am very short of the Age of *Nestor*, yet I
A 3 have

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have lived to a third Generation of your House; and by your Grace's Favour am admitted still to hold from you by the same Tenure.

I am not vain enough to boast that I have deserved the Value of so Illustrious a Line; but my Fortune is the greater, that for three Descents they have been pleased to distinguish my Poems from those of other Men; and have accordingly made me their peculiar Care. May it be permitted me to say, That as your Grandfather and Father were cherished and adorned with Honours by two successive Monarchs, so I have been esteemed, and patronized, by the Grandfather, the Father, and the Son, descended from one of the most antient, most conspicuous, and most deserving Families in *Europe*.

It is true, that by delaying the Payment of my last Fine, when it was due by your Grace's Accession to the Titles and Patrimonies of your House, I may seem, in Rigour of Law, to have made a Forfeiture of my Claim; yet my Heart has always
been

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been devoted to your Service: And since you have been graciously pleased, by your Permission of this Address, to accept the Tender of my Duty, it is not yet too late to lay these Poems at your Feet.

The World is sensible that you worthily succeed, not only to the Honours of your Ancestors, but also to their Virtues. The long Chain of Magnanimity, Courage, Easiness of Access, and Desire of doing Good, even to the Prejudice of your Fortune, is so far from being broken in your Grace, that the precious Metal yet runs pure to the newest Link of it: Which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray, it may descend to late Posterity: And your flourishing Youth, and that of your excellent Dutches, are happy Omens of my Wish.

It is observed by *Livy* and by others, That some of the noblest *Roman* Families retained a Resemblance of their Ancestry, not only in their Shapes and Features, but also in their Manners, their Qualities, and the distinguishing Characters of their

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Minds: Some Lines were noted for a stern, rigid Virtue, savage, haughty, parcimonious and unpopular: Others were more sweet, and affable; made of a more pliant Paste, humble, courteous, and obliging; studious of doing charitable Offices, and diffusive of the Goods which they enjoyed. The last of these is the proper and indelible Character of your Grace's Family. God Almighty has endued you with a Softness, a Beneficence, an attractive Behaviour winning on the Hearts of others; and so sensible of their Misery, that the Wounds of Fortune seem not inflicted on them, but on yourself. You are so ready to redress, that you almost prevent their Wishes, and always exceed their Expectations: As if what was yours, was not your own, and not given you to possess, but to bestow on wanting Merit. But this is a Topic which I must cast in Shades, lest I offend your Modesty, which is so far from being ostentatious of the Good you do, that it blushes even to have it known: And therefore I must leave you to the Satisfaction

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tisfaction and Testimony of your own Conscience, which though it be a silent Panegyric, is yet the best.

You are so easy of Access, that *Poplicola* was not more, whose Doors were opened on the Outside to save the People even the common Civility of asking Entrance; where all were equally admitted; where nothing that was reasonable was denied; where Misfortune was a powerful Recommendation, and where (I can scarce forbear saying) that Want itself was a powerful Mediator, and was next to Merit.

The History of *Peru* assures us, That their *Inca's* above all their Titles, esteemed that the highest, which called them Lovers of the Poor: A Name more glorious, than the *Felix, Pius, and Augustus* of the *Roman* Emperors; which were Epithets of Flattery, deserved by few of them: and not running in a Blood like the perpetual Gentleness, and inherent Goodness of the *ORMOND* Family.

Gold,

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Gold, as it is the purest, so it is the softest, and most ductile of all Metals: Iron, which is the hardest, gathers Rust, corrodes itself; and is therefore subject to Corruption: It was never intended for Coins and Medals, or to bear the Faces and Inscriptions of the Great. Indeed it is fit for Armour, to bear off Insults, and preserve the Wearer in the Day of Battle: But the Danger once repelled, it is laid aside by the Brave, as a Garment too rough for civil Conversation; a necessary Guard in War, but too harsh and cumbersome in Peace, and which keeps off the Embraces of a more humane Life.

For this Reason, my Lord, though you have Courage in an heroical Degree, yet I ascribe it to you, but as your second Attribute: Mercy, Beneficence, and Compassion, claim Precedence, as they are first in the divine Nature. An intrepid Courage, which is inherent in your Grace, is at best but a Holiday-kind of Virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in Cases of Necessity: Affability, Mildness, Tenderneſs, and

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and a Word, which I would fain bring back to it's original Signification of Virtue, I mean Good-Nature, are of daily Use: They are the Bread of Mankind, and Staff of Life: Neither Sighs, nor Tears, nor Groans, nor Curses of the vanquished, follow Acts of Compassion, and of Charity: But a sincere Pleasure, and Serenity of Mind, in him who performs an Action of Mercy, which cannot suffer the Misfortunes of another, without redress; least they should bring a kind of Contagion along with them, and pollute the Happiness which he enjoys.

Yet since the perverse Tempers of Mankind, since Oppression on one Side, and Ambition on the other, are sometimes the unavoidable Occasions of War; that Courage, that Magnanimity, and Resolution, which is born with you, cannot be too much commended: And here it grieves me that I am scanted in the Pleasure of dwelling on many of your Actions: But *αἰδέομαι* *Tēōas* is an Expression which *Tully* often uses, when he would do what

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he dares not, and fears the Censure of the *Romans*.

I have sometimes been forced to amplify on others; but here, where the Subject is so fruitful, that the Harvest overcomes the Reaper, I am shortened by my Chain, and can only see what is forbidden me to reach: Since it is not permitted me to commend you, according to the extent of my Wishes, and much less is it in my Power to make my Commendations equal to your Merits.

Yet in this Frugality of your Praises, there are some Things which I cannot omit, without detracting from your Character. You have so formed your own Education, as enables you to pay the Debt you owe your Country; or more properly speaking, both your Countries: Because you were born, I may almost say in Purple, at the Castle of *Dublin*, when your Grandfather was Lord-Lieutenant, and have since been bred in the Court of *England*.

If this Address had been in Verse, I might have called you as *Claudian* calls
Mercury,

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Mercury, Numen commune, gemino faciens commercia mundo. The better to satisfy this double Obligation, you have early cultivated the Genius you have to Arms, that when the Service of *Britain* or *Ireland* shall require your Courage, and your Conduct, you may exert them both to the Benefit of either Country. You began in the Cabinet what you afterwards practised in the Camp; and thus both *Lucullus* and *Cæsar* (to omit a Crowd of shining *Romans*) formed themselves to the War by the Study of History; and by the Example of the greatest Captains, both of *Greece* and *Italy*, before their Time. I name those two Commanders in particular, because they were better read in Chronicle than any of the *Roman* Leaders; and that *Lucullus* in particular, having only the Theory of War from Books, was thought fit, without Practice, to be sent into the Field, against the most formidable Enemy of *Rome*. *Tully* indeed was called the learned Consul in Derision; but then he was not born a Soldier: His Head was turned
another

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another Way : When he read the Tactics, he was thinking on the Bar, which was his Field of Battle. The Knowledge of Warfare is thrown away on a General who dares not make Use of what he knows. I commend it only in a Man of Courage and Resolution ; in him it will direct his martial Spirit ; and teach him the Way to the best Victories, which are those that are least bloody, and which though atchieved by the Hand, are managed by the Head. Science distinguishes a Man of Honour from one of these Athletick Brutes whom undeservedly we call Heroes. Cursed be the Poet, who first honoured with that Name a meer *Ajax*, a Man-killing Ideot. The *Ulysses* of *Ovid* upbraids his Ignorance, that he understood not the Shield for which he pleaded : There was engraven on it, Plans of Cities, and Maps of Countries, which *Ajax* could not comprehend, but looked on them as stupidly as his Fellow-Beast the Lion. But on the other side, your Grace has given yourself the Education of his Rival ; you have studied

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died every spot of Ground in *Flanders*, which for these ten Years past has been the Scene of Battles and of Sieges. No Wonder if you performed your Part with such Applause on a Theatre which you understood so well.

If I designed this for a Poetical Encomium, it were easy to enlarge on so copious a Subject; but confining myself to the Severity of Truth, and to what is becoming me to say, I must not only pass over many Instances of your military Skill, but also those of your assiduous Diligence in the War; and of your Personal Bravery, attended with an ardent Thirst of Honour; a long Train of Generosity; Profuseness of doing Good; a Soul unsatisfied with all it has done; and an unextinguished Desire of doing more. But all this is Matter for your own Historians; I am, as *Virgil* says, *Spatiis exclusus iniquis*.

Yet not to be wholly silent of all your Charities, I must stay a little on one Action, which preferred the Relief of others, to the Consideration of yourself. When,
in

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in the Battle of *Landen*, your Heat of Courage (a Fault only pardonable to your Youth) had transported you so far before your Friends, that they were unable to follow, much less to succour you; when you were not only dangerously, but in all Appearance mortally wounded, when in that desperate Condition you were made Prisoner, and carried to *Namur*, at that Time in Possession of the *French*; then it was, my Lord, that you took a considerable Part of what was remitted to you of your own Revenues, and as a memorable Instance of your Heroic Charity, put it into the Hands of Count *Guiscard*, who was Governor of the Place, to be distributed among your Fellow-Prisoners. The *French* Commander, charmed with the Greatness of your Soul, accordingly consigned it to the Use for which it was intended by the Donor: By which Means the Lives of so many miserable Men were saved, and a comfortable Provision made for their Subsistence, who had otherwise perished, had
not

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not you been the Companion of their Misfortune: or rather sent by Providence, like another *Joseph*, to keep out Famine from invading those, whom in Humility you called your Brethren. How happy was it for those poor Creatures, that your Grace was made their Fellow-Sufferer? And how glorious for you, that you chose to want, rather than not relieve the Wants of others? The Heathen Poet, in commending the Charity of *Dido* to the *Trojans*, spoke like a Christian: *Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco*. All Men, even those of a different Interest, and contrary Principles, must praise this Action, as the most eminent for Piety, not only in this degenerate Age, but almost in any of the former; when Men were made *de meliore luto*; when Examples of Charity were frequent, and when there were in being, *Teucric pulcherrima proles, Magnanimi Heroes nati melioribus annis*. No Envy can detract from this; it will shine in History; and like Swans, grow whither the longer it endures:

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dures : And the Name of *ORMOND* will be more celebrated in his Captivity, than in his greatest Triumphs.

But all Actions of your Grace are of a Piece ; as Waters keep the Tenour of their Fountains : your Compassion is general, and has the same Effect as well on Enemies as Friends. It is so much in your Nature to do Good, that your Life is but one continued Act of placing Benefits on many ; as the Sun is always carrying his Light to some Part or other of the World : And were it not that your Reason guides you where to give, I might almost say that you could not help bestowing more, than is consisting with the Fortune of a private Man, or with the Will of any but an *Alexander*.

What Wonder is it then, that being born for a Blessing to Mankind, your supposed Death in that Engagement was so generally lamented through the Nation ? The Concernment for it was as universal as the Loss : And though the Gratitude
might

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might be Counterfeit in some, yet the Tears of all were real: Where every Man deplored his private Part in that Calamity, and even those who had not tasted of your Favours, yet built so much on the Fame of your Beneficence, that they bemoaned the Loss of their Expectations.

This brought the untimely Death of your Great Father into fresh Remembrance; as if the same Decree had passed on two short successive Generations of the Virtuous; and I repeated to myself the same Verses, which I had formerly applied to him: *Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra esse sinunt.* But to the Joy not only of all good Men, but of Mankind in general, the unhappy Omen took not Place. You are still living to enjoy the Blessings and Applause of all the Good you have performed, the Prayers of Multitudes whom you have obliged, for your long Prosperity; and that your Power of doing generous and charitable Actions, may be as extended as your Will; which
is

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is by none more zealously desired than
by

Your GRACE's

Most Humble,

Most obliged, and

Most obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.



P R E F A C E.



IT is with a Poet, as with a Man who designs to build, and is very exact, as he supposes, in casting up the Cost beforehand : But, generally speaking, he is mistaken in his Account, and reckons short in the Expence he first intended : He alters his Mind as the Work proceeds, and will have this or that Convenience more, of which he had not Thought when he began. So has it happened to me ; I have built a House, where I intended but a Lodge : Yet with better Success than a certain Nobleman, who beginning with a Dog-kennel, never lived to finish the Palace he had contrived.

From translating the First of *Homer's Iliads*, (which I intended as an Essay to the whole Work) I proceeded to the Translation of the Twelfth Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, because it contains, among other Things, the Causes, the Beginning, and Ending of the *Trojan War* : Here I ought in Reason to have stopped ; but the Speeches of *Ajax* and *Ulysses* lying next in my Way, I could not balk them,
When

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When I had compassed them, I was so taken with the former Part of the Fifteenth Book, (which is the Master-piece of the whole *Metamorphoses*) that I enjoined myself the pleasing Task of rendring it into *English*. And now I found, by the Number of my Verses, that they began to swell into a little Volume; which gave me an Occasion of looking backward on some Beauties of my Author, in his former Books: There occurred to me the Hunting of the Boar, *Cinyras* and *Myrrha*, the good-natured Story of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, with the rest, which I hope I have translated closely enough, and given them the same Turn of Verse which they had in the Original; and this, I may say without Vanity, is not the Talent of every Poet: He who has arrived the nearest to it, is the ingenious and learned *Sandys*, the best Versifier of the former Age; if I may properly call it by that Name, which was the former Part of this concluding Century. For *Spencer* and *Fairfax* both flourished in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; Great Masters in our Language; and who saw much farther into the Beauties of our Numbers, than those who immediately followed them. *Milton* was the poetical Son of *Spencer*, and Mr. *Waller* of *Fairfax*; for we have our lineal Descents and Clans, as well as other Families: *Spencer* more than once insinuates, that the Soul of *Chaucer* was transfused into his Body; and that he was begotten by him two hundred Years after his Decease. *Milton* has acknowledged to me, that *Spencer* was his Original; and many besides myself have heard our famous *Waller* own, that he derived the Harmony of his Numbers from the *Godfrey of Bulloign*, which was turned into
English

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English by Mr. *Fairfax*. But to return: Having done with *Ovid* for this Time, it came into my Mind, that our old *English* Poet *Chaucer* in many Things resembled him, and that with no Disadvantage on the Side of the modern Author, as I shall endeavour to prove when I compare them: And as I am, and always have been, studious to promote the Honour of my native Country, so I soon resolved to put their Merits to the Trial, by turning some of the *Canterbury Tales* into our Language, as it is now refined: For by this Means both the Poets being set in the same Light, and dressed in the same *English* Habit, Story to be compared with Story, a certain Judgment may be made betwixt them by the Reader, without obtruding my Opinion on him: Or if I seem partial to my Country-man, and Predecessor in the Laurel, the Friends of Antiquity are not few: And besides many of the learned, *Ovid* has almost all the *Beaux*, and the whole fair Sex, his declared Patrons. Perhaps I have assumed somewhat more to myself than they allow me; because I have adventured to sum up the Evidence: But the Readers are the Jury; and their Privilege remains entire to decide according to the Merits of the Cause: Or, if they please, to bring it to another Hearing, before some other Court. In the mean Time, to follow the Thread of my Discourse, (as Thoughts, according to Mr. *Hobbes*, have always some Connexion) so from *Chaucer* I was led to think on *Boccace*, who was not only his Contemporary, but also pursued the same Studies; wrote Novels in Prose, and many Works in Verse; particularly is said to have invented the Octave Rhyme, or *Stanza* of eight Lines, which ever since has been maintained by the Practice
of

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of all *Italian* Writers, who are, or at least assume the Title of, *Heroic Poets*: He and *Chaucer*, among other Things, had this in common, that they refined their Mother Tongues; but with this Difference, that *Dante* had begun to file their Language, at least in Verse, before the Time of *Boccace*, who likewise received no little Help from his Master *Petrarch*. But the Reformation of their Prose was wholly owing to *Boccace* himself; who is yet the Standard of Purity in the *Italian* Tongue; though many of his Phrases are become obsolete, as in Process of Time it must needs happen. *Chaucer* (as you have formerly been told by our learned Mr. *Rhymer*) first adorned and amplified our barren Tongue from the *Provencall*, which was then the most polished of all the modern Languages: But this Subject has been copiously treated by that great Critick, who deserves no little Commendation from us his Countrymen. For these Reasons of Time, and Resemblance of Genius, in *Chaucer* and *Boccace*, I resolved to join them in my present Work; to which I have added some original Papers of my own; which whether they are equal or inferior to my other Poems, an Author is the most improper Judge; and therefore I leave them wholly to the Mercy of the Reader: I will hope the best, that they will not be condemned; but if they should, I have the Excuse of an old Gentleman, who mounting on Horseback before some Ladies, when I was present, got up somewhat heavily, but desired of the fair Spectators, that they would count Fourscore and eight before they judged him. By the Mercy of God, I am already come within twenty Years of his Number, a Cripple in my Limbs, but what Decays are in my Mind, the Reader must determine.

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I think myself as vigorous as ever in the Faculties of my Soul, excepting only my Memory, which is not impaired to any great Degree; and if I lose not more of it, I have no great Reason to complain. What Judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes; and Thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only Difficulty is to chuse or to reject; to run them into Verse, or to give them the other Harmony of Prose, I have so long studied and practised both, that they are grown into a Habit, and become familiar to me. In short, though I may lawfully plead some Part of the old Gentleman's Excuse; yet I will reserve it 'till I think I have greater Need, and ask no Grains of Allowance for the Faults of this my present Work, but those which are given of Course to human Frailty. I will not trouble my Reader with the Shortness of Time in which I writ it; or the several Intervals of Sickness: They who think too well of their own Performances, are apt to boast in their Prefaces how little Time their Works have cost them; and what other Business of more Importance interfered; but the Reader will be as apt to ask the Question, Why they allowed not a longer Time to make their Works more-perfect? And why they had so despicable an Opinion of their Judges, as to thrust their indigested Stuff upon them, as if they deserved no better.

With this Account of my present Undertaking, I conclude the first Part of this Discourse: In the second Part, as at a second Sitting, though I alter not the Draught, I must touch the same Features over again, and change the Dead-colouring of the Whole. In general I will only say, that I have written nothing

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which favours of Immorality or Profaneness; at least, I am not conscious to myself of any such Intention. If there happen to be found an irreverent Expression, or a Thought too wanton, they are crept into my Verses through my Inadvertency: If the Searchers find any in the Cargo, let them be staved or forfeited, like contrabanded Goods; at least, let their Authors be answerable for them, as being but imported Merchandise, and not of my own Manufacture. On the other Side, I have endeavoured to chuse such Fables, both Ancient and Modern, as contain in each of them some instructive Moral, which I could prove by Induction, but the Way is tedious; and they leap foremost into Sight, without the Reader's Trouble of looking after them. I wish I could affirm with a safe Conscience, that I had taken the same Care in all my former Writings; for it must be owned, that supposing Verses are never so beautiful or pleasing, yet if they contain any Thing which shocks Religion, or good Manners, they are at best, what *Horace* says of good Numbers without good Sense, *Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ*. Thus far, I hope, I am right in Court, without renouncing my other Right of Self-defence, where I have been wrongfully accused, and my Sense wire-drawn into Blasphemy or Bawdry, as it has often been by a religious Lawyer, in a late pleading against the Stage; in which he mixes Truth with Falshood, and has not forgotten the old Rule, of calumniating strongly, that something may remain.

I resume the Thread of my Discourse with the first of my Translations, which was the First *Iliad* of *Homer*. If it shall please God to give me longer Life, and moderate Health, my Intentions are to translate
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the whole *Ilias*; provided still that I meet with those Encouragements from the Publick, which may enable me to proceed in my Undertaking with some Chearfulness. And this I dare assure the World before hand, that I have found by Trial, *Homer* a more pleasing Task than *Virgil*, (though I say not the Translation will be less laborious.) For the *Grecian* is more according to my Genius, than the *Latin* Poet. In the Works of the two Authors we may read their Manners, and natural Inclinations, which are wholly different. *Virgil* was of a quiet sedate Temper; *Homer* was violent, impetuous, and full of Fire. The chief Talent of *Virgil* was Propriety of Thoughts, and Ornament of Words: *Homer* was rapid in his Thoughts, and took all the Liberties both of Numbers, and of Expressions, which his Language, and the Age in which he lived, allowed him: *Homer's* Invention was more copious, *Virgil's* more confined: So that if *Homer* had not led the Way, it was not in *Virgil* to have begun Heroick Poetry: For, nothing can be more evident, than that the *Roman* Poem is but the second Part of the *Ilias*; a Continuation of the same Story: And the Persons already formed: The Manners of *Aeneas*, are those of *Hector* super-added to those which *Homer* gave him. The Adventures of *Ulysses* in the *Odysseis*, are imitated in the first six Books of *Virgil's Aeneis*: And though the Accidents are not the same, (which would have argued him of a servile copying, and total Barrenness of Invention) yet the Seas were the same, in which both the *Heroes* wandered; and *Dido* cannot be denied to be the poetical Daughter of *Calypso*. The six latter Books of *Virgil's* Poem, are the four and twenty

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Iliads contracted: A Quarrel occasioned by a Lady, a single Combate, Battles fought, and a Town besieged. I say not this in Derogation to *Virgil*, neither do I contradict any Thing which I have formerly said in his just Praise: For his *Episôdes* are almost wholly of his own Invention; and the Form which he has given to the telling, makes the Tale his own, even though the original Story had been the same. But this proves, however, that *Homer* taught *Virgil* to design; And if Invention be the first Virtue of an Epick Poet, then the *Latin* Poem can only be allowed the second Place. Mr. *Hobbs*, in the Preface to his own bald Translation of the *Ilias*, (studying Poetry as he did Mathematicks, when it was too late) Mr. *Hobbs*, I say, begins the Praise of *Homer* where he should have ended it. He tells us, that the first Beauty of an Epick Poem consists in Diction, that is, in the Choice of Words, and Harmony of Numbers: Now, the Words are the colouring of the Work, which in the Order of Nature is last to be considered. The Design, the Disposition, the Manners, and the Thoughts, are all before it: Where any of those are wanting or imperfect, so much wants or is imperfect in the Imitation of human Life; which is in the very Definition of a Poem. Words indeed, like glaring Colours, are the first Beauties that arise, and strike the Sight; but if the Draught be false or lame, the Figures ill disposed, the Manners obscure or inconsistent, or the Thoughts unnatural, then the finest Colours are but dawbing, and the Piece is a beautiful Monster at the best. Neither *Virgil* nor *Homer* were deficient in any of the former Beauties; but in this last, which

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is Expression, the *Roman* Poet is at least equal to the *Grecian*, as I have said elsewhere; supplying the Poverty of his Language by his musical Ear, and by his Diligence. But to return: Our two great Poets, being so different in their Tempers, one Choleric and Sanguine, the other Phlegmatick and Melancholick; that which makes them excel in their several Ways, is, that each of them has followed his own natural Inclination, as well in forming the Design, as in the Execution of it. The very *Heroes* shew their Authors; *Achilles* is hot, impatient, revengeful, *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer, &c.* *Aeneas* patient, considerate, careful of his People, and merciful to his Enemies; ever submissive to the Will of Heaven, *quo fata trahunt retrahuntque, sequamur.* I could please myself with enlarging on this Subject, but am forced to defer it to a fitter Time. From all I have said I will only draw this Inference, That the Action of *Homer* being more full of Vigour than that of *Virgil*, according to the Temper of the Writer, is of Consequence more pleasing to the Reader. One warms you by Degrees; the other sets you on fire all at once, and never intermits his Heat. It is the same Difference which *Longinus* makes betwixt the Effects of Eloquence in *Demosthenes*, and *Tully*. One persuades; the other commands. You never cool while you read *Homer*, even not in the second Book, (a graceful Flattery to his Countrymen;) but he hastens from the Ships, and concludes not that Book till he has made you an Amends by the violent playing of a new Machine. From thence he hurries on his Action with Variety of Events, and ends it in less Compass than two Months. This Vehemence of his, I confess,

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self, is more suitable to my Temper; and therefore I have translated his first Book with greater Pleasure than any Part of *Virgil*: But it was not a Pleasure without Pains: The continual Agitations of the Spirits must needs be a weakning of any Constitution, especially in Age; and many Pauses are required for Refreshment betwixt the Heats; the *Iliad* of itself being a third Part longer than all *Virgil's* Works together.

This is what I thought needful in this Place to say of *Homer*. I proceed to *Ovid*, and *Chaucer*; considering the former only in Relation to the latter. With *Ovid* ended the golden Age of the *Roman* Tongue: From *Chaucer* the Purity of the *English* Tongue began. The Manners of the Poets were not unlike: Both of them were well-bred, well-natured, amorous, and Libertine, at least in their Writings, it may be also in their Lives. Their Studies were the same, Philosophy, and Philology. Both of them were knowing in Astronomy, of which *Ovid's* Books of the *Roman* Feasts, and *Chaucer's* Treatise of the *Astroloabe*, are sufficient witnesses. But *Chaucer* was likewise an Astrologer, as were *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Perfius*, and *Manilius*. Both writ with wonderful Facility and Clearness; neither were great Inventors: For *Ovia* only copied the *Grecian* Fables; and most of *Chaucer's* Stories were taken from his *Italian* Contemporaries, or their Predecessors; *Boccace* his *Decameron* was first published; and from thence our *Englishman* has borrowed many of his *Canterbury* Tales: Yet that of *Palamon* and *Arcite* was written in all probability by some *Italian* Wit, in a former Age; as I shall prove hereafter: The Tale of *Grizild* was the Invention of *Petrarch*; by him sent to *Boccace*; from whom

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whom it came to *Chaucer*: *Troilus* and *Cressida* was also written by a *Lombard* Author; but much amplified by our *English* Translator, as well as beautified; the Genius of our Countrymen in general being rather to improve an Invention, than to invent themselves; as is evident not only in our Poetry, but in many of our Manufactures. I find I have anticipated already, and taken up from *Boccace* before I come to him: But there is so much less behind; and I am of the Temper of most Kings, *who love to be in Debt*, are all for present Money, no Matter how they pay it afterwards: Besides, the Nature of a Preface is rambling; never wholly out of the Way, nor in it. This I have learned from the Practice of honest *Montaign*, and return at my Pleasure to *Ovid* and *Chaucer*, of whom I have little more to say. Both of them built on the Inventions of other Men; yet since *Chaucer* had something of his own, as *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, *The Cock and the Fox*, which I have translated, and some others, I may justly give our Countryman the Precedence in that Part; since I can remember nothing of *Ovid* which was wholly his. Both of them understood the Manners, under which Name I comprehend the Passions, and, in a larger Sense, the Descriptions of Persons, and their very Habits: For an Example, I see *Baucis* and *Philemon* as perfectly before me, as if some ancient Painter had drawn them; and all the Pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales*, their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the *Tabard* in *Southwark*: Yet even there too the Figures of *Chaucer* are much more lively, and set in a better Light: Which though I have not

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Time to prove; yet I appeal to the Reader, and assure he will clear me from Partiality. The Thoughts and Words remain to be considered in the Comparison of the two Poets; and I have saved myself one Half of that Labour, by owning that *Ovid* lived when the *Roman* Tongue was in it's Meridian; *Chaucer*, in the Dawning of our Language: Therefore that Part of the Comparison stands not on an equal Foot, any more than the Diction of *Ennius* and *Ovid*; or of *Chaucer*, and our present *English*. The Words are given up as a Post not to be defended in our Poet, because he wanted the modern Art of Fortifying. The Thoughts remain to be considered: And they are to be measured only by their Propriety; that is, as they flow more or less naturally from the Persons described, on such and such Occasions. The vulgar Judges, which are nine Parts in ten of all Nations, who call Conceits and Jingles Wit, who see *Ovid* full of them, and *Chaucer* altogether without them, will think me little less than mad, for preferring the *Englishman* to the *Roman*: Yet, with their Leave, I must presume to say, that the Things they admire are only glittering Trifles, and so far from being Witty, that in a serious Poem they are nauseous, because they are unnatural. Would any Man who is ready to die for Love, describe his Passion like *Narcissus*? Would he think of *inopem me copia fecit*, and a Dozen more of such Expressions, poured on the Neck of one another, and signifying all the same Thing? If this were Wit, was this a Time to be witty, when the poor Wretch was in the Agony of Death? This is just *John Littlewit* in *Bartholomew Fair*, who had a Conceit (as he tells you) left him

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in his Misery; a miserable Conceit. On these Occasions the Poet should endeavour to raise Pity: But instead of this, *Ovid* is tickling you to laugh. *Virgil* never made Use of such Machines, when he was moving you to commiserate the Death of *Dido*: He would not destroy what he was building. *Chaucer* makes *Arcite* violent in his Love, and unjust in the Pursuit of it: Yet when he came to die, he made him think more reasonably: He repents not of his Love, for that had altered his Character; but acknowledges the Injustice of his Proceedings, and resigns *Emilia* to *Palamon*. What would *Ovid* have done on this Occasion? He would certainly have made *Arcite* witty on his Death-bed. He had complained he was farther off from Possession, by being so near, and a Thousand such Boyisms, which *Chaucer* rejected as below the Dignity of the Subject. They who think otherwise, would by the same Reason prefer *Lucan* and *Ovid* to *Homer* and *Virgil*, and *Martial* to all four of them. As for the Turn of Words, in which *Ovid* particularly excels all Poets; they are sometimes a Fault, and sometimes a Beauty, as they are used properly or improperly; but in strong Passions always to be shunned, because Passions are serious, and will admit no Playing. The *French* have a high Value for them; and I confess, they are often what they call Delicate, when they are introduced with Judgment; but *Chaucer* writ with more Simplicity, and followed Nature more closely, than to use them. I have thus far, to the best of my Knowledge, been an upright Judge betwixt the Parties in Competition, not meddling with the Design nor the Disposition of it; because the Design was

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not their own; and in the disposing of it they were equal. It remains that I say somewhat of *Chaucer* in particular.

In the first Place, As he is the Father of *English* Poetry, so I hold him in the same Degree of Veneration as the *Grecians* held *Homer*, or the *Romans* *Virgil*: He is a perpetual Fountain of good Sense; learned in all Sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all Subjects: As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a Continnence which is practised by few Writers, and scarcely by any of the Ancients, excepting *Virgil* and *Horace*. One of our late great Poets is sunk in his Reputation, because he could never forgive any Conceit which came in his Way; but swept, like a Drag-net, great and small. There was Plenty enough, but the Dishes were ill-sorted; whole Pyramids of Sweetmeats, for Boys and Women; but little of solid Meat, for Men: All this proceeded not from any Want of Knowledge, but of Judgment, neither did he want that in discerning the Beauties and Faults of other Poets; but only indulged himself in the Luxury of Writing; and perhaps knew it was a Fault, but hoped the Reader would not find it. For this Reason, though he must always be thought a great Poet, he is no longer esteemed a good Writer: And for ten Impressions, which his Works have had in so many successive Years, yet at present a hundred Books are scarcely purchased once a Twelvemonth: For, as my last Lord *Rochester* said, tho' somewhat profanely, *Not being of God, he could not stand*.

Chaucer followed Nature every where; but was never so bold to go beyond her: And there is a great Difference

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Difference of being *Poeta* and *nimis Poeta*, if we may believe *Catullus*, as much as betwixt a modest Behaviour and Affectation. The Verse of *Chaucer*, I confess, is not Harmonious to us; but it is like the Eloquence of one whom *Tacitus* commends, it was *auribus istius temperis accommodata*: They who lived with him, and some Time after him, thought it Musical; and it continues so even in our Judgment, if compared with the Numbers of *Lidgate* and *Gower*, his Contemporaries: There is the rude Sweetness of a *Scotch Tune* in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last Edition of him; for he would make us believe the Fault is in our Ears, and that there were really ten Syllables in a Verse where we find but nine: But this Opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an Error, that common Sense (which is a Rule in every Thing but Matters of Faith and Revelation) must convince the Reader, that Equality of Numbers in every Verse which we call *Heroick*, was either not known, or not always practised in *Chaucer's* Age. It were an easy Matter to produce some Thousands of his Verses, which are lame for Want of half a Foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no Pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say, that he lived in the Infancy of our Poetry, and that nothing is brought to Perfection at the first. We must be Children before we grow Men. There was an *Ennius*, and in Process of Time a *Lucilius*, and a *Lucretius*, before *Virgil* and *Horace*; even after *Chaucer* there was a *Spencer*, a *Harrington*, a *Fairfax*, before *Waller* and *Denham* were in being: And our Numbers were in

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Nonage till these last appeared. I need say little of his Parentage, Life, and Fortunes : They are to be found at large in all the Editions of his Works. He was employed abroad and favoured by *Edward* the Third, *Richard* the Second, and *Henry* the Fourth, and was Poet, as I suppose, to all three of them. In *Richard's* Time, I doubt, he was a little dipt in the Rebellion of the Commons ; and being Brother-in-law to *John of Gaunt*, it was no Wonder if he followed the Fortunes of that Family ; and was well with *Henry* the fourth when he had deposed his Predecessor. Neither is it to be admired, that *Henry*, who was a wise as well as a valiant Prince, who claimed by Succession, and was sensible that his Title was not found, but was rightfully in *Mortimer*, who had married the Heir of *York* ; it was not to be admired, I say, if that great Politician should be pleased to have the greatest Wit of those Times in his Interests, and to be the Trumpet of his Praises. *Augustus* had given him the Example, by the Advice of *Mæcenas*, who recommended *Virgil* and *Horace* to him ; whose Praises helped to make him Popular while he was alive, and after his Death have made him precious to Posterity. As for the Religion of our Poet, he seems to have some little Byas towards the Opinions of *Wickliff*, after *John of Gaunt* his Patron ; somewhat of which appears in the Tale of *Pier's Plowman* : Yet I cannot blame him for inveighing so sharply against the Vices of the Clergy in his Age : Their Pride, their Ambition, their Pomp, their Avarice, their worldly Interest, deserved the Lashes which he gave them, both in that, and in most of his *Canterbury Tales* : Neither has his Contemporary *Boc-*

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cace spared them. Yet both those Poets lived in much Esteem, with good and holy Men in Orders : For the Scandal which is given by particular Priests, reflects not on the sacred Function. *Chaucer's Monk*, his *Chanon*, and his *Fryer*, took not from the Character of his *Good Parson*. A satyrical Poet is the Check of the Laymen, on bad Priests. We are only to take Care, that we involve not the Innocent with the Guilty in the same Condemnation. The Good cannot be too much honoured, nor the Bad too coarsely used : For the Corruption of the best, becomes the worst. When a Clergy-man is whipped, his Gown is first taken off, by which the Dignity of his Order is secured : If he be wrongfully accused, he has his Action of Slander ; and it is at the Poet's Peril, if he transgresses the Law. But they will tell us, that all Kind of Satire, though never so well deserved by particular Priests, yet brings the whole Order into Contempt. Is then the Peerage of *England* any Thing dishonoured, when a Peer suffers for his Treason ? If he be libelled, or any Way defamed, he has his *Scandalum Magnatum* to punish the Offender. They who use this Kind of Argument, seem to be conscious to themselves of somewhat which has deserved the Poet's Lash ; and are less concerned for their publick Capacity, than for their private : At least, there is Pride at the Bottom of their Reasoning. If the Faults of Men in Orders are only to be judged among themselves, they are all in some Sort Parties : For, since they say the Honour of their Order is concerned in every Member of it, how can we be sure, that they will be impartial Judges ? How far I may be allowed to speak my Opin-

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nion in this Case, I know not : But I am sure a Dispute of this Nature caused Mischief in Abundance betwixt a King of *England* and an Archbishop of *Canterbury*; one standing up for the Laws of his Land, and the other for the Honour (as he called it) of God's Church; which ended in the Murther of the Prelate, and in the whipping of his Majesty from Post to Pillar for his Penance. The learned and ingenious Dr. *Drake* has saved me the Labour of enquiring into the Esteem and Reverence which the Priests have had of old; and I would rather extend than diminish any Part of it: Yet I must needs say, that when a Priest provokes me without any Occasion given him, I have no Reason, unless it be the Charity of a *Christian*, to forgive him: *Prior læsit* is Justification sufficient in the Civil Law. If I answer him in his own Language, Self-defence, I am sure, must be allowed me; and if I carry it farther, even to a sharp Recrimination, somewhat may be indulged to human Frailty. Yet my Resentment has not wrought so far, but that I have followed *Chaucer* in his Character of a Holy Man, and have enlarged on that Subject with some Pleasure, reserving to myself the Right, if I shall think fit hereafter, to describe another Sort of Priests, such as are more easily to be found than the Good Parson; such as have given the last Blow to Christianity in this Age, by a Practice so contrary to their Doctrine. But this will keep cold till another Time. In the mean while, I take up *Chaucer* where I left him. He must have been a Man of a most wonderful comprehensive Nature, because as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the Compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various Manners and

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Humours (as we now call them) of the whole *English* Nation, in his Age. Not a single Character has escaped him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other; and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Physiognomies and Persons. *Baptista Porta* could not have described their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poet gives them. The Matter and Manner of their Tales, and of their Telling, are so suited to their different Educations, Humours, and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other Mouth. Even the grave and serious Characters are distinguished by their several Sorts of Gravity: Their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are vicious, and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as *Chaucer* calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the Ribaldry of the low Characters is different: The *Reeve*, the *Miller*, and the *Cook*, are several Men, and distinguished from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioress, and the broad-speaking gap-toothed Wife of *Bath*. But enough of this: There is such a Variety of Game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my Choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the Proverb, that here is God's Plenty. We have our Fore-fathers and great Grand-dames all before us, as they were in *Chaucer's* Days; their general Characters are still remaining in Mankind, and even in *England*, though they are called by other Names than those of *Monks*, and *Fryers*, and *Chanons*, and *Lady Abbesses*, and *Nuns*: For Mankind is ever the same, and nothing

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lost out of Nature, though every Thing is altered. May I have Leave to do myself the Justice, (since my Enemies will do me none, and are so far from granting me to be a good Poet, that they will not allow me so much as to be a Christian, or a Moral Man) may I have Leave, I say, to inform my Reader, that I have confined my Choice to such Tales of *Chaucer*, as favour nothing of Immodesty. If I had desired more to please than to instruct, the *Reeve*, the *Miller*, the *Shipman*, the *Merchant*, the *Sumner*, and above all, the *Wife of Bath*, in the Prologue to her Tale, would have procured me as many Friends and Readers, as there are *Beaux* and Ladies of Pleasure in the Town. But I will no more offend against good Manners: I am sensible as I ought to be of the Scandal I have given by my loose Writings; and make what Reparation I am able, by this publick Acknowledgement. If any Thing of this Nature, or of Profaneness, be crept into these Poems, I am so far from defending it, that I disown it. *Totum hoc indictum volo.* *Chaucer* makes another Manner of Apology for his broad speaking, and *Boccace* makes the like; but I will follow neither of them. Our Countryman, in the End of his Characters, before the *Canterbury Tales*, thus excuses the Ribaldry, which is very gross, in many of his Novels.

*But first, I pray you, of your Courtesy,
That ye ne arrette it nought my villany,
Though that I plainly speak in this matter
To tellen you her words, and eke her chere:
Ne though I speak her words properly,
For this ye knowen as well as I,*

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*Who shall tellen a tale after a man
 He mote rehearse as nye, as ever He can:
 Everich word of it been in his charge,
 All speke he, never so rudely, ne large.
 Or else he mote tellen his Tale untrue,
 Or feine things, or find words new:
 He may not spare, altho' he were his brother,
 He mote as well say o word as another.
 Christ spake himself full broad in holy Writ,
 And well I wote no Villany is it.
 Eke Plato saith, who so can him rede,
 The words mote been Cousin to the dede.*

Yet if a Man should have enquired of *Boccace* or of *Chaucer*, what Need they had of introducing such Characters, where obscene Words are proper in their Mouths, but very undecent to be heard; I know not what Answer they could have made: For that Reason such Tales shall be left untold by me. You have here a *Specimen* of *Chaucer's* Language, which is so obsolete, that his Sense is scarce to be understood; and you have likewise more than one Example of his unequal Numbers, which were mentioned before. Yet many of his Verses consist of ten Syllables, and the Words not much behind our present *English*: As for Example, these two Lines, in the Description of the Carpenter's Young Wife:

*Wincing she was, as is a jolly Colt,
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.*

I have almost done with *Chaucer*, when I have answered some Objections relating to my present Work.
 I find

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I find some People are offended that I have turned these Tales into modern *English*; because they think them unworthy of my Pains, and look on *Chaucer* as a dry, old-fashioned Wit, not worth reviving. I have often heard the late Earl of *Leicester* say, that Mr. *Cowley* himself was of that Opinion; who having read him over at my Lord's Request, declared he had no Taste of him. I dare not advance my Opinion against the Judgment of so great an Author: But I think it fair, however, to leave the Decision to the Publick: Mr. *Cowley* was too modest to set up for a Dictator; and being shocked perhaps with his old Style, never examined into the Depth of his good Sense. *Chaucer*, I confess, is a rough Diamond, and must first be polished ere he shines. I deny not likewise, that living in our early Days of Poetry, he writes not always of a Piece; but some Times mingles trivial Things, with those of greater Moment. Sometimes also, though not often, he runs riot, like *Ovid*, and knows not when he has said enough. But there are more great Wits besides *Chaucer*, whose Fault is their Excess of Conceits, and those ill sorted. An Author is not to write all he can, but only all he ought. Having observed this Redundancy in *Chaucer*, (as it is an easy Matter for a Man of ordinary Parts to find a Fault in one of greater) I have not tied myself to a literal Translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary, or not of Dignity enough to appear in the Company of better Thoughts. I have presumed farther in some Places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my Author was deficient, and had not given his Thoughts their true Lustre, for Want of Words in the Beginning

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ning of our Language. And to this I was the more emboldened, because (if I may be permitted to say it of myself) I found I had a Soul congenial to his, and that I had been conversant in the same Studies. Another Poet, in another Age, may take the same Liberty with my Writings; if at least they live long enough to deserve Correction. It was also necessary some Times to restore the Sense of *Chaucer*, which was lost or mangled in the Errors of the Press: Let this Example suffice at present; in the Story of *Palamon* and *Arcite*, where the Temple of *Diana* is described, you find these Verses, in all the Editions of our Author:

*There saw I Danè turned unto a Tree,
I mean not the Goddess Diane,
But Venus Daughter, which that bight Danè.*

Which after a little Consideration I knew was to be reformed into this Sense, that *Daphne* the Daughter of *Peneus* was turned into a Tree. I durst not make thus bold with *Ovid*, lest some future *Milbourn* should arise, and say, I varied from my Author, because I understood him not.

But there are other Judges who think I ought not to have translated *Chaucer* into *English*, out of a quite contrary Notion: They suppose there is a certain Veneration due to his old Language; and that it is little less than Profanation and Sacrilege to alter it. They are farther of Opinion, that somewhat of his good Sense will suffer in this Transfusion, and much of the Beauty of his Thoughts will infallibly be lost, which appear with more Grace in their old Habit.

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Of this Opinion was that excellent Person, whom I mentioned, the late Earl of *Leicester*, who valued *Chaucer* as much as Mr. *Cowley* despised him. My Lord dissuaded me from this Attempt, (for I was thinking of it some Years before his Death) and his Authority prevailed so far with me, as to defer my Undertaking while he lived, in Deference to him: Yet my Reason was not convinced with what he urged against it. If the first End of a Writer be to be understood, then as his Language grows obsolete, his Thoughts must grow obscure, *multa renascuntur quæ nunc cecidere; cadentque quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est & jus & norma loquendi*. When an ancient Word for it's Sound and Significancy deserves to be revived, I have that reasonable Veneration for Antiquity, to restore it. All beyond this is Superstition. Words are not like Landmarks, so sacred as never to be removed; Customs are changed, and even Statutes are silently repealed, when the Reason ceases for which they were enacted. As for the other Part of the Argument, that his Thoughts will lose of their original Beauty, by the Innovation of Words; in the first Place, not only their Beauty, but their Being is lost; where they are no longer understood, which is the present Case. I grant, that something must be lost in all Transfusion, that is, in all Translations, but the Sense will remain, which would otherwise be lost, or at least be maimed, when it is scarce intelligible; and that but to a Few. How few are there who can read *Chaucer*, so as to understand him perfectly? And if imperfectly, then with less Profit, and no Pleasure. It is not for the Use of some old *Saxon* Friends, that I have taken

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taken these Pains with him : Let them neglect my Version, because they have no Need of it. I made it for their Sakes who understand Sense and Poetry, as well as they ; when that Poetry and Sense is put into Words which they understand. I will go farther, and dare to add, that what Beauties I lose in some Places, I give to others which had them not originally : But in this I may be partial to myself ; let the Reader judge, and I submit to his Decision. Yet I think I have just Occasion to complain of them, who because they understand *Chaucer*, would deprive the greater Part of their Countrymen of the same Advantage, and hoard him up, as Misers do their Grandam Gold, only to look on it themselves, and hinder others from making Use of it. In Sum, I seriously protest, that no Man ever had, or can have, a greater Veneration for *Chaucer*, than myself. I have translated some Part of his Works, only that I might perpetuate his Memory, or at least refresh it, amongst my Countrymen. If I have altered him any where for the better, I must at the same Time acknowledge, that I could have done nothing without him : *Facile est inventis addere*, is no great Commendation ; and I am not so vain to think I have deserved a greater. I will conclude what I have to say of him singly, with this one Remark : A Lady of my Acquaintance, who keeps a Kind of Correspondence with some Authors of the Fair Sex in *France*, has been informed by them, that *Mademoiselle de Scudery*, who is as old as *Sibyl*, and inspired like her by the same God of Poetry, is at this Time translating *Chaucer* into modern *French*. From which I gather, that he has been formerly translated into the old *Provençal*, (for how she should
and

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come to understand old *English* I know not.) But the Matter of Fact being true, it makes me think that there is something in it like Fatality; that after certain Periods of Time, the Fame and Memory of great Wits should be renewed, as *Chaucer* is both in *France* and *England*. If this be wholly Chance, it is extraordinary; and I dare not call it more, for Fear of being taxed with Superstition.

Boccace comes last to be considered, who living in the same Age with *Chaucer*, had the same Genius, and followed the same Studies: Both writ Novels, and each of them cultivated his Mother-Tongue: But the greatest Resemblance of our two Modern Authors being in their familiar Style, and pleasing Way of relating comical Adventures, I may pass it over, because I have translated nothing from *Boccace* of that Nature. In the serious Part of Poetry, the Advantage is wholly on *Chaucer's* Side; for though the *Englishman* has borrowed many Tales from the *Italian*, yet it appears that those of *Boccace* were not generally of his own making, but taken from Authors of former Ages, and by him only modelled: So that what there was of Invention in either of them, may be judged equal. But *Chaucer* has refined on *Boccace*, and has mended the Stories which he has borrowed, in his Way of telling; though Prose allows more Liberty of Thought, and the Expression is more easy, when unconfined by Numbers. Our Countryman carries Weight, and yet wins the Race at disadvantage. I desire not the Reader should take my Word; and therefore I will set two of their Discourses on the same Subject, in the same Light, for every Man to judge betwixt them. I translated *Chaucer* first, and
amongst

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amongst the rest, pitched on the Wife of *Bath's* Tale; not daring, as I have said, to adventure on her Prologue; because it is too licentious: There *Chaucer* introduces an old Woman of mean Parentage, whom a youthful Knight of noble Blood was forced to marry, and consequently loathed her: The Crone being in Bed with him on the wedding Night, and finding his Aversion, endeavours to win his Affection by Reason, and speaks a good Word for herself, (as who could blame her?) in Hope to mollify the sullen Bridegroom. She takes her Topicks from the Benefits of Poverty, the Advantages of old Age and Ugliness, the Vanity of Youth, and the silly Pride of Ancestry and Titles without inherent Virtue, which is the true Nobility. When I had closed *Chaucer*, I returned to *Ovid*, and translated some more of his Fables; and by this Time had so far forgotten the Wife of *Bath's* Tale, that when I took up *Boccace*, unawares I fell on the same Argument of preferring Virtue to Nobility of Blood, and Titles, in the Story of *Sigismunda*; which I had certainly avoided for the Resemblance of the two Discourses, if my Memory had not failed me. Let the Reader weigh them both; and if he thinks me partial to *Chaucer*, it is in him to right *Boccace*.

I prefer in our Countryman, far above all his other Stories, the noble Poem of *Palamon* and *Arcite*, which is of the *Epique* Kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or the *Æneis*: the Story is more pleasing than either of them, the Manners as perfect, the Diction as poetical, the Learning as deep and various; and the Disposition full as artful: only it concludes a greater Length of Time, as taking up
seven

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seven Years at least; but *Aristotle* has left undecided the Duration of the Action; which yet is easily reduced into the Compass of a Year, by a Narration of what preceded the Return of *Palamon* to *Athens*. I had thought for the Honour of our Nation, and more particularly for his, whose Laurel, though unworthy, I have worn after him, that this Story was of *English* Growth, and *Chaucer's* own: But I was undeceived by *Boccace*; for casually looking on the End of his seventh *Giornata*, I found *Dioneo* (under which Name he shadows himself) and *Fiametta* (who represents his Mistress, the natural Daughter of *Robert King* of *Naples*) of whom these Words are spoken. *Dioneo e la Fiametta gran pezza cantarono insieme d' Arcita, e di Palamone*: by which it appears that this Story was written before the Time of *Boccace*; but the Name of it's Author being wholly lost, *Chaucer* is now become an Original; and I question not but the Poem has received many Beauties by passing through his noble Hands. Besides this Tale, there is another of his own Invention, after the Manner of the *Provençals*, called *The Flower and the Leaf*; with which I was so particularly pleased, both for the Invention and the Moral, that I cannot hinder myself from recommending it to the Reader.

As a Corollary to this Preface, in which I have done Justice to others, I owe somewhat to myself: not that I think it worth my Time to enter the Lists with one *M----*, and one *B----*, but barely to take Notice, that such Men there are who have written scurrilously against me without any Provocation. *M----*, who is in Orders, pretends amongst the rest this Quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul on Priesthood:

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hood : if I have, I am only to ask Pardon of good Priests, and am afraid his Part of the Reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall not be able to force himself upon me for an Adversary. I condemn him too much to enter into Competition with him. His own Translations of *Virgil* have answered his Criticisms on mine. If (as they say, he has declared in Print) he prefers the Version of *Ogilby* to mine, the World has made him the same Compliment : For it is agreed on all Hands, that he writes even below *Ogilby* : That, you will say, is not easily to be done ; but what cannot *M----* bring about ? I am satisfied however, that while he and I live together, I shall not be thought the worst Poet of the Age. It looks as if I had desired him underhand to write so ill against me : But upon my honest Word I have not bribed him to do me this Service, and am wholly guiltless of his Pamphlet. It is true, I should be glad, if I could persuade him to continue his good Offices, and write such another Critick on any Thing of mine : For I find by Experience he has a great Stroke with the Reader, when he condemns any of my Poems, to make the World have a better Opinion of them. He has taken some Pains with my Poetry ; but nobody will be persuaded to take the same with his. If I had taken to the Church (as he affirms, but which was never in my Thoughts) I should have had more Sense, if not more Grace, than to have turned myself out of my Benefice by writing Libels on my Parishioners. But his Account of my Manners and my Principles, are of a Piece with his Cavils and his Poetry : And so I have done with him for ever.

P R E F A C E.

As for the City Bard, or Knight Physician, I hear his Quarrel to me is, that I was the Author of *Abalom* and *Achitophel*, which he thinks is a little hard on his Fanatick Patrons in *London*.

But I will deal the more civilly with his two Poems, because nothing ill is to be spoken of the Dead: And therefore Peace be to the *Manes* of his *Arthurs*. I will only say, that it was not for this noble Knight that I drew the Plan of an Epick Poem on King *Arthur*, in my Preface to the Translation of *Juvenal*. The Guardian Angels of Kingdoms were Machines too ponderous for him to manage; and therefore he rejected them, as *Dares* did the Whirlbats of *Eryx*, when they were thrown before him by *Entellus*: Yet from that Preface he plainly took his Hint: For he began immediately upon the Story; though he had the Baseness not to acknowledge his Benefactor; but instead of it, to traduce me in a Libel.

I shall say the less of Mr. *Collier*, because in many Things he has taxed me justly; and I have pleaded Guilty to all Thoughts and Expressions of mine, which can be truly argued of Obscenity, Profaneness, or Immorality; and retract them. If he be my Enemy, let him triumph; if he be my Friend, as I have given him no personal Occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my Repentance. It becomes me not to draw my Pen in the Defence of a bad Cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one. Yet it were not difficult to prove, that in many Places he has perverted my Meaning by his Glosses; and interpreted my Words into Blasphemy and Bawdry, of which they were not guilty; besides that he is too much given to Horse-play in his Raillery; and

P R E F A C E.

and comes to Battle, like a Dictator from the Plough. I will not say, *The Zeal of God's House has eaten him up*; But I am sure it has devoured some Part of his good Manners and Civility. It might also be doubted, whether it were altogether Zeal, which prompted him to this rough Manner of Proceeding; perhaps it became not one of his Function to rake into the Rubbish of Ancient and Modern Plays; a Divine might have employed his Pains to better Purpose, than in the Nastiness of *Plautus* and *Aristophanes*; whose Examples, as they excuse not me, so it might be possibly supposed, that he read them not without some Pleasure. They who have written Commentaries on those Poets, or on *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Martial*, have explained some Vices, which without their Interpretation had been unknown to modern Times. Neither has he judged impartially betwixt the former Age and us.

There is more Bawdry in one Play of *Fletcher's*, called *The Custom of the Country*, than in all ours together. Yet this has been often acted on the Stage in my Remembrance. Are the Times so much more reformed now, than they were Five and twenty Years ago? If they are, I congratulate the Amendment of our Morals. But I am not to prejudice the Cause of my Fellow-Poets, though I abandon my own Defence: They have some of them answered for themselves, and neither they nor I can think Mr. *Collier* so formidable an Enemy, that we should shun him. He has lost Ground at the latter End of the Day, by pursuing his Point too far, like the Prince of *Conde* at the Battle of *Senneph*: From immoral Plays, to no Plays; *ab abusu ad usum, non valet consequentia*. But

P R E F A C E.

being a Party, I am not to erect myself into a Judge. As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such Scoundrels, that they deserve not the least Notice to be taken of them. B---- and M---- are only distinguished from the Crowd, by being remembered to their Infamy.

---- Demetri, Teque Tigelli
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.





TO HER GRACE THE
DUTCHESS of ORMOND.

WITH THE FOLLOWING POEM OF
PALAMON and ARCITE,
FROM CHAUCER.

MADAM,



*HE Bard who first adorn'd our native
Tongue,
Tun'd to his British Lyre this ancient
Song :
Which Homer might without a Blush
rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful Palm in Virgil's Verse :
He match'd their Beauties, where they most excell ;
Of Love sung better, and of Arms as well.*

C 3

Vouchsafe,

To her GRACE the

*Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond, to behold
What Pow'r the Charms of Beauty had of old ;
Nor wonder if such Deeds of Arms were done,
Inspired by two fair Eyes that sparkled like your own.*

*If Chaucer by the best Idea wrought,
And Poets can divine each other's Thought,
The fairest Nymph before his Eyes he set ;
And then the fairest was Plantagenet ;
Who three contending Princes made her Prize,
And rull'd the Rival-Nations with her Eyes :
Who lest immortal Trophies of her Fame,
And to the noblest Order gave the Name.*

*Like her, of equal Kindred to the Throne,
You keep her Conquests, and extend your own :
As when the Stars, in their etherial Race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid Space,
At certain Periods they resume their Place,
From the same Point of Heav'n their Course advance,
And move in Measures of their former Dance ;
Thus, after Length of Ages, she returns,
Restor'd in you, and the same Place adorns ;
Or you perform her Office in the Sphere,
Born of her Blood, and make a new platonick Year.*

*O true Plantagenet, O Race divine,
(For Beauty still is fatal to the Line,)
Had Chaucer liv'd that Angel-Face to view,
Sure he had drawn his Emily from you :
Or had you liv'd, to judge the doubtful Right,
Your noble Palamon had been the Knight :
And conqu'ring Theseus from his Side had sent
Your gen'rous Lord, to guide the Theban Government.*

DUTCHESS of ORMOND.

*Time shall accomplish that ; and I shall see
A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.*

*Already have the Fates your Path prepar'd,
And sure Presage your future Sway declar'd :
When Westward, like the Sun, you took your Way,
And from benighted Britain bore the Day,
Blue Triton gave the Signal from the Shore,
The ready Nereids heard, and swam before
To smooth the Seas ; a soft Etesian Gale
But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the Sail ;
Portunus took his Turn, whose ample Hand
Heav'd up the lighten'd Keel, and sunk the Sand,*

*And steer'd the sacred Vessel safe to Land.
The Land, if not restrain'd, had met your Way,
Projected out a Neck, and jutt'd to the Sea.*

*Hibernia, prostrate at your Feet, ador'd,
In you the Pledge of her expected Lord ;
Due to her Isle ; a venerable Name ;
His Father and his Grandfire known to Fame :
Aw'd by that House, accusom'd to command,
The sturdy Kerns in due Subjection stand :
Nor bear the Reigns in any foreign Hand.*

*At your Approach, they crowded to the Port ;
And scarcely landed, you create a Court :
As Ormond's Harbinger, to you they run ;
For Venus is the Promise of the Sun.*

*The Waste of civil Wars, their Towns destroy'd,
Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd,
Were all forgot ; and one triumphant Day
Wip'd all the Tears of three Campaigns away.
Blood, Rapines, Massacres, were cheaply bought,
So mighty Recompence your Beauty brought.*

To her GRACE the

*As when the Dove returning, bore the Mark
Of Earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring Ark,
The Relicks of Mankind, secure of Rest,
Ope'd ev'ry Window to receive the Guest,
And the fair Bearer of the Message blest'd;
So, when you came, with loud repeated Cries,
The Nation took an Omen from your Eyes,
And God advanc'd his Rainbow in the Skies,
To sign inviolable Peace restor'd;
The Saints with solemn Shouts proclaim'd the new Accord.*

*When at your second coming you appear,
(For I foretell that millenary Year)
The sharpen'd Share shall vex the Soil no more,
But Earth unbidden shall produce her Store:
The Land shall laugh, the circling Ocean smile,
And Heaven's Indulgence bless the holy Isle.*

*Heav'n from all Ages has reserv'd for you
That happy Clime, which Venom never knew;
Or if it had been there, your Eyes alone
Have Power to chase all Poison, but their own.*

*Now in this Interval, which Fate has cast
Betwixt your future Glories, and your past,
This Pause of Pow'r, 'tis Ireland's Hour to mourn;
While England celebrates your safe Return,
By which you seem the Seasons to command,
And bring our Summers back to their forsaken Land.*

*The vanquish'd Isle our Leisure must attend,
Till the fair Blessing we vouchsafe to send;
Nor can we spare you long, tho' often we may lend.
The Dove was twice employ'd abroad, before
The World was dry'd; and she return'd no more.*

DUTCHESS of ORMOND.

Nor dare we trust so soft a Messenger,
New from her Sickness, to that Northern Air;
Rest here a while, your Lustre to restore,
That they may see you as you shone before;
For yet, th' Eclipse not wholly past, you wade
Thro' some Remains, and Dimness of a Shade.

A Subject in his Prince may claim a Right,
Nor suffer him with Strength impair'd to fight;
Till Force returns, his Ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike Wish to cross the Main.

Now past the Danger, let the Learn'd begin
Th' Enquiry, where Disease could enter in;
How those malignant Atoms forc'd their Way,
What in the faultless Frame they found to make their
Prey?

Where ev'ry Element was weigh'd so well,
That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the Mass, cou'd tell
Which of the four Ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a Cage,
A Soul might well be pleas'd to pass an Age.

And yet the fine Materials made it weak;
Porcelain, by being Pure, is apt to break:
Ev'n to your Breast the Sickness durst aspire;
And forc'd from that fair Temple to retire,
Profanely set the hly Place on Fire.

In vain your Lord like young Vespasian mourn'd,
When the fierce Flames the Sanctuary burn'd:

And I prepar'd to pay in Verses rude
A most detested Act of Gratitude:
Ev'n this had been your Elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your Health, the Table of my Vow.

Your

To her GRACE the

*Your Angel sure our Morley's Mind inspir'd,
To find the Remedy your Ill requir'd;
As once the Macedon, by Jove's Decree,
Was taught to dream an Herb for Ptolomee:
Or Heav'n, which had such Over-cost bestow'd,
As scarce it could afford to Flesh and Blood,
So lik'd the Frame, he would not work anew,
To save the Charges of another you.
Or by his middle Science did he steer,
And saw some great contingent Good appear,
Well worth a Miracle to keep you here:
And for that End, preserv'd the precious Mould,
Which all the future Ormonds was to hold;
And meditated in his better Mind
An Heir from you, who may redeem the failing Kind.*

}

*Bless'd be the Pow'r which has at once restor'd
The Hopes of lost Succession to your Lord,
Joy to the first and last of each Degree,
Virtue to Courts, and what I long'd to see,
To you the Graces, and the Muse to me.*

}

*O Daughter of the Rose, whose Cheeks unite
The diff'ring Titles of the red and white;
Who Heav'n's alternate Beauty well display,
The Blush of Morning, and the milky Way;
Whose Face is Paradise, but fenc'd from Sin:
For God in either Eye has plac'd a Cherubin.*

*All is your Lord's alone; ev'n absent, he
Employs the Care of chaste Penelope.
For him you waste in Tears your widow'd Hours,
For him your curious Needle paints the Flow'rs;
Such Works of old imperial Dames were taught;
Such, for Ascanius, fair Elisa wrought.*

DUTCHESS of ORMOND;

*The soft Recesses of your Hours improve
The three fair Pledges of your happy Love :
All other Parts of pious Duty done,
You owe your Ormond nothing but a Son ;
To fill in future Times his Father's Place,
And wear the Garter of his Mother's Race.*



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PALAMON and ARCITE:

O R, T H E

K N I G H T ' s T A L E.

I n T H R E E B O O K S.

B O O K I.



N Days of old, there liv'd, of mighty Fame
A valiant Prince; and *Theseus* was his
Name:
A Chief, who more in Feats of Arms excell'd
The rising nor the setting Sun beheld,
Of *Athens* he was Lord; much Land he won,
And added foreign Countries to his Crown:
In *Scythia* with the warrior Queen he strove,
Whom first by Force he conquer'd, then by Love;

He

He brought in Triumph back the beauteous Dame,
With whom her Sister, fair *Emilia*, came.
With Honour to his Home let *Theseus* ride,
With Love to Friend, and Fortune for his Guide,
And his victorious Army at his Side.
I pass their warlike Pomp, their proud Array,
Their Shouts, their Songs, their Welcome on the Way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The Feats of *Amazons*, the fatal Fight
Betwixt the hardy Queen, and *Heroe* Knight;
The Town besieg'd, and how much Blood it cost
The Female Army, and th' *Athenian* Host;
The Spousals of *Hippolita* the Queen;
What Tilts and Turneys at the Feast were seen;
The Storm at their Return, the Ladies Fear:
But these, and other Things, I must forbear.
The Field is spacious I design to sow,
With Oxen far unfit to draw the Plow:
The Remnant of my Tale is of a Length
To tire your Patience, and to waste my Strength;
And trivial Accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have Time to take their Turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine Host:
That he whose Tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his Supper at our common Cost.
And therefore where I left, I will pursue,
This ancient Story, whether false or true,
In Hope it may be mended with a new.
The Prince I mention'd, full of high Renown,
In this Array drew near th' *Athenian* Town;
When in his Pomp and utmost of his Pride,
Marching he chanc'd to cast his Eye aside,
And saw a Choir of mourning Dames, who lay
By two and two across the common Way:
At his Approach they rais'd a rueful Cry,
And beat their Breasts, and held their Hands on high,
Creeping

Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His Courser's Bridle, and his Feet embrac'd.

Tell me, said *Theseus*, what and whence you are,
And why this funeral Pageant you prepare?
Is this the Welcome of my worthy Deeds,
To meet my Triumph in ill-omen'd Weeds?
Or envy you my Praise, and would destroy
With Grief my Pleasures, and pollute my Joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand Relief?
Name your Request, and I will ease your Grief.

The most in Years of all the mourning Train
Began; (but swooned first away for Pain)
Then scarce recover'd, spoke: Nor envy we
Thy great Renown, nor grudge thy Victory;
'Tis thine, O King, th' Afflicted to redress,
And Fame has fill'd the World with thy Success:
We wretched Women sue for that alone,
Which of thy Goodness is refus'd to none:
Let fall some Drops of Pity on our Grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve Relief:
For none of us, who now thy Grace implore,
But held the Rank of sovereign Queen before;
Till, Thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears
That mortal Bliss should last for Length of Years,
She cast us headlong from our high Estate,
And here in Hope of thy Return we wait:
And long have waited in the Temple nigh,
Built to the gracious Goddess *Clemency*.
But rev'rence thou the Pow'r whose Name it bears,
Relieve th' Oppress'd, and wipe the Widow's Tears.
I, wretched I, have other Fortune seen,
The Wife of *Capaneus*, and once a Queen:
At *Thebes* he fell; curst be the fatal Day!
And all the rest thou seest in this Array,
To make their Moan, their Lords in Battle lost
Before that Town besieg'd by our confed'rate Host:

But

4 Palamon and Arcite: Or, Book I.

But *Creon*, old and impious, who commands
The *Theban* City, and usurps the Lands,
Denies the Rites of fun'ral Fires to those
Whose breathless Bodies yet he calls his Foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a Heap they lie;
Such is their Fate, and such his Tyranny;
No Friend has Leave to bear away the Dead,
But with their lifeless Limbs his Hounds are fed:
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful Train
Echo'd her Grief, and grov'ling on the Plain
With Groans, and Hands upheld, to move his Mind,
Besought his Pity to their helpless Kind!

The Prince was touch'd, his Tears began to flow,
And, as his tender Heart would break in two,
He sigh'd; and could not but their Fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.
Then lightly from his lofty Steed he flew,
And raising one by one the suppliant Crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the Faith which Knights to Knighthood bore,
And what e'er else to Chivalry belongs,
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their Wrongs:
That *Greece* shou'd see perform'd what he declar'd;
And cruel *Creon* find his just Reward.
He said no more, but, shunning all Delay,
Rode on; nor enter'd *Athens* on his Way:
But left his Sister and his Queen behind,
And wav'd his royal Banner in the Wind:
Where in an *Argent* Field the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his Iron Carr;
Red was his Sword, and Shield, and whole Attire,
And all the Godhead seem'd to glow with Fire;
Ev'n the Ground glitter'd where the Standard flew,
And the green Grass was dy'd to sanguine Hue.
High on his pointed Lance his Pennon bore
His *Cretan* Fight, the conquer'd *Minotaure*:

The

Book I.

The Knight's Tale.

5

The Soldiers shout around with gen'rous Rage,
And in that Victory, their own presage.
He prais'd their Ardour : inly pleas'd to see
His Host the Flow'r of *Grecian* Chivalry.
All Day he march'd ; and all th' ensuing Night ;
And saw the City with returning Light.
The Process of the War I need not tell,
How *Theseus* conquer'd, and how *Creon* fell :
Or after, how by Storm the Walls were won,
Or how the Victor sack'd and burn'd the Town :
How to the Ladies he restor'd again
The Bodies of their Lords in Battle slain :
And with what ancient Rites they were interr'd ;
All these to fitter Time shall be deferr'd :
I spare the Widows Tears, their woeful Cries,
And howling at their Husbands Obsequies ;
How *Theseus* at these Fun'rals did assist,
And with what Gifts the mourning Dames dismiss'd.

Thus when the Victor Chief had *Creon* slain,
And conquer'd *Thebes*, he pitch'd upon the Plain
His mighty Camp, and when the Day return'd,
The Country wasted, and the Hamlets burn'd ;
And left the Pillagers, to Rapine bred,
Without Controul to strip and spoil the Dead :

There, in a Heap of Slain, among the rest
Two youthful Knights they found beneath a Load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd Foes, whom first to Death they sent,
The Trophies of their Strength, a bloody Monument.
Both fair, and both of royal Blood they seem'd,
Whom Kinsmen to the Crown the Heralds deem'd ;
That Day in equal Arms they fought for Fame ;
Their Swords, their Shields, their Surcoats were the same.
Close by each other laid they press'd the Ground,
Their manly Bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous Wound ;
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint Signs of feeble Life appear :

The

6 Palamon and Arcite: Or, Book I.

The wandering Breath was on the Wing to part,
Weak was the Pulse, and hardly heav'd the Heart.
These two were Sisters Sons; and *Arcite* one,
Much fam'd in Fields, with valiant *Palamon*.
From these their costly Arms the Spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to *Theseus'* Tent;
Whom known of *Creon's* Line, and cur'd with Care,
He to his City sent as Pris'ners of the War,
Hopeless of Ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In Durance, doom'd a lingering Death to die.

This done, he march'd away with warlike Sound,
And to his *Athens* turn'd with Laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more
renown'd. }

But in a Tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woful captive Kinsmen are inclos'd:

Thus Year by Year they pass, and Day by Day,
Till once ('twas on the Morn of chearful *May*)
The young *Emilia*, fairer to be seen
Than the fair Lilly on the flow'ry Green,
More fresh than *May* herself in Blossoms new
(For with the Rosy Colour strove her Hue)
Wak'd as her Custom was before the Day,
To do th' Observance due to sprightly *May*:
For sprightly *May* commands our Youth to keep
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their sluggard Sleep:
Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves;
Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Loves;
In this Remembrance *Emily* ere Day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich Array;
Fresh as the Month, and as the Morning fair:
Adown her Shoulders fell her Length of Hair:
A Ribband did the braided Tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the Wind:
Aurora had but newly chas'd the Night,
And purpled o'er the Sky with blushing Light,

When

I. Book I: *The Knight's Tale.*

7

When to the Garden-walk she took her Way,
To sport and trip along in Cool of Day,
And offer Maiden Vows in Honour of the May.

}

At ev'ry Turn, she made a little Stand,
And thrust among the Thorns her lilly Hand
To draw the Rose. and ev'ry Rose she drew
She shook the Stalk, and brush'd away the Dew :
Then party-colour'd Flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a Garland for her Head :
This done, she sung and caroll'd out so clear,
That Men and Angels might rejoice to hear.
Ev'n wond'ring *Philomel* forgot to sing ;
And learn'd from her to welcome in the Spring.
The Tow'r, of which before was mention made,
Within whose Keep the captive Knights were laid,
Built of a large Extent, and strong withal,
Was one Partition of the Palace Wall :
The Garden was enclos'd within the Square,
Where young *Emilia* took the Morning-Air.

e }

It happen'd *Palamon* the pris'ner Knight,
Restless for Woe, arose before the Light,
And with his Jailor's Leave desir'd to breathe
An Air more wholesom than the Damps beneath.
This granted, to the Tow'r he took his Way,
Cheer'd with the Promise of a glorious Day :
Then cast a languishing Regard around,
And saw with hateful Eyes the Temples crown'd
With golden Spires, and all the hostile Ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his Eyes, because he knew,
'Twas but a larger Jail he had in View :
Then look'd below, and from the Castle's Height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing Sight :
The Garden, which before he had not seen,
In Spring's new Livery clad of white and green,
Fresh Flow'rs in wide *Parterres*, and shady Walks between.

}

}

eepe

When

This

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with Arms across
 He stood, reflecting on his Country's Loss;
 Himself an Object of the Publick Scorn,
 And often wish'd he never had been born.
 At last (for so his Destiny requir'd)
 With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
 He thro' a little Window cast his Sight,
 Tho' thick of Bars, that gave a scanty Light:
 But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to descry
 Th' inevitable Charms of *Emily*.

Scarce had he seen, but seiz'd with sudden Smart,
 Stung to the Quick, he felt it at his Heart;
 Struck blind with overpow'ring Light he stood,
 Then started back amaz'd. and cry'd aloud.

Young *Arcite* heard; and up he ran with Haste,
 To help his Friend, and in his Arms embrac'd;
 And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
 And whence, and how his Change of Cheer began?
 Or who had done th' Offence? But if, said he,
 Your Grief alone is hard Captivity;
 For Love of Heav'n, with Patience undergo
 A cureless Ill, since Fate will have it so:
 So stood our *Horoscope* in Chains to lie,
 And *Saturn* in the Dungeon of the Sky,
 Or other baleful Aspect, rul'd our Birth,
 When all the friendly Stars were under Earth:
 What e'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done;
 And better bear like Men, than vainly seek to shun.
 Nor of my Bonds, said *Palamon* again,
 Nor of unhappy Planets I complain;
 But when my mortal Anguish caus'd my Cry.
 That Moment I was hurt thro' either Eye;
 Pierc'd with a random Shaft, I faint away,
 And perish with insensible Decay:
 A Glance of some new Goddess gave the Wound,
 Whom, like *Aëtan*, unaware I found.

Look

Book I. *The Knight's Tale.*

9

}

Look how she walks along yon shady Space,
Not *Juno* moves with more majestick Grace;
And all the *Cyprian* Queen is in her Face.
If thou art *Venus*, (for thy Charms confess
That Face was form'd in Heav'n) nor art thou less;
Disguis'd in Habit, undisguis'd in Shape,
O help us Captives from our Chains to 'scape;
But if our Doom be past in Bonds to lie
For Life, and in a loathsome Dungeon die;
Then be thy Wrath appeas'd with our Disgrace,
And shew Compassion to the *Theban* Race,
Oppress'd by Tyrant Pow'r! While yet he spoke,
Arcite on *Emily* had fix'd his Look;
The fatal Dart a ready Passage found,
And deep within his Heart infix'd the Wound:
So that if *Palamon* were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost Soul he sigh'd, and said,
The Beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes; and kills by Chance;
Poison is in her Eyes, and Death in ev'ry Glance.
O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her Mind to Mercy, or must die for Love.

Thus *Arcite*: And thus *Palamon* replies,
(Eager his Tone, and ardent were his Eyes.)
Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting Vein?
Jesting, said *Arcite*, suits but ill with Pain.
It suits far worse (said *Palamon* again,
And bent his Brows) with Men who Honour weigh,
Their Faith to break, their Friendship to betray;
But worst with thee, of noble Lineage born,
My Kinsman, and in Arms my Brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy Oath,
That one shou'd be the common Good of both?
One Soul shou'd both inspire, and neither prove
His Fellow's Hindrance in Pursuit of Love?

}

Look

To

To this before the Gods we gave our Hands,
And nothing but our Death can break the Bands.
This binds thee, then, to farther my Design ;
As I am bound by Vow to farther thine :
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, Traitor, on the Plain
Appeach my Honour, or thy own maintain,
Since thou art of my Council, and the Friend
Whose Faith I trust, and on whose Care depend :
And wou'dst thou court my Lady's Love, which I
Much rather than release, would chuse to die ?
But thou false *Arcite* never shalt obtain
Thy bad Pretence ; I told thee first my Pain :
For first my Love began ere thine was born ;
Thou, as my Council, and my Brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my Eldership of Right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd Knight.

Thus *Palamon* : But *Arcite* with Disdain
In haughty Language thus reply'd again :
Forsworn thyself : The Traitor's odious Name
I first return, and then disprove thy Claim.
If Love be Passion, and that Passion nurs'd
With strong Desires, I lov'd the Lady first.
Canst thou pretend Desire, whom Zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a Pow'r Cœlestial nam'd ?
Thine was Devotion to the Blest above,
I saw the Woman, and desir'd her Love ;
First own'd my Passion, and to thee commend
Th' important Secret, as my chosen Friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy Desire
A Moment elder than my rival Fire ;
Can Chance of seeing first thy Title prove ?
And know'st thou not, no Law is made for Love,
Law is to Things which to free Choice relate ;
Love is not in our Choice, but in our Fate ;
Laws are but positive : Love's Pow'r, we see,
Is Nature's Sanction, and her first Decree,

Each Day we break the Bond of human Laws
 For Love, and vindicate the common Cause.
 Laws for Defence of Civil Rights are plac'd,
 Love throws the Fences down, and makes a general Waste:
 Maids, Widows, Wives, without Distinction fall;
 The sweeping Deluge, Love, comes on, and covers all.
 If then the Laws of Friendship I transgress,
 I keep the Greater, while I break the Less;
 And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
 Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
 To see the Sun, but as he pass'es o'er.

Like *Æsop's* Hounds contending for the Bone,
 Each pleaded Right, add wou'd be Lord alone:
 The fruitless Fight continu'd all the Day;
 A Cur came by, and snatch'd the Prize away.
 As Courtiers therefore jostle for a Grant,
 And when they break their Friendship, plead their Want,
 So thou, if Fortune will thy Suit advance,
 Love on; nor envy me my equal Chance:
 For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
 My Fate, or failing in th' Adventure die.

Great was their Strife, which hourly was renew'd,
 Till each with mortal Hate his Rival view'd:
 Now Friends no more, nor walking Hand in Hand;
 But when they met, they made a surly Stand;
 And glar'd like angry Lions as they pass'd,
 And wish'd that ev'ry Look might be their last.

It chanc'd at Length, *Pirithous* came, t' attend
 This worthy *Theseus*, his familiar Friend:
 Their Love in early Infancy began,
 And rose as Childhood ripen'd into Man.
 Companions of the War; and lov'd so well,
 That when one dy'd, as ancient Stories tell,
 His Fellow to redeem him went to Hell.

But to pursue my Tale; to welcome home
 His warlike Brother is *Pirithous* come:

Arcite of *Thebes* was known in Arms long since,
 And honour'd by this young *Thessalian* Prince.
Theseus, to gratify his Friend and Guest,
 Who made our *Arcite's* Freedom his Request,
 Restor'd to Liberty the captive Knight,
 But on these hard Conditions I recite:
 That if hereafter *Arcite* shou'd be found
 Within the Compass of *Athenian* Ground,
 By Day or Night, or on whate'er Pretence,
 His Head shou'd pay the Forfeit of th' Offence.
 To this, *Pirithous*, for his Friend, agreed,
 And on his Promise was the Pris'n'r freed.

Unpleas'd and penfive hence he takes his Way,
 At his own Peril; for his Life must pay.
 Who now but *Arcite* mourns his bitter Fate,
 Finds his dear Purchase, and repents too late?
 What have I gain'd, he said, in Prison pent,
 If I but change my Bonds for Banishment?
 And banish'd from her Sight, I suffer more
 In Freedom, than I felt in Bonds before;
 Forc'd from her Presence, and condemn'd to live:
 Unwelcome Freedom, and unthank'd Reprieve:
 Heav'n is not but where *Emily* abides,
 And where she's absent, all is Hell besides.
 Next to my Day of Birth, was that accurs'd
 Which bound my Friendship to *Pirithous* first:
 Had I not known that Prince, I still had been
 In Bondage, and had still *Emilia* seen:
 For tho' I never can her Grace deserve,
 'Tis Recompence enough to see and serve.
 O *Palamon*, my Kinsman and my Friend,
 How much more happy Fates thy Love attend!
 Thine is th' Adventure; thine the Victory:
 Well has thy Fortune turn'd the Dice for thee:
 Thou on that Angel's Face may'st feed thy Eyes,
 In Prison, no; but blissful Paradise!

Thou daily seest that Sun of Beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in Love's extremest Line.
I mourn in Absence, Love's Eternal Night:
And who can tell but since thou hast her Sight,
And art a comely, young and valiant Knight,
Fortune (a various Pow'r) may cease to frown,
And by some Ways unknown thy Wishes crown?
But, I, the most forlorn of Human-kind,
Nor Help can hope, nor Remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathsome Life in Care,
For my Reward, must end it in Despair.
Fire, Water, Air, and Earth, and Force of Fates
That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates,
Nor Art, nor Nature's Hand can ease my Grief;
Nothing but Death, the Wretch's last Relief:
Then farewell Youth, and all the Joys that dwell
With Youth and Life, and Life itself farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal Men in vain
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our Wants require,
And better Things than those which we desire:
Some pray for Riches; Riches they obtain;
But watch'd by Robbers, for their Wealth are slain;
Some pray from Prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their Vows, to fall at Home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their Life,
A favour'd Servant, or a Bosom Wife.
Such dear-bought Blessings happen ev'ry Day,
Because we know not for what Things to pray;
Like drunken Sots about the Streets we roam:
Well knows the Sot he has a certain Home;
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain Place,
And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry Pace.
Thus all seek Happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater Part of Men are blind.

This is my Case, who thought our utmost Good
Was in one Word of Freedom understood:
The fatal Blessing came: From Prison free,
I starve Abroad, and lose the Sight of *Emily*.

Thus *Arcite*; but if *Arcite* thus deplore
His Suff'rings, *Palamon* yet suffers more.
For when he knew his Rival freed and gone,
He swells with Wrath; he makes outrageous Moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the Ground;
The hollow Tow'r with Clamours rings around:
With briny Tears he bath'd his fetter'd Feet,
And dropp'd all o'er with Agony of Sweat:
Alas! he cry'd, I Wretch in Prison pine,
Too happy Rival, while the Fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native Air,
Pleas'd with thy Freedom, proud of my Despair:
Thou may'st, since thou hast Youth and Courage join'd,
A sweet Behaviour, and a solid Mind,
Assemble ours, and all the *Theban* Race,
To vindicate on *Athens* thy Disgrace.
And after (by some Treaty made) possess
Fair *Emily*, the Pledge of lasting Peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous Prize, while I
Must languish in Despair, in Prison die.
Thus all th' Advantage of the Strife is thine,
Thy Portion double Joys, and double Sorrows mine.

The Rage of Jealousy then fir'd his Soul,
And his Face kindled like a burning Coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her Stead,
To livid Paleness turns the glowing Red.
His Blood scarce liquid, creeps within his Veins,
Like Water which the freezing Wind constrains.
Then thus he said; Eternal Deities,
Who rule the World with absolute Decrees,
And write whatever Time shall bring to pass
With Pens of Adamant, on Plates of Brass;

What

What is the Race of Human-kind your Care
Beyond what all his Fellow-creatures are ?
He, with the rest, is liable to Pain,
And like the Sheep, his Brother-beast, is slain.
Cold, Hunger, Prisons, Ills without a Cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft, endure :
Or does your Justice, Pow'r, or Prescience fail,
When the Good suffer, and the Bad prevail ?
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all ?
Nay, worse than other Beasts is our Estate ;
Them, to pursue their Pleasures you create ;
We, bound by harder Laws, must curb our Will,
And your Commands, not our Desires, fulfil ;
Then when the Creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after Death at least it feels no Pain ;
But Man in Life surcharg'd with Woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A Serpent shoots his Sting at unaware ;
An ambush'd Thief forelays a Traveller :
The Man lies murder'd, while the Thief and Snake,
One gains the Thickets, and one thrids the Brake.
This let Divines decide ; but well I know,
Just, or unjust, I have my Share of Woe,
Through *Saturn* seated in a luckless Place,
And *Juno's* Wrath, that persecutes my Race ;
Or *Mars* and *Venus* in a Quartile, move
My Pangs of Jealousy for *Arcite's* Love.

Let *Palamon* oppress'd in Bondage mourn,
While to his exil'd Rival we return.
By this the Sun declining from his Height,
The Day had shorten'd to prolong the Night :
The lengthen'd Night gave Length of Misery
Both to the captive Lover, and the Free
For *Palamon* in endless Prison mourns,
And *Arcite* forfeits Life if he returns.

The Banish'd never hopes his Love to see,
Nor hopes the captive Lord his Liberty :
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater Pains,
One sees his Love, but cannot break his Chains :
One free, and all his Motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he wou'd, but what he wou'd behold.
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What Fortune to the banish'd Knight befel.
When *Arcite* was to *Thebes* return'd again,
The Loss of her he lov'd renew'd his Pain ;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His Life, his Soul, his charming *Emily* ?
He rav'd with all the Madness of Despair,
He roar'd, he beat his Breast, he tore his Hair.
Dry Sorrow in his stupid Eyes appears,
For, wanting Nourishment, he wanted Tears :
His Eye-balls in their hollow Sockets sink,
Bereft of Sleep ; he loaths his Meat and Drink.
He withers at his Heart, and looks as wan
As the pale Spectre of a murder'd Man :
That pale turns yellow ; and his Face receives
The faded Hue of sapless Boxen Leaves :
In solitary Groves he makes his Moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone.
Nor mix'd in Mirth, in youthful Pleasure shares,
But sighs when Songs and Instruments he hears :
His Spirits are so low, his Voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a Swoon,
Like the deaf Murmurs of a distant Sound :
Uncomb'd his Locks, and squalid his Attire,
Unlike the Trim of Love and gay Desire ;
But full of useful Mopings, which presage
The Loss of Reason, and conclude in Rage.
This when he had endur'd a Year and more,
Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,

It happen'd once, that slumb'ring as he lay,
He dreamt (his Dream began at Break of Day)
That *Hermes* o'er his Head in Air appear'd,
And with soft Words his drooping Spirits chear'd :
His Hat, adorn'd with Wings, disclos'd the God,
And in his Hand he bore the Sleep-compelling Rod :
Such as he seem'd, when at his Sire's Command
On *Argos*' Head he laid the Snaky Wand ;
Arise, he said, to conqu'ring *Athens* go,
There Fate appoints an End of all thy Woe.
The Fright awaken'd *Arcite* with a Start,
Against his Bosom bunc'd his heaving Heart ;
But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd Breath,
And thither will I go, to meet my Death,
Sure to be slain ; but Death is my Desire,
Since in *Emilia*'s Sight I shall expire.
By Chance he spy'd a Mirrour while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd Look ;
Wond'ring, he saw his Features and his Hue
So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.
A sudden Thought then starting in his Mind,
Since I in *Arcite* cannot *Arcite* find,
The World may search in vain with all their Eyes,
But never penetrate through this Disguise.
Thanks to the Change which Grief and Sickness give,
In low Estate I may securely live,
And see unknown my Mistress Day by Day :
He said ; and cloath'd himself in coarse Array :
A lab'ring Hind in Shew : Then forth he went,
And to th' *Athenian* Tow'rs his Journey bent :
One Squire attended in the same Disguise,
Made concious of his Master's Enterprize.
Arriv'd at *Athens*, soon he came to Court,
Unknown, unquestion'd in that thick Resort ;
Proff'ring for Hire his Service at the Gate,
To drudge, draw Water, and to run or wait.

So fair befel him, that for little Gain
He serv'd at first *Emilia's* Chamberlain ;
And watchful all Advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his Master's Eye ;
And as his Bones were big, and Sinews strong,
Refus'd no Toil that could to Slaves belong ;
But from deep Wells with Engines Water drew,
And us'd his Noble Hands the Wood to hew.
He pass'd a Year at least attending thus
On *Emily*, and call'd *Philoftratus*.
But never was there Man of his Degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of Condition was he known,
That through the Court his Courtesy was blown :
All think him worthy of a greater Place,
And recommend him to the Royal Grace,
That exercis'd within a higher Sphere,
His Virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the gen'ral Voice was *Arcite* prais'd,
And by Great *Theseus* to high Favour rais'd ;
Among his menial Servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with Sums of Gold :
Besides what secretly from *Thebes* was sent,
Of his own Income, and his annual Rent.
This well employ'd, he purchas'd Friends and Fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
Thus for three Years he liv'd with large Increase,
In Arms of Honour, and Esteem in Pease ;
To *Theseus'* Person he was ever near,
And *Theseus*, for his Virtues, held him dear.



PALAMON and ARCITE:

OR, THE

K N I G H T ' s T A L E .

B O O K I I .

 **W**HILE *Arcite* lives in Bliss, the Story turns
Where hopeless *Palamon* in Prison mourns.
For six long Years immur'd, the captive
Knight
Had dragg'd his Chains, and scarcely
seen the Light:
Lost Liberty, and Love at once he bore;
His Prison pain'd him much, his Passion more:
Nor dares he hope his Fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from Love.

But, when the sixth revolving Year was run,
And *May* within the *Twins* receiv'd the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in Causes first whate'er shall be,

Assisted by a Friend one moonless Night,
 This *Palamon* from Prison took his Flight ;
 A pleasant Beverage he prepar'd before
 Of Wine and Honey mix'd, with added Store
 Of *Opium*; to his Keeper this he brought,
 Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy Draught,
 And snor'd secure till Morn, his Senses bound
 In Slumber, and in long Oblivion drown'd.
 Short was the Night, and careful *Palamon*
 Sought the next Covert ere the Rising Sun.
 A thick-spread Forest near the City lay ;
 To this, with lengthen'd Strides, he took his Way,
 (For far he cou'd not fly, and fear'd the Day)
 Safe from Pursuit, he meant to shun the Light,
 Till the brown Shadows of the friendly Night
 To *Thebes* might favour his intended Flight.
 When to his Country come, his next Design
 Was all the *Theban* Race in Arms to join,
 And war on *Thebes*, till he lost his Life,
 Or won the beauteous *Emily* to Wife.
 Thus, while his Thoughts the lingring Day beguile,
 To gentle *Arcite* let us turn our Style ;
 Who little dreamt how nigh he was to Care,
 Till treach'rous Fortune caught him in the Snare.
 The Morning-Lark, the Messenger of Day,
 Saluted in her Song the Morning grey ;
 And soon the Sun arose with Beams so bright,
 That all th' Horizon laugh'd to see the joyous Sight ;
 He with his tepid Rays the Rose renews,
 And licks the drooping Leaves, and dries the Dews ;
 When *Arcite* left his Bed, resolv'd to pay
 Observance to the Month of merry *May* :
 Forth on his fiery Steed betimes he rode,
 That scarcely prints the Turf on which he trod :
 At ease he seem'd, and prancing o'er the Plains,
 Turn'd only to the Grove his Horse's Reigns.

The Grove I nam'd before; and lighted there;
 A Woodbind Garland sought to crown his Hair;
 Then turn'd his Face against the rising Day,
 And rais'd his Voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, sweet Month, the Groves green Liv'ries wear:
 If not the first, the fairest of the Year:

For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
 And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flow'rs
 When thy short Reign is past, the ferv'rish Sun
 The sultry Tropick fears, and moves more slowly on:
 So may thy tender Blossoms fear no Blight,
 Nor Goats with venom'd Teeth thy Tendrils bite,
 As thou shalt guide my wandring Feet to find
 The fragrant Greens, I seek my Brows to bind.

His Vows address'd, within the Grove he stray'd,
 Till Fate, or Fortune, near the Place convey'd
 His Steps where secret *Palamon* was laid.

Full little thought of him the gentle Knight,
 Who flying Death had there conceal'd his Flight,
 In Brakes and Brambles hid, and shunning Mortal Sight.

And less he knew him for his hated Foe,
 But fear'd him as a Man he did not know.

But as it has been said of ancient Years,
 That Fields are full of Eyes, and Woods have Ears:

For this the Wise are ever on their Guard;
 For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.

Uncautious *Arcite* thought himself alone,
 And less than all suspected *Palamon*,

Who listning heard him, while he search'd the Grove,
 And loudly sung his Roundelay of Love.

But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
 (As Lovers often muse, and change their Mood;)

Now high as Heav'n, and then as low as Hell,
 Now up, now down, as Buckets in a Well:

For *Venus*, like her Day, will change her Cheer,
 And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.

Thus *Arcite* having sung, with alter'd Hue
 Sunk on the Ground, and from his Bosom drew
 A desp'rate Sigh, accusing Heav'n and Fate,
 And angry *Juno's* unrelenting Hate.
 Curs'd be the Day when first I did appear ;
 Let it be blotted from the Calendar,
 Lest it pollute the Month, and poison all the Year.
 Still will the jealous Queen pursue our Race :
Cadmus is dead, the *Theban* City was :
 Yet ceases not her Hate : For all who come
 From *Cadmus* are involv'd in *Cadmus'* Doom.
 I suffer for my Blood : Unjust Decree !
 That punishes another's Crime on me.
 In mean Estate I serve my mortal Foe,
 The Man who caus'd my Country's overthrow.
 This is not all ; for *Juno*, to my Shame,
 Has forc'd me to forsake my former Name ;
Arcite I was, *Philostratus* I am.
 That Side of Heaven is all my Enemy :
Mars ruin'd *Thebes* ; his Mother ruin'd me.
 Of all the Royal Race remains but one
 Beside myself, th' unhappy *Palamon*,
 Whom *Theseus* holds in Bonds, and will not free ;
 Without a Crime, except his Kin to me.
 Yet these, and all the rest I cou'd endure ;
 But Love's a Malady without a Cure :
 Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery Dart,
 He fires within, and hisses at my Heart.
 Your Eyes, fair *Emily*, my Fate pursue ;
 I suffer for the Rest, I die for you.
 Of such a Goddess no Time leaves Record,
 Who burn'd the Temple where she was ador'd :
 And let it burn, I never will complain,
 Pleas'd with my Sufferings, if you knew my Pain.
 At this a sickly Qualm his Heart assail'd,
 His Ears ring inward, and his Senses fail'd.

No Word miss'd *Palamon* of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly Pale he chang'd his Look :
He trembled ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart,
As if cold Steel had glided through his Heart ;
Nor longer staid, but starting from his Place,
Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile Face :
False Traitor *Arcite*, Traitor to thy Blood,
Bound by thy sacred Oath to seek my Good,
Now art thou found forsworn, for *Emily* ;
And dar'st attempt her Love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated *Theseus* with a Wile,
Against thy Vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd Name : As false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free :
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy Claim in *Emily* .
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by Chance)
Am here without my Sword, or pointed Lance :
Hope not, base Man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am *Palamon*, thy mortal Foe.

Arcite, who heard his Tale, and knew the Man,
His Sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began :
Now by the Gods, who govern Heav'n above,
Wert thou not weak with Hunger, mad with Love,
That Word had been thy last, or in this Grove
This Hand should force thee to renounce thy Love.
The Surety which I gave thee, I defy :
Fool, not to know that Love endures no Tie,
And *Jove* but laughs at Lovers Perjury.
Know I will serve the Fair in thy Despight ;
But since thou art my Kinsman, and a Knight,
Here, have my Faith, To-morrow in this Grove
Our Arms shall plead the Titles of our Love :
And Heav'n so help my Right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the Cause and Quarrel both unknown ;

With Arms of Proof both for myself and thee;
 Chuse thou the best, and leave the Worst to me.
 And, that at better Ease thou may'st abide,
 Bedding and Cloaths I will this Night provide,
 And needful Sustenance, that thou may'st be
 A Conquest better won, and worthy me.
 His Promise *Palamon* accepts; but pray'd,
 To keep it better than the first he made.
 Thus fair they parted till the Morrow's Dawn,
 For each had laid his plighted Faith to pawn.
 Oh Love! Thou sternly dost thy Pow'r maintain,
 And wilt not bear a Rival in thy Reign,
 Tyrants and thou all Fellowship disdain. }
 This was in *Arcite* prov'd, and *Palamon*,
 Both in Despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in Honour ty'd,
 His Foe with Bedding, and with Food supply'd;
 Then, ere the Day, two Suits of Armour fought,
 Which borne before him on his Steed he brought:
 Both were of shining Steel, and wrought so pure,
 As might the Strokes of two such Arms endure.
 Now, at the Time, and in th' appointed Place,
 The Challenger, and challeng'd, Face to Face,
 Approach; each other from afar they knew,
 And from afar their Hatred chang'd their Hue.
 So stands the *Thracian* Heardsman with his Spear,
 Full in the Gap, and hopes the hunted Bear,
 And hears him rustling in the Wood, and sees
 His Course at Distance by the bending Trees;
 And thinks, Here comes my mortal Enemy,
 And either he must fall in Fight, or I:
 This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his Dart;
 A gen'rous Chilness seizes ev'ry Part; }
 The Veins pour back the Blood, and fortify the Heart:
 Thus pale they meet! their Eyes with Fury burn;
 None greets; for none the Greeting will return:

But in dumb Surliness, each arm'd with Care
His Foe profess, as Brother of the War:
Then both, no Moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with Sword and Lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their Corsets, and the thinnest Parts explore.
Thus two long Hours in equal Arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; 'till both were bath'd in Blood;
And not a Foot of Ground had either got,
As if the World depended on the Spot.
Fell *Arcite* like an angry Tyger far'd,
And like a Lion *Palamon* appear'd:
Or as two Boars whom Love to Battel draws,
With rising Bristles, and with froathy Jaws,
Their adverse Breasts with Tusks oblique they wound;
With Grunts and Groans the Forest rings around.
So fought the Knights, and fighting must abide,
Till Fate an Umpire sends their Difference to decide.
The Pow'r that ministers to God's Decrees,
And executes on Earth what Heav'n foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or fatal Sway,
Comes with, resolute Force, and finds or makes her Way.
Nor Kings, nor Nations, nor united Pow'r
One Moment can retard th' appointed Hour.
And some one Day, some wondrous Chance appears,
Which happen'd not in Centuries of Years:
For sure, whate'er we Mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on Pow'rs above;
They move our Appetites to Good or Ill,
And by Foresight necessitate the Will.
In *Theseus* this appears; whose youthful Joy
Was Beasts of Chase in Forests to destroy;
This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly *May*,
Forsook his easie Couch at early Day,
And to the Wood and Wilds pursu'd his Way.

Beside

But

Beside him rode *Hippolita* the Queen,
And *Emily* attir'd in lively Green :
With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tuneful Cry,
To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert nigh :
And as he follow'd *Mars* before, so now
He serves the Goddess of the Silver Bow.
The Way that *Theseus* took was to the Wood
Where the two Knights in cruel Battel stood :
The Laund on which they fought, th' appointed Place
In which th' uncoupled Hounds began the Chace.
Thither forth-right he rode to rowse the Prey,
That shaded by the Fern in Harbour lay ;
And thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the Wood,
For open Fields, and cross the Crystal Flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud *Arcite*, and fierce *Palamon*,
In mortal Battle doubling Blow on Blow,
Like Lightning flam'd their Fauchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful Gleam ; so strong they strook,
There seem'd less Force requir'd to fell an Oak :
He gaz'd with Wonder on their equal Might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either Knight :
Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery Steed
With goring Rowels, to provoke his Speed.
The Minute ended that began the Race,
So soon he was betwixt 'em on the Place ;
And with his Sword unsheath'd, on Pain of Life
Commands both Combatants to cease their Strife :
Then with imperious Tone pursues his Threat,
What are you ? Why in Arms together met ?
How dares your Pride presume against my Laws,
As in a list'd Field to fight your Cause ?
Unask'd the Royal Grant ; no Marshal by,
As Knightly Rites require ; nor Judge to try ?
Then *Palamon*, with scarce recover'd Breath,
Thus hasty spoke ; We both deserve the Death,

And

And both wou'd die; for look the World around,
A Pair so wretched is not to be found.

Our Life's a Load; encumber'd with the Charge,
We long to set th' imprison'd Soul at large.

Now as thou art a Sovereign Judge, decree
The rightful Doom of Death to him and me,
Let neither find thy Grace: for Grace is Cruelty.

Me first, O kill me first; and cure my Woe:
Then sheath the Sword of Justice on my Foe.

Or kill him first; for when his Name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due Reward.

Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal Foe,

On whom thy Grace did Liberty bestow,

But first contracted, that if ever found

By Day or Night upon th' *Athenian* Ground,

His Head should pay the Forfeit: See return'd

The perjur'd Knight, his Oath and Honour scorn'd.

For this is he, who with a borrow'd Name

And profer'd Service, to thy Palace came,

Now call'd *Philoftratus*: Retain'd by thee,

A Traitor trusted, and in high Degree,

Aspiring to the Bed of beauteous *Emily*.

My Part remains: From *Thebes* my Birth I own,

And call myself th' unhappy *Palamon*.

Think me not like that Man; since no Disgrace
Can force me to renounce the Honour of my Race.

Know me for what I am: I broke thy Chain,

Nor promis'd I thy Pris'ner to remain:

The Love of Liberty with Life is giv'n,

And Life itself th' inferior Gift of Heav'n.

Thus without Crime I fled; but farther know,

I with this *Arcite* am thy mortal Foe:

Then give me Death, since I thy Life pursue,

For Safeguard of thy self, Death is my Due.

More wou'dst thou know? I love bright *Emily*,

And for her Sake and in her Sight will die:

But kill my Rival too; for he no less
 Deserves; and I thy righteous Doom will bless,
 Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess.
 To this reply'd the stern *Athenian* Prince,
 And sow'rly smil'd, In owning your Offence:
 You judge yourself; and I but keep Record
 In Place of Law, while you pronounce the Word.
 Take your Desert, the Death you have decreed;
 I seal your Doom, and ratifie the Deed.
 By *Mars*, the Patron of my Arms, you die.

He said; dumb Sorrow seiz'd the Standers-by.
 The Queen above the rest, by Nature good,
 (The Pattern form'd of perfect Womanhood)
 For tender Pity wept: When she began,
 Through the bright Quire th' infectious Virtue ran.
 All dropp'd their Tears, ev'n the contended Maids:
 And thus among themselves they softly said:
 What Eyes can suffer this unworthy Sight!
 Two Youths of Royal Blood, renown'd in Fight,
 The Mastership of Heav'n in Face and Mind,
 And Lovers, far beyond their faithless Kind:
 See their wide streaming Wounds; they neither came
 For Pride of Empire, nor Desire of Fame:
 Kings fight for Kingdoms, Madmen for Applause;
 But Love for Love alone; that crowns the Lover's Cause.
 This Thought, which ever bribes the beauteous Kind,
 Such Pity wrought in ev'ry Lady's Mind,
 They left their Steeds, and prostrate on the Place,
 From the fierce King, implor'd th' Offenders Grace.

He paus'd a while, stood silent in his Mood,
 (For yet, his Rage was boiling in his Blood)
 But soon his tender Mind th' Impression felt,
 (As softest Metals are not slow to melt,
 And Pity soonest runs in softest Minds:)
 Then reasons with himself; and first he finds

His

His Passion cast a Mist before his Sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' Offence,
Offence ! of what ? to whom ? Who judg'd the Cause ?
The Pris'ner freed himself by Nature's Laws :
Born free, he sought his Right : The Man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his Love excus'd the Deed :
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his Eyes,
And saw the Womens Tears, and heard their Cries ;
Which mov'd Compassion more : he shook his Head,
And softly sighing to himself he said,

Curse on th' unpard'ning Prince, whom Tears can draw
To no Remorse ; who rules by Lions Law ;
And deaf to Pray'rs, by no Submission bow'd,
Rends all alike ; the Penitent, and Proud :
At this, with Look serene, he rais'd his Head,
Reason resum'd her Place, and Passion fled :
Then thus aloud he spoke : The Pow'r of Love,
In Earth, and Seas, and Air, and Heav'n above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful Nod ;
By daily Miracles declar'd a God :
He blinds the Wise, gives Eye-sight to the Blind ;
And moulds and stamps anew the Lover's Mind.
Behold that *Arcite*, and this *Palamon*,
Freed from my Fetters, and in Safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native Soil
At Ease to reap the Harvest of their Toil ?
But Love, their Lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought 'em in their own despite again,
To suffer Death deserv'd ; for well they know,
'Tis in my Pow'r, and I their deadly Foe ;
The Proverb holds, That to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.
See how the Madmen bleed : Behold the Gains
With which their Master, Love, rewards their Pains :
For sev'n long Years, on Duty ev'ry Day,
Lo their Obedience, and their Monarch's Pay :

Yet,

Yet, as in Duty bound, they serve him on,
And ask the Fools, they think it wisely done:
Nor Ease, nor Wealth, nor Life itself regard,
For 'tis their Maxim, Love is Love's Reward.
This is not all; the Fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their Love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the Fight from far,
Her Beauty was th' Occasion of the War.
But sure a gen'ral Doom on Man is past,
And all are Fools and Lovers, first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their Sovereign, long ago.
Oft have been caught within the winding Train
Of Female Snares, and felt the Lovers Pain,
And learn'd how far the God can human Hearts constrain. }
To this Remembrance, and the Pray'rs of those
Who for th' offending Warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit Lives; on this accord,
To do me Homage as their Sov'reign Lord;
And as my Vassals, to their utmost Might,
Assist my Person, and assert my Right.
This, freely sworn, the Knights their Grace obtain'd,
Then thus the King his secret Thoughts explain'd:
If Wealth, or Honour, or a Royal Race,
Or each, or all, may win a Lady's Grace,
Then either of you Knights may well deserve
A Princess born; and such is she you serve:
For *Emily* is Sister to the Crown,
And but too well to both her Beauty known:
But shou'd you combat till you both were dead,
Two Lovers cannot share a single Bed:
As therefore both are equal in Degree,
The Lot of both be left to Destiny.
Now hear th' Award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her Love.

Depart

Depart from hence in Peace, and free as Air,
Search the wide World, where you please repair ;
But on the Day when this returning Sun
To the same Point through ev'ry Sign has run,
Then each of you his Hundred Knights shall bring,
In Royal Lifts, to fight before the King;
And then, the Knight whom Fate or happy Chance
Shall with his Friends to Victory advance,
And grace his Arms so far in equal Fight,
From out the Bars to force his Opposite,
Or kill, or make him Recreant on the Plain,
The Prize of Valour and of Love shall gain ;
The vanquish'd Party shall their Claim release,
And the long Jars conclude in lasting Peace.
The Charge be mine r' adorn the chosen Ground,
The Theatre of War, for Champions so renown'd ;
And take the Patrons Place of either Knight,
With Eyes impartial to behold the Fight ;
And Heav'n of me so judge, as I shall judge aright.
If both are satisfy'd with this Accord,
Swear by the Laws of Knighthood on my Sword.

Who now but *Palamon* exults with Joy ?
And ravish'd *Arcite* seems to touch the Sky :
The whole assembled Troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol'd th' Award, and on their Knees they fell
To bless the gracious King. The Knights with Leave
Departing from the Place, his last Commands receive ;
On *Emily* with equal Ardour look,
And from her Eyes their Inspiration took.
From thence to *Thebes*' old Walls pursue their Way,
Each to provide his Champions for the Day.

It might be deem'd on our Historian's Part,
Or too much Negligence, or want of Art,
If he forgot the vast Magnificence
Of Royal *Theſeus*, and his large Expence.

He first enclos'd for Lists a level Ground,
 The whole Circumference a Mile around:
 The form was Circular; and all without
 A Trench was sunk, to moat the Place about.
 Within; an Amphitheatre appear'd,
 Rais'd in Degrees; to sixty Paces rear'd:
 That when a Man was plac'd in one Degree,
 Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a Gate of Marble white;
 The like adorn'd the Western opposite,
 A nobler Object than this Fabric was,
 Rome never saw; nor of so vast a Space.
 For, rich with Spoils of many a conquer'd Land,
 All Arts and Artists *Theseus* could command;
 Who sold for Hire, or wrought for better Fame:
 The Master-Painters, and the Carvers came.
 So rose within the Compass of the Year
 An Age's Work, a glorious Theatre.
 Then o'er it's Eastern Gate was rais'd above
 A Temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;
 An Altar stood below: On either Hand
 A Priest with Roses crown'd, who held a Myrtle Wand.

The Dome of *Mars* was on the Gate oppos'd,
 And on the North a Turret was enclos'd,
 Within the Wall, of Alabaster white,
 And crimson Coral, for the Queen of Night,
 Who takes in Sylvan Sports her chaste Delight.

Within these Oratories might you see
 Rich Carvings, Pourtraitures, and Imagery:
 Where ev'ry Figure to the Life express'd
 The Godhead's Pow'r to whom it was address'd,
 In *Venus*' Temple, on the Sides were seen
 The broken Slumbers of inamour'd Men:
 Pray'rs that e'en spoke, and Pity seem'd to call,
 And issuing Sighs that smok'd along the Wall.

Complaints, and hot Desires, the Lover's Hell,
 And scalding Tears, that wore a Channell where they fell :
 And all around were Nuptial Bonds, the Ties
 Of Loves Assurance, and a Train of Lies,
 That, made in Lust, conclude in Perjuries.
 Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
 And spritely Hope, and short-enduring Joy ;
 And Sorceries to raise th' Infernal Pow'rs,
 And Sigils fram'd in Planetary Hours :
 Expence, and After-thought, and idle Care,
 And Doubts of motley Hue, and dark Despair :
 Suspensions, and fantastical Surmise,
 And Jealousy suffus'd, with Jaundice in her Eyes ;
 Discolouring all she view'd, in Tawney dress'd ;
 Down-look'd, and with a Cuckow on her Fist.
 Oppos'd to her, on t' other Side, advance
 The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance,
 Minstrels, and Musick, Poetry, and Play,
 And Balls by Night, and Turnaments by Day.
 All these were painted on the Wall, and more ;
 With Acts, and Monuments of Times before :
 And others added by Prophetick Doom,
 And Lovers yet unborn, and Loves to come :
 For there, th' *Idalian* Mount, and *Citheron*,
 The Court of *Venus*, was in Colours drawn :
 Before the Palace-gate, in careless Dress,
 And loose Array, sat Portrefs Idleness :
 There, by the Fount, *Narcissus* pin'd alone ;
 There *Sampson* was ; with wiser *Solomon*,
 And all the mighty Names by Love undone ;
Medea's Charms were there, *Circean* Feasts,
 With Bowls that turn'd inamour'd Youth to Beasts.
 Here might be seen, that Beauty, Wealth, and Wit,
 And Prowess, to the Pow'r of Love submit :
 The spreading Snare for all Mankind is laid ;
 And Lovers all betray, and are betray'd.

The

The Goddess self, some noble Hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing Thought:
From Ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled Seas, and clear'd the Skies;
She trode the Brine all bare below the Breast,
And the green Waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
A Lute she held; and on her Head was seen
A Wreath of Roses red, and Myrtles green:
Her Turtles fann'd the buxom Air above;
And, by his Mother, stood an Infant-Love:
With Wings unfledg'd; his Eyes were banded o'er;
His Hands a Bow, his Back a Quiver bore,
Supply'd with Arrows bright and keen, a deadly Store. }

But in the Dome of mighty *Mars* the Red,
With different Figures all the Sides were spread:
This Temple, less in Form, with equal Grace
Was imitative of the first in *Thrace*:
For that cold Region was the lov'd Abode,
And Sov'reign Mention of the Warrior-God.
The Landscape was a Forest wide and bare;
Where neither Beast, nor Human-kind repair;
The Fowl, that scent afar, the Borders fly,
And shun the bitter Blast, and wheel about the Sky.
A Cake of Scurf lies baking on the Ground,
And prickly Stubs, instead of Trees are found;
Or Woods with Knots and Knares deform'd and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A ratling Tempest through the Branches went,
That stripp'd 'em bare, and one sole Way they bent.
Heav'n froze above, severe, the Clouds congeal,
And thro' the Crystal Vault appear'd the standing Hail.
Such was the Face without, a Mountain stood
Threatning from high, and overlook'd the Wood:
Beneath the lowering Brow, and on a Bent,
The Temple stood of *Mars* Armipotent:

The Frame of burnish'd Steel, that cast a Glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing Air,
A streight, long Entry, to the Temple led,
Blind with high Walls; and Horror over Head:
Thence issu'd such a Blast, and hollow Rore,
As threaten'd from the Hinge to heave the Door;
In, through that Door, a Northern Light there shone;
'Twas all it had, for Windows there were none.
The Gate was Adamant; Eternal Fame!
Which hew'd by *Mars* himself, from *Indian Quarries* came.
The Labour of a God; and all along
Tough Iron Plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A Tun about was ev'ry Pillar there;
A polish'd Mirrour shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret Fellow wrought,
And Treason lab'ring in the Traitor's Thought;
And Midwife Time the ripen'd Plot to Murder brought.
There, the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy Lear:
Soft, smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the Dagger underneath the Gown:
Th' assassinating Wife, the Household Fiend;
And far the blackest there, the Traitor-Friend.
On t' other Side there stood Destruction bare;
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a Waste of War.
Contest, with sharpen'd Knives, in Cloysters drawn,
And all with Blood bespread the holy Lawn.
Loud Menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling Infamy, in Language base;
Till Sense was lost in Sound, and Silence fled the Place.
The Slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The Gore congeal'd was clotted in his Hair:
With Eyes half clos'd, and gaping Mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sullen Soul away.
In Midst of all the Dome, Misfortune sate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate

And

And Madneſs laughing in his ireful Mood;
 And arm'd Complaint on Theft; and Cries of Blood.
 There was the murder'd Corps, in Covert laid,
 And Violent Death in thouſand Shapes diſplay'd:
 The City to the Soldier's Rage reſign'd:
 Succeſſleſs Wars, and Poverty behind:
 Ships burnt in Fight, or forc'd on Rocky Shores,
 And the raſh Hunter ſtrangled by the Boars:
 The new-born Babe by Nurſes overlaid;
 And the Cook caught within the Raging Fire he made.
 All Ills of *Mars* his Nature, Flame and Steel:
 The gasping Charioteer, beneath the Wheel
 Of his own Car; the ruin'd Houſe that falls
 And intercepts her Lord betwixt the Walls:
 The whole Diviſion that to *Mars* pertains,
 All Trades of Death that deal in Steel for Gains,
 Were there: The Butcher, Armourer, and Smith,
 Who forges ſharpen'd Fauchions, or the Scythe.
 The ſcarlet Conqueſt on a Tow'r was plac'd,
 With Shouts, and Soldiers Acclamations grac'd:
 A pointed Sword hung threatning o'er his Head,
 Suſtain'd but by a ſlender Twine of Thread.
 There ſaw I *Mars* his *Ides*, the *Capitol*,
 The Seer in vain foretelling *Cæſar's* Fall,
 The laſt *Triumvirs*, and the Wars they move,
 And *Antony*, who loſt the World for Love.
 Theſe, and a thouſand more, the Fane adorn;
 Their Fates were painted ere the Men were born,
 All copied from the Heav'ns, and ruling Force
 Of the Red Star, in his revolving Courſe.
 The Form of *Mars* high on a Chariot ſtood,
 All ſheath'd in Arms, and gruffly look'd the God:
 Two Geomantick Figures were diſplay'd
 Above his Head, a * Warriour and a Maid,
 One when Direct, and one when Retrograde.

* Rubeus, and Puella,

Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I haste
 To the third Temple of *Diana* chaste;
 A Sylvan Scene with various Greens was drawn,
 Shades on the Sides, and on the Midst a Lawn:
 The Silver *Cynthia*, with her Nymphs around,
 Pursu'd the flying Deer, the Woods with Horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of Shame,
 And turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star became:
 Her Son was next, and by peculiar Grace
 In the cold Circle held the second Place:
 The Stag *Ateon* in the Stream had spy'd
 The naked Huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd:
 His Hounds, unknowing of his Change, pursue
 The Chace, and their mistaken Master flew.
Peneian Daphne too was there to see,
Appollo's Love before, and now his Tree:
 Th' adjoining Fane th' assembled *Greeks* express'd,
 And hunting of the *Caledonian* Beast.
Oenides' Valour, and his envy'd Prize;
 The fatal Pow'r of *Atalanta's* Eyes;
Diana's Vengeance on the Victor shown,
 The Murdres Mother, and consuming Son.
 The *Volsceian* Queen extended on the Plain;
 The Treason punish'd, and the Traitor slain.
 The rest were various Huntings, well design'd,
 And Salvage Beasts destroy'd, of ev'ry Kind.
 The graceful Goddess was array'd in Green;
 About her Feet were little Beagles seen, [Queen. }
 That watch'd with upward Eyes the Motions of their }
 Her Legs were buskin'd, and the Left before, }
 In Act to shoot, a Silver Bow she bore, }
 And at her Back a painted Quiver wore. }
 She trod a waxing Moon, that soon wou'd wane,
 And drinking borrow'd Light, be fill'd again:
 With down-cast Eyes, as seeming to survey
 The dark Dominions, her alternate Sway.

Before her stood a Woman in her Throes,
And call'd *Lucina's* Aid, her Burden to disclose.
All these the Painter drew with such Command,
That Nature snatch'd the Pencil from his Hand,
Asham'd and angry that his Art could feign
And mend the Tortures of a Mother's Pain.
Theseus beheld the Fanes of ev'ry God,
And thought his mighty Cost was well bestow'd.
So Princes now their Poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The Theatre thus rais'd, the Lists enclos'd,
And all with vast Magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the Monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The Knights to combat; and their Arms to sing.





PALAMON and ARCITE:
OR, THE
KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK III.



THE Day approach'd when Fortune shou'd
decide
Th' important Enterprize, and give the
Bride;
For now, the Rivals round the World had
fought,
And each his Number, well appointed, brought.
The Nations far and near, contend in Choice,
And send the Flow'r of War by Publick Voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such Chiefs; as each an Army seem'd alone:
Beside the Champions; all of high Degree,
Who Knighthood lov'd, and Deeds of Chivalry.

40 *Palamon and Arcite: Or, Book III.*

Throng'd to the Lifts, and envy'd to behold
 The Names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
 Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry Noble Knight,
 Who loves the Fair, and is endu'd with Might,
 In such a Quarrel wou'd be proud to fight.
 There breaths not scarce a Man on *British* Ground
 (An Isle for Love, and Arms of old renown'd)
 But would have sold his Life to purchase Fame,
 To *Palamon* or *Arcite* sent his Name:
 And had the Land selected of the best,
 Half had come hence, and let the World provide the rest.
 A hundred Knights with *Palamon* there came,
 Approv'd in Fight, and Men of mighty Name;
 Their Arms were sev'ral, as their Nations were,
 But furnish'd all alike with Sword and Spear.
 Some wore Coat-armour, imitating Scale;
 And next their Skins were stubborn Shirts of Mail.
 Some wore a Breastplate, and a light Jupon,
 Their Horses cloth'd with rich Caparison:
 Some for Defence would Leathern Bucklers use,
 Of folded Hides; and others Shields of Pruce.
 One hung a Pole-axe at his Saddle-bow,
 And one a heavy Mace, to shun the Foe:
 One for his Legs and Knees provided well,
 With *Jambaux* arm'd, and double Plates of Steel:
 This on his Helmet wore a Lady's Glove,
 And that a Sleeve embroider'd by his Love.

With *Palamon*, above the Rest in Place,
Lycurgus came, the surly King of *Thrace*;
 Black was his Beard, and manly was his Face:
 The Balls of his broad Eyes roll'd in his Head,
 And glar'd betwixt a Yellow and a Red:
 He look'd a Lion with a gloomy Starc,
 And o'er his Eye-brows hung his matted Hair:
 Big-bon'd, and large of Limbs, with Sinews strong,
 Broad-shoul'der'd, and his Arms were round and long.

Four Milk-white Bulls (the *Thracian* Use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his Car of burnish'd Gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his Shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and over-look'd the Field.
His Surcoat was a Bear-skin on his Back;
His Hair hung long behind, and glossy Raven-black.
His ample Forehead bore a Coronet
With sparkling Diamonds, and with Rubies set:
Ten Brace, and more, of Greyhounds, snowy fair,
And tall as Stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his Chair,
A Match for Pard in Flight, in grappling, for the Bear: }
With Golden Muzzles all their Mouths were bound,
And Collars of the same their Necks surround.
Thus thro' the Fields *Lycurgus* took his Way;
His hundred Knights attend in Pomp and proud Array.

To match this Monarch, with strong *Arcite* came
Emetrios King of *Inde*, a mighty Name,
On a Bay Courser, goodly to behold,
The Trappings of his Horse emboss'd with barb'rous Gold.
Not *Mars* bestrode a Steed with greater Grace;
His Surcoat o'er his Arms was Cloth of *Thrace*,
Adorn'd with Pearls, all Orient, round, and great;
His Saddle was of Gold, with Emeralds set.
His Shoulders large a Mantle did attire,
With Rubies thick, and sparkling as the Fire:
His Amber-colour'd Locks in Ringlets run,
With graceful Negligence, and shone against the Sun.
His Nose was Aquiline, his Eyes were blue,
Ruddy his Lips, and fresh and fair his Hue:
Some sprinkled Freckles on his Face were seen,
Whose Dusk set off the Whiteness of the Skin:
His awful Presence did the Crowd surprize,
Nor durst the rash Spectator meet his Eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly Sway,
So fierce, they flash'd intolerable Day.

His

His Age in Nature's youthful Prime appear'd,
 And just began to bloom his yellow Beard.
 Whene'er he spoke, his Voice was heard around,
 Loud as a Trumpet, with a Silver Sound.
 A Laurel wreath'd his Temples, fresh, and green;
 And Myrtle-sprigs, the Marks of Love, were mix'd between.
 Upon his Fift he bore, for his Delight,
 An Eagle well reclaim'd, and Lilly-white.

His hundred Knights attend him to the War,
 All arm'd for Battle; save their Heads were bare.
 Words and Devices blaz'd on ev'ry Shield,
 And pleasing was the Terrour of the Field.
 For Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you might see,
 Like sparkling Stars, though diff'rent in Degree,
 All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of Chivalry.
 Before the King, tame Leopards led the Way,
 And Troops of Lions innocently play.
 So *Bacchus* through the conquer'd *Indies* rode,
 And Beasts in Gambols frisk'd before their honest God.

In this Array the War of either Side
 Through *Athens* pass'd with Military Pride.
 At Prime, they enter'd on the *Sunday* Morn;
 Rich Tap'stry spread the Streets, and Flow'rs the Pots adorn.
 The Town was all a Jubilee of Feasts;
 So *Theseus* will'd, in Honour of his Guests:
 Himself with open Arms the King embrac'd,
 Then all the rest in their Degrees were grac'd.
 No Harbinger was needful for the Night,
 For ev'ry House was proud to lodge a Knight.

I pass the Royal Treat, nor must relate
 The Gifts bestow'd, nor how the Champions fate;
 Who first, who last, or how the Knights address'd
 Their Vows, or who was fairest at the Feast;
 Whose Voice, whose graceful Dance did most surprise,
 Soft am'rous Sighs, and silent Love of Eyes.

The Rivals call my Muse another Way,
To sing their Vigils for th' ensuing Day,
'Twas ebbing Darkneſs, paſt the Noon of Night ;
And *Phoſper* on the Conſines of the Light,
Promis'd the Sun, ere Day began to ſpring
The tuneful Lark already ſtretch'd her Wing,
And flick'ring on her Neſt, made ſhort Eſſays to ſing.

} } }

When wakeful *Palamon*, preventing Day,
Took, to the Royal Liſts, his early Way,
To *Venus* at her Fane, in her own Houſe to pray.
There, falling on his Knees before her Shrine,
He thus implor'd with Pray'rs her Pow'r divine.
Creator *Venus*, Genial Pow'r of Love,
The Blifs of Men below, and Gods above,
Beneath the ſliding Sun thou runn'ſt thy Race,
Doſt faireſt ſhine, and beſt become thy Place.
For thee the Winds their Eaſtern Blaſts forbear,
Thy Month reveals the Spring, and opens all the Year.
Thee Goddeſs, thee the Storms of Winter fly,
Earth ſmiles with Flow'rs renewing ; laughs the Sky,
And Birds to Lays of Love their tuneful Notes apply.
For thee the Lion loaths the Taſte of Blood,
And roaring hunts his Female through the Wood :
For thee the Bulls rebellow through the Groves,
And tempt the Stream, and ſnuff their abſent Loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleaſant, good, or fair :
All Nature is thy Province, Life thy Care ;
Thou mad'ſt the World, and doſt the World repair.
Thou Gladder of the Mount of *Cytheron*,
Increaſe of *Jove*, Companion of the Sun ;
If e'er *Adonis* touch'd thy tender Heart,
Have Pity, Goddeſs, for thou know'ſt the Smart.
Alas ! I have not Words to tell my Grief ;
To vent my Sorrow wou'd be ſome Relief ;
Light Suff'rings give us Leiſure to complain ;
We groan, but cannot ſpeak, in greater Pain.

} }

O Goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my Suit, as I enforce my Might,
In Love to be thy Champion, and thy Knight;
A Servant to thy Sex, a Slave to thee,
A Foe profess'd to barren Chastity.
Nor ask I Fame or Honour of the Field,
Nor chuse I more to vanquish, than to yield:
In my divine *Emilia* make me blest,
Let Fate, or partial Chance, dispose the Rest:
Find thou the Manner, and the Means prepare;
Possession, more than Conquest, is my Care.
Mars is the Warrior's God; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the Prize;
With smiling Aspect you serenely move
In your fifth Orb, and rule the Realm of Love.
The Fates but only spin the courser Clue,
The finest of the Wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small Portion of the Twine,
And let the Silvers cut below your Line:
The Rest among the Rubbish may they sweep.
Or add it to the Yarn of some old Miser's Heap.
But if you this ambitious Pray'r deny,
(A Wish, I grant, beyond Mortality)
Then let me sink beneath proud *Arcite's* Arms,
And I once dead, let him possess her Charms.
Thus ended he; then, with Observance due,
The sacred Incense on her Altar threw:
The curling Smoke mounts heavy from the Fires;
At length it catches Flame, and in a Blaze expires;
At once the gracious Goddess gave the Sign,
Her Statue shook, and trembled all the Shrine:
Pleas'd *Palamon* the tardy Omen took:
For, since the Flames pursu'd the trailing Smoke,
He knew his Boon was granted; but the Day
To Distance driv'n, and Joy adjourn'd with long Delay.
Now

Now Morn with Rosy Light had streak'd the Sky,
Up rose the Sun, and up rose *Emily*;
Address'd her early Steps to *Cynthia's* Fane,
In State attended by her Maiden Train,
Who bore the Vests that holy Rites require,
Incense, and od'rous Gums, and cover'd Fire.
The plenteous Horns with pleasant Mead they crown,
Nor wanted ought besides in Honour of the Moon.
Now while the Temple smoak'd with hallow'd Steam,
They wash the Virgin in a living Stream:
The secret Ceremonies I conceal:
Uncouth; perhaps unlawful to reveal:
But such they were as Pagan Use requir'd,
Perform'd by Women when the Men retir'd,
Whose Eyes profane, their chaste mysterious Rites
Might turn to Scandal, or obscene Delights.
Well-meaners think no Harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and Silence is the best.
Her shining Hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A Crown of Mastless Oak adorn'd her Head:
When to the Shrine approach'd, the spotless Maid
Had kindling Fires on either Altar laid:
(The Rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By *Statius* in his *Theban* Story told.)
Then kneeling with her Hands across her Breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste Request.

O Goddess, Haunter of the Woodland Green,
To whom both Heav'n and Earth and Seas are seen;
Queen of the nether Skies, where half the Year
Thy Silver Beams descend, and light th' gloomy Sphere;
Goddess of Maids, and conscious of our Hearts,
So keep me from the Vengeance of thy Darts,
Which *Niobe's* devoted Issue felt,
When hissing thro' the Skies the feather'd Deaths were dealt:
As I desire to live a Virgin-life,
Nor know the Name of Mother or of Wife.

Thy Votress from my tender Years I am,
 And love, like thee, the Woods and Sylvan Game.
 Like Death, thou know'st, I loath the Nuptial State,
 And Man, the Tyrant of our Sex, I hate,
 A lowly Servant, but a lofty Mate. }
 Where Love is Duty, on the Female Side:
 On theirs meer sensual Gust, and sought with surly Pride.
 Now by the triple Shape, as thou art seen
 In Heav'n, Earth, Hell, and ev'ry where a Queen,
 Grant this my first Desire; let Discord cease,
 And make betwixt the Rivals lasting Peace:
 Quench their hot Fire, or far from me remove
 The Flame, and turn it on some other Love.
 Or if my frowning Stars have so decreed,
 That one must be rejected, one succeed,
 Make him my Lord within whose faithful Breast
 Is fix'd my Image, and who loves me best.
 But, oh! ev'n that avert! I chuse it not,
 But take it as the least unhappy Lot.
 A Maid I am, and of thy Virgin-Train;
 Oh, let me still that spotless Name retain!
 Frequent the Forests, thy chaste Will obey,
 And only make the Beasts of Chace my Prey!
 The Flames ascend on either Altar clear,
 While thus the blameless Maid address'd her Pray'r.
 When lo! the burning Fire that shone so bright,
 Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd Light,
 And left one Altar dark, a little Space;
 Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the Blaze:
 The other Victor-flame a Moment stood,
 Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd Wood;
 For ever lost, th' irrevocable Light
 Forsook the blackning Coals, and sunk to Night:
 At either End it whistled as it flew,
 And as the Brands were green, so dropp'd the Dew;
 Infected as it fell with Sweat of sanguine Hue. }
 The

The Maid from that ill *Omen* turn'd her Eyes,
And with loud Shrieks and Clamours rent the Skies,
Nor knew what signify'd the boding Sign, [vine.
But found the Pow'rs displeas'd, and fear'd the Wrath Di-

Then shook the sacred Shrine, and sudden Light
Sprung through the vaulted Roof, and made the Temple
The Pow'r, behold! the Pow'r in Glory shone, [bright.
By her bent Bow, and her keen Arrows known:
The rest, a Huntress issuing from the Wood,
Reclining on her Cornel Spear she stood.

Then gracious thus began: Dismiss thy Fear,
And Heav'n's unchang'd Decrees attentive hear:
More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my Side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a Bride:

The two contending Knights are weigh'd above;
One *Mars* protects, and one the Queen of Love:
But which the Man, is in the Thund'rer's Breast:
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.

The Fire that once extinct, reviv'd again,
Foreshews the Love allotted to remain.
Farewell, she said, and vanish'd from the Place;
The Sheaf of Arrows shook, and rattled in the Case.
Aghast at this, the Royal Virgin stood,

Disclaim'd, and now no more a Sister of the Wood:
But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd;
Propitious still be present to my Aid, }
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd Maid. }

Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With Hopes, and Fears, and Joys with Sorrows mixt.

The next returning Planetary Hour
Of *Mars*, who shar'd the Heptarchy of Pow'r,
His Steps bold *Arcite* to the Temple bent,
T'adore with Pagan Rites the Pow'r Armipotent:
Then prostrate, low before his Altar lay,
And rais'd his manly Voice, and thus began to pray.

Strong

Strong God of Arms, whose Iron Scepter sways
The freezing North, and *Hyperborean* Seas,
And *Scythian* Colds, and *Thracia's* Winter Coast,
Where stand thy Steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most; but ev'ry where thy Pow'r is known,
The Fortune of the Fight is all thy own:
Terror is thine, and wild Amazement flung
From out thy Chariot, withers ev'n the Strong:
And Disarray and shameful Rout ensue,
And Force is added to the fainting Crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my Pray'r,
If ought I have atchiev'd deserve thy Care:
If to my utmost Pow'r with Sword and Shield
I dar'd the Death, unknowing how to yield,
And falling in my Rank, still kept the Field:
Then let my Arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That *Emily* by Conquest may be gain'd.
Have Pity on my Pains; nor thole unknown
To *Mars*, which when a Lover, were his own.
Venus, the Publick Care of all above,
Thy stubborn Heart has soften'd into Love:
Now by her Blandishments and pow'rful Charms
When yielded, she lay curling in thy Arms,
Ev'n by thy Shame, if Shame it may be call'd,
When *Vulcan* had thee in his Net intrall'd;
O envy'd Ignominy, sweet Disgrace,
When ev'ry God that saw thee, with'd thy Place!
By those dear Pleasures, aid my Arms in Fight,
And make me conquer in my Patron's Right:
For I am young, a Novice in the Trade,
The Fool of Love, unpractis'd to persuade;
And want the soothing Arts that catch the Fair,
But caught myself, lie struggling in the Snare:
And she I love, or laughs at all my Pain,
Or knows her Worth too well; and pays me with Disdain.

For sure I am, unless I win in Arms,
To stand excluded from *Emilia's* Charms:
Nor can my Strength avail, unless by thee
Endu'd with Force, I gain the Victory:
Then for the Fire which warm'd thy gen'rous Heart,
Pity thy Subject's Pains, and equal Smart.
So be the Morrow's Sweat and Labour mine,
The Palm and Honour of the Conquest thine:
Then shall the War, and stern Debate, and Strife
Immortal, be the Bus'ness of my Life;
And in thy Fane, the dusty Spoils among,
High on the burnish'd Roof, my Banner shall be hung;
Rank'd with my Champions Bucklers, and below
With Arms revers'd, th' Atchievements of my Foe:
And while these Limbs the Vital Spirit feeds,
While Day to Night, and Night to Day succeeds,
Thy smoaking Altar shall be fat with Food
Of Incense, and the grateful Steam of Blood;
Burnt Off'rings Morn and Ev'ning shall be thine;
And Fires eternal in thy Temple shine.
The Bush of yellow Beard, this Length of Hair,
Which from my Birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of Steel, and from the Razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous Crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my Arms with Victory be blest,
I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest.

The Champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the Close
A hallow Groan, a murm'ring Wind arose,
The Rings of Iron, that on the Doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring Sound, and harshly rung:
The bolted Gates flew open at the Blast,
The Storm rush'd in; and *Arcite* stood aghast:
The Flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the Wind, and gave a ruffled Light.

Then from the Ground a Scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling, as accepted Sacrifice:

This

50 Palamon and Arcite: Or, Book III.

This *Omen* pleas'd, and as the Flames aspire
 With od'rous Incense *Arcite* heaps the Fire:
 Nor wanted Hymns to *Mars*, or Heathen Charms:
 At length the nodding Statue clasp'd his Arms,
 And with a sullen Sound, and feeble Cry,
 Half sunk, and half pronounc'd the Word of Victory.
 For this, with Soul devout, he thank'd the God,
 And of Success secure, return'd to his Abode.

These Vows thus granted, rais'd a Strife above,
 Betwixt the God of War, and Queen of Love.
 She granting first, had Right of Time to plead;
 But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for *Venus*; but he fear'd his Wife,
 And seem'd unwilling to decide the Strife;
 Till *Saturn* from his Leaden Throne arose,
 And found a Way the Diff'rence to compose:
 Though sparing of his Grace, to Mischief bent,
 He seldom does a Good with good Intent.
 Wayward, but wise; by long Experience taught
 To please both Parties, for ill Ends, he sought:
 For this Advantage Age from Youth has won,
 As not to be outridden, though outrun.
 By Fortune he was now to *Venus* trin'd,
 And with stern *Mars* in *Capricorn* was join'd:
 Of him disposing in his own Abode,
 He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God:
 Cease, Daughter, to complain; and stint the Strife;
 Thy *Palamon* shall have his promis'd Wife:
 And *Mars*, the Lord of Conquest, in the Fight
 With Palm and Laurel shall adorn his Knight.
 Wide is my Course, nor turn I to my Place,
 Till length of Time, and move with tardy Pace.
 Man feels me, when I press th' Etherial Plains,
 My Hand is heavy, and the Wound remains.
 Mine is the Shipwreck, in a watry Sign;
 And in an earthy, the dark Dungeon mine.

Cold

Cold shivering Agues, melancholy Care,
And bitter blasting Winds, and poison'd Air,
Are mine, and wilful Death, resulting from Despair.
The throttling Quinsy 'tis my Star appoints,
And Rheumatisms I send to rack the Joints :
When Churls rebel against their native Prince,
I arm their Hands, and furnish the Pretence ;
And housing in the Lion's hateful Sign,
Bought Senates, and deserting Troops are mine.
Mine is the privy Pois'ning, I command
Unkindly Seasons, and ungrateful Land.
By me Kings Palaces are push'd to Ground,
And Miners, crush'd beneath their Mines are found.
'Twas I slew *Sampson*, when the pillar'd Hall
Fell down, and crush'd the Many with the Fall.
My looking is the Sire of Pestilence,
That sweeps at once the People and the Prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy Grandfire's Art ;
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy Part.
'Tis ill, though diff'rent your Complexions are,
The Family of Heav'n for Men should war.
Th' Expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his Right :
Mars had the Day, and *Venus* had the Night.
The Management they left to *Chrono's* Care ;
Now turn we to th' Effect, and sing the War.
In *Athens*, all was Pleasure, Mirth, and Play,
All proper to the Spring, and spritely *May* :
Which ev'ry Soul inspir'd with such Delight,
'Twas justing all the Day, and Love at Night.
Heav'n smil'd, and gladdened was the Heart of Man ;
And *Venus* had the World, as when it first began.
At length in Sleep their Bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future Fight, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning Day began to spring,
As at a Signal giv'n, the Streets with Clamours ring :

At once the Crowd arose ; confus'd and high
 Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting Cry ;
 For *Mars* was early up, and rouz'd the Sky.
 The Gods came downward to behold the Wars,
 Sharpning their Sights, and leaning from their Stars.
 The neighing of the gen'rous Horse was heard,
 For Battle by the busy Groom prepar'd :
 Rustling of Harness, rattling of the Shield,
 Clatt'ring of Armour, furbish'd for the Field.
 Crowds to the Castle mounted up the Street,
 Batt'ring the Pavement with their Coursers Feet :
 The greedy Sight might there devour the Gold.
 Of glittring Arms, too dazling to behold ;
 And polish'd Steel that cast the View aside,
 And crested Morions, with their plummy Pride.
 Knights, with a long Retinue of their Squires,
 In gawdy Liv'ries march, and quaint Attires.
 One lac'd the Helm, another held the Lance :
 A third the shining Buckler did advance.
 The Courser paw'd the Ground with restless Feet,
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the Golden Bit.
 The Smiths and Armourers on Palfreys ride,
 Files in their hands, and Hammers at their Side, [vide.
 And Nails for loosen'd Spears, and Thongs for Shields pro- }
 The Yeoman-guard the Streets, in seemly Bands ; [Hands.
 And Clowns come crowding on, with Cudgels in their
 The Trumpets, next the Gate, in order plac'd,
 Attend the Sign to sound the Martial Blaft :
 The Palace-yard is fill'd with floating Tides,
 And the last Corners bear the former to the Sides.
 The Throng is in the Midst : The common Crew
 Shut out, the Hall admits the better Few.
 In Knots they stand, or in a Rank they walk,
 Serious in Aspect, earnest in their Talk :
 Faction, and fav'ring this or t' other Side,
 As their strong Fancies, and weak Reason, guide :

Their

Their Wagers back their Wishes: Numbers hold
With the fair freckled King, and Beard of Gold;
So vig'rous are his Eyes, such Rays they cast,
So prominent his Eagle's Beak is plac'd.
But most their Looks on the black Monarch bend;
His rising Muscles, and his Brawn commend;
His double-biting Ax, and beamy Spear,
Each asking a Gigantick Force to rear.

All spoke as partial Favour mov'd the Mind;
And safe themselves, at others Cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the Cries, th' *Athenian* Chief arose,
The Knightly Forms of Combate to dispose;
And passing thro' th' obsequious Guards, he sat
Conspicuous on a Throne, sublime in State;
There, for the two contending Knights he sent:
Arm'd *Cap-a-pe*, with Rev'rence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior Look
Alike their offer'd Adoration took.

The People press on ev'ry Side to see
Their awful Prince, and hear his high Decree.
Then signing to their Heralds with his Hand,
They gave his Orders from their lofty Stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The King at Arms bespeaks the Knights and listning Crowd.

Our Sovereign Lord has ponder'd in his Mind
The Means to spare the Blood of gentle Kind;
And of his Grace, and in-born Clemency,
He modifies his first severe Decree;
The keener Edge of Battle to rebate,
The Troops for Honour fighting, not for Hate.
He wills, not Death shou'd terminate their Strife;
And Wounds, if Wounds ensue, be short of Life.
But issues, ere the Fight, his dread Command,
That Slings afar, and Ponyards Hand to Hand,
Be banish'd from the Field; that none shall dare
With shortned Sword to stab in closer War;

But

But in fair Combate fight with manly Strength,
Nor push with biting Point, but strike at length.
The Turney is allow'd but one Career,
Of the tough Ash, with the sharp-grinded Spear.
But Knights unhors'd may rise from off the Plain,
And fight on Foot, their Honour to regain.
Nor, if at Mischief taken, on the Ground
Be slain, but Pris'ners to the Pillar bound,
At either Barrier plac'd; nor (Captives made,)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the Fight invade.
The Chief of either Side, bereft of Life,
Or yielded to his Foe, concludes the Strife.
Thus dooms the Lord: Now valiant Knights and young,
Fight each his fill with Swords and Maces long.

The Herald ends: The vaulted Firmament
With loud Acclaims, and vast Applause is rent:
Heav'n guard a Prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of Blood!
This was the gen'ral Cry. The Trumpets sound,
And Warlike Symphony is heard around.
The marching Troops thro' *Athens* take their Way,
The great Earl-Marshal orders their Arra.
The Fair from high the passing Pomp behold;
A Rain of Flow'rs is from the Windows roll'd.
The Casements are with Golden Tissue spread,
And Horses Hoofs, for Earth, on Silken Tap'stry tread.
The King goes midmost, and the Rivals ride
In equal Rank, and close his either Side.
Next after these, there rode the Royal Wife,
With *Emily*, the Cause, and the Reward of Strife.
The following Cavalcade, by Three and Three,
Proceed by Titles marshall'd in Degree.
Thus thro' the Southern Gate they take their Way,
And at the Lifts arriv'd ere Prime of Day.
There, parting from the King, the Chiefs divide,
And wheeling East and West, before their Many ride.
Th' A-

Th' *Athenian* Monarch mounts his Throne on high,
And after him the Queen, and *Emily* :
Next these, the Kindred of the Crown are grac'd
With nearer Seats, and Lords by Ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they seated, when with Clamours loud
In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous Crowd :
The Guards, and then each other overbare,
And in a Moment throng the spacious Theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring Noise to Whispers low,
As Winds forsaking Seas more softly blow ;
When at the Western Gate, on which the Car
Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of War,
Proud *Arcite* entring arm'd before his Train,
Stops at the Barrier, and divides the Plain.
Red was his Banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody Colours of his Patron God.

At that self-moment enters *Palamon*
The Gate of *Venus*, and the Rising Sun ;
Wav'd by the wanton Winds, his Banner flies,
All Maiden White, and shares the Peoples Eyes.
From East to West, look all the World around,
Two Troops so match'd were never to be found :
Such Bodies built for Strength, of equal Age,
In Stature siz'd ; so proud an Equipage :
The nicest Eye cou'd no Distinction make,
Where lay th' Advantage, or what Side to take.

Thus rang'd, the Herald for the last proclaims
A Silence, while they answer'd to their Names :
For so the King decreed, to shun with Care
The Fraud of Musters false, the common Bane of War.
The Tale was just, and then the Gates were clos'd ;
And Chief to Chief, and Troop to Troop oppos'd.
The Heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The Fortune of the Field be fairly try'd.

At this, the Challenger with fierce Defy
 His Trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes Reply: }
 With Clangour rings the Field, resounds the vaulted Sky. }
 Their Vizors clos'd, their Lances in the rest,
 Or at the Helmet pointed, or the Crest;
 They vanish from the Barrier, speed the Race,
 And spurring see decrease the middle Space.
 A Cloud of Smoke envelops either Host,
 And all at once the Combatants are lost:
 Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
 Coursers with Coursers jostling, Men with Men:
 As lab'ring in Eclipse, a while they stay,
 Till the next Blast of Wind restores the Day.
 They look anew: The beauteous Form of Fight
 Is chang'd, and War appears a grizly Sight.
 Two Troops in fair Array one Moment show'd,
 The next, a Field with fallen Bodies strow'd:
 Not half the Number in their Seats are found;
 But Men and Steeds lie grov'ling on the Ground.
 The Points of Spears are stuck within the Shield,
 The Steeds without their Riders scour the Field.
 The Knights unhors'd, on Foot renew the Fight;
 The glitt'ring Fauchions cast a gleaming Light:
 Hauberks and Helms are hew'd with many a Wound;
 Out spins the streaming Blood, and dies the Ground.
 The mighty Maces with such Haste descend,
 They break the Bones, and make the solid Armour bend.
 This thrusts amid the Throng with furious Force;
 Down goes, at once, the Horseman and the Horse:
 That Courser stumbles on the fallen Steed,
 And floundring, throws the Rider o'er his Head.
 One rolls along, a Foot-ball to his Foes;
 One with a broken Truncheon deals his Blows.
 This halting, this disabled with his Wound,
 In Triumph led, is to the Pillar bound,

Where

Where by the King's Award he must abide :
There goes a Captive led on t' other Side.
By Fits they cease ; and leaning on the Lance,
Take Breath a while, and to new Fight advance.

Full oft the Rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost Force, and each forgot to ward.
The Head of this was to the Saddle bent,
That other backward to the Crupper sent ;
Both were by Turns unhors'd ; the jealous Blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on Foot they close.
So deep their Fauchions bite, that ev'ry Stroke
Pierc'd to the Quick ; and equal Wounds they gave and took.
Born far asunder by the Tides of Men,
Like Adamant and Steel they meet agen.

So when a Tyger sucks the Bullock's Blood,
A famish'd Lion issuing from the Wood
Roars Lordly fierce, and challenges the Food.
Each claims Possession, neither will obey,
But both their Paws are fasten'd on the Prey :
They bite, they tear ; and while in vain they strive,
The Swains come arm'd between, and both to Distance drive.

At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all Things tend
By Course of Time to their appointed End ;
So when the Sun to West was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal Battle join'd,
The strong *Emetrius* came in *Arcite's* Aid,
And *Palamon* with Odds was overlaid :
For turning short, he struck with all his Might
Full on the Helmet of th' unwary Knight.
Deep was the Wound ; he stagger'd with the Blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected Foe ;
Whom with such Force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the Circle of his Golden Crown.
But *Arcite's* Men, who now prevail'd in Fight,
Twice Ten at once surround the single Knight :

O'erpower'd

O'erpower'd at length, they force him to the Ground,
 Unyielded as he was, and to the Pillar bound;
 And King *Lycurgus*, while he fought in vain
 His Friend to free, was tumbled on the Plain.

Who now laments but *Palamon*, compell'd
 No more to try the Fortune of the Field!
 And worse than Death, to view with hateful Eyes
 His Rival's Conquest, and renounce the Prize!

The Royal Judge on his Tribunal plac'd,
 Who had beheld the Fight from first to last,
 Bad cease the War; pronouncing from on high
Arcite of *Thebes* had won the beauteous *Emily*.
 The Sound of Trumpets to the Voice reply'd,
 And round the Royal Lists the Heralds cry'd,
Arcite of *Thebes* has won the beauteous Bride.

The People rend the Skies with vast Applause;
 All own the Chief, when Fortune owns the Cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the Gods above,
 And conqu'ring *Mars* insults the Queen of Love.
 So laugh'd he, when the rightful *Titan* fail'd,
 And *Jove's* usurping Arms in Heav'n prevail'd.
 Laugh'd all the Pow'rs who favour Tyranny;
 And all the standing Army of the Sky.
 But *Venus* with dejected Eyes appears,
 And weeping, on the Lists distill'd her Tears;
 Her Will refus'd, which grieves a Woman most,
 And in her Champion foil'd, the Cause of Love is lost.
 Till *Saturn* said, Fair Daughter, now be still,
 The blustering Fool has satisfy'd his Will:
 His Boon is giv'n; his Knight has gain'd the Day,
 But lost the Prize, th' Arrears are yet to pay.
 Thy Hour is come, and mine the Care shall be
 To please thy Knight, and set thy Promise free.

Now while the Heralds run the Lists around,
 And *Arcite*, *Arcite*, Heav'n and Earth resound;

A Miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their Joy with unexpected Sorrow pall'd.
The Victor Knight had laid his Helm aside,
Part for his Ease, the greater Part for Pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the Salutations of the Crowd.
The spurring at full Speed, ran endlong on
Where *Theseus* sat on his Imperial Throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his Eye,
Where next the Queen was plac'd his *Emily*;
Then passing, to the Saddle-bow he bent,
A sweet Regard the gracious Virgin lent:
(For Women, to the Brave an easy Prey,
Still follow Fortune, where she leads the Way:)
Just then, from Earth sprung out a flashing Fire,
By *Pluto* sent, at *Saturn's* bad Desire:
The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden Fright,
And, bounding, o'er the Pummel cast the Knight:
Forward he flew, and pitching on his Head,
He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for Dead.
Black was his Count'nance in a little Space,
For all the Blood, was gather'd in his Face.
Help was at Hand; they rear'd him from the Ground,
And from his cumbrous Arms his Limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a Vien, and watch'd returning Breath;
It came, but clogg'd with Symptoms of his Death.
The Saddle-bow the Noble Parts had prest,
All bruise'd and mortify'd his manly Breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a Litter laid,
They bore from Field, and to his Bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and with a feeble Cry,
The Word he first pronounc'd was *Emily*.
Mean Time the King, tho' inwardly he mourn'd,
In Pomp triumphant to the Town return'd,
Attended by the Chiefs, who fought the Field;
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one Troop compell'd.)

Compos'd

Compos'd his Looks to counterfeited Cheer,
 And bade them not for *Arcite's* Life to fear.
 But that which gladdened all the Warrior Train,
 Tho' most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
 The Surgeons soon despoil'd 'em of their Arms,
 And some with Salves they cure, and some with Charms.
 Foment the Bruises, and the Pains assuage,
 And heal their inward Hurts with sov'reign Draughts of Sage.
 The King in Person visits all around,
 Comforts the Sick, congratulates the Sound ;
 Honours the Princely Chiefs, rewards the rest,
 And holds for thrice three Days a Royal Feast.
 None was disgrac'd ; for falling is no Shame ;
 And Cowardice alone is Loss of Fame.
 The vent'rous Knight is from the Saddle thrown ;
 But 'tis the Fault of Fortune, not his own.
 If Crowns and Palms the conqu'ring Side adorn,
 The Victor under better Stars was born :
 The brave Man seeks not popular Applause,
 Nor overpow'r'd with Arms deserts his Cause ;
 Unham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can ;
 Force is of Brutes, but Honour is of Man.

Thus *Theseus* smil'd on all with equal Grace ;
 And each was set according to his Place.
 With Ease were reconcil'd the diff'ring Parts,
 For Envy never dwells in noble Hearts.
 At length they took their Leave, the Time expir'd ;
 Well pleas'd ; and to their sev'ral Homes retir'd.

Mean while the Health of *Arcite* still impairs ;
 From Bad proceeds to Worse, and mocks the Leeches Cares ;
 Swoln is his Breast, his inward Pains increase,
 All Means are us'd, and all without Success.
 The clotted Blood lies heavy on his Heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in Spite of Art :
 Nor breathing Veins, nor Cupping will prevail ;
 All outward Remedies and inward fail :

The Mold of Nature's Fabrick is destroy'd,
 Her Vessels discompos'd, her Virtue void :
 The Bellows of his Lungs begin to swell :
 All out of Frame is ev'ry secret Cell,
 Nor can the Good receive, nor Bad expel.
 Those breathing Organs thus within oppress,
 With Venom soon distend the Sinews of his Breast.
 Nought profits him to save abandon'd Life,
 Nor Vomits upward aid, nor downward Laxatife.
 The midmost Region batter'd, and destroy'd,
 When Nature cannot work, th' Effect of Art is void.
 For Physick can but mend our crazy State,
 Patch an old Building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his Pride,
 Must leave his Youth, and yield his beauteous Bride,
 Gain'd hardly, against Right, and unenjoy'd.
 When 'twas declar'd, all Hope of Life was past,
 Conscience (that of all Physick works the last)
 Caus'd him to send for *Emily* in haste.
 With her, at his Desire, came *Palamon*;
 Then on his Pillow rais'd, he thus begun.
 No Language can express the smallest Part
 Of what I feel, and suffer in my Heart,
 For you, whom best I love and value most ;
 But to your Service I bequeath my Ghost ;
 Which from this mortal Body when unty'd,
 Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your Side ;
 Nor fright you waking, nor your Sleep offend,
 But wait officious, and your Steps attend :
 How I have lov'd, excuse my faultring Tongue,
 My Spirits feeble, and my Pains are strong :
 This I may say, I only grieve to die
 Because I lose my charming *Emily* :
 To die, when Heav'n had put you in my Pow'r,
 Fate could not chuse a more malicious Hour !

What greater Curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die, when I began to live!
Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave,
Now warm in Love, now with'ring in the Grave!
Never, O never more to see the Sun!
Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone!
This Fate is common; but I lose my Breath
Near Bliss, and yet not bless'd before my Death.
Farewell; but take me dying in your Arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your Charms:
This Hand I cannot but in Death resign;
Ah, could I live! But while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my End approach, and thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last.
Ah! my sweet Foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my Faith with injur'd *Palamon*.
But Love the Sense of Right and Wrong confounds,
Strong Love and proud Ambition have no Bounds.
And much I doubt, should Heav'n my Life prolong,
I should return to justify my Wrong:
For while my former Flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of Pow'r to sin.
With mortal Hatred I pursu'd his Life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the Strife;
Nor I, but as I lov'd: Yet all combin'd,
Your Beauty, and my Impotence of Mind;
And his concurrent Flame, that blew my Fire;
For still our kindred Souls had one Desire.
He had a Moment's Right in point of Time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the Crime.
Fate made it mine, and justify'd his Right;
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving Knight,
For Virtue, Valour, and for Noble Blood,
Truth, Honour, all that is compriz'd in Good;
So help me Heav'n, in all the World is none
So worthy to be lov'd as *Palamon*.

He loves you too ; with such a holy Fire,
 As will not, cannot but with Life expire :
 Our vow'd Affections both have often try'd,
 Nor any Love but yours could ours divide.
 Then by my Love's inviolable Band,
 By my long Suff'ring, and my short Command,
 If e'er you plight your Vows when I am gone,
 Have Pity on the faithful *Palamon*.

This was his last ; for Death came on amain,
 And exercis'd below his Iron Reign ;
 Then upward, to the Seat of Life he goes ;
 Sense fled before him. what he touch'd he froze :
 Yet could he not his closing Eyes withdraw,
 Though less and less of *Emily* he saw :
 So, speechless, for a little space he lay ;
 Then grasp'd the Hand he held, and sigh'd his Soul away.

But whither went his Soul, let such relate
 Who search the Secrets of the future State :
 Divines can say but what themselves believe ;
 Strong Proofs they have, but not demonstrative :
 For, were all plain, then all Sides must agree,
 And Faith itself be lost in Certainty.
 To live uprightly then is sure the best,
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
 The Soul of *Arcite* went, where Heathens go,
 Who better live than we, tho' less they know.

In *Palamon* a manly Grief appears ;
 Silent, he wept, ashamed to shew his Tears :
Emily shriek'd but once, and then oppress'd
 With Sorrow, sunk upon her Lover's Breast :
 Till *Theseus* in his Arms convey'd with Care,
 Far from so sad a Sight, the swooning Fair.
 'Twere loss of Time her Sorrow to relate ;
 Ill bears the Sex a youthful Lover's Fate,
 When just approaching to the Nuptial State.

}

64 Palamon and Arcite: Or, Book III.

But like a low-hung Cloud, it rains so fast,
 That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
 The Face of Things is chang'd, and *Athens* now,
 That laugh'd so late, becomes the Scene of Woe:
 Matrons and Maids, both Sexes, ev'ry State,
 With Tears lament the Knight's untimely Fate.
 Not greater Grief in falling *Troy* was seen
 For *Hector's* Death; but *Hector* was not then.
 Old Men with Dust deform'd their hoary Hair,
 The Women beat their Breasts, their Cheeks they tare.
 Why wou'dst thou go, with one Consent they cry,
 When thou hadst Gold enough, and *Emily*!

Theseus himself, who shou'd have cheer'd the Grief
 Of others, wanted now the same Relief.
 Old *Egeus* only could revive his Son,
 Who various Changes of the World had known;
 And strange Vicissitudes of Human Fate,
 Still alt'ring, never in a steady State:
 Good after Ill, and after Pain, Delight;
 Alternate, like the Scenes of Day and Night:
 Since ev'ry Man who lives, is born to die,
 And none can boast sincere Felicity,
 With equal Mind, what happens, let us bear,
 Nor joy, nor grieve too much for Things beyond our Care.
 Like Pilgrims, to th' appointed Place we tend;
 The World's an Inn, and Death the Journey's End.
 Ev'n Kings but play; and when their Part is done,
 Some other, worse or better, mount the Throne.
 With Words like these the Crowd was satisfy'd,
 And so they would have been, had *Theseus* dy'd.

But he, their King, was lab'ring in his Mind,
 A fitting Place for Fun'ral Poms to find,
 Which were in Honour of the Dead design'd,
 And after long Debate, at last he found
 (As Love itself had mark'd the Spot of Ground)

That

That Grove for ever green, that conscious Laund,
Where he with *Palamon* fought Hand to Hand :
That where he fed his amorous Desires
With soft Complaints, and felt his hottest Fires,
There other Flames might waste his earthly Part,
And burn his Limbs, where Love had burn'd his Heart.

This once resolv'd, the Peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and Firs, and dodder'd Oaks to find.
With sounding Axes to the Grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the Fewel on a Row,
Vulcanian Food : A Bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless Body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with Cloth of Gold, on which was laid
The Corps of *Arcite*, in like Robes array'd.
White Gloves were on his Hands, and on his Head
A Wreath of Laurel, mix'd with Myrtle, spread.
A Sword keen-edg'd within his Right he held,
The warlike Emblem of the conquer'd Field :
Bare was his manly Visage on the Bier ;
Menac'd his Count'nance ; ev'n in Death severe.
Then to the Palace-Hall they bore the Knight,
To lie in solemn State, a publick Sight.
Groans, Cries, and Howlings fill the crowded Place,
And unaffected Sorrow sate on ev'ry Face.

Sad *Palamon* above the rest appears,
In Sable Garments, dew'd with gushing Tears :
His Aubourn Locks on either Shoulder flow'd,
Which to the Fun'ral of his Friend he vow'd :
But *Emily*, as Chief, was next his Side,
A Virgin-Widow, and a *Mourning Bride*.
And that the Princely Obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high Degree,
The Steed that bore him living to the Fight,
Was trapp'd with polish'd Steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th' Atchievements of the Knight.

66 Palamon and Arcite: Or, Book III.

The Riders rode abreast, and one his Shield,
 His Lance of Cornel-wood another held;
 The third his Bow, and glorious to behold,
 The costly Quiver, all of burnish'd Gold.
 The noblest of the *Grecians* next appear,
 And weeping, on their Shoulders bore the Bier;
 With sober Pace they march'd, and often staid,
 And thro' the Master-Street the Corps convey'd.
 The Houses to their Tops with Black were spread,
 And ev'n the Pavements were with Mourning hid.
 The Right-side of the Pall old *Egeus* kept,
 And on the Left the Royal *Theseus* wept:
 Each bore a golden Bowl of Work Divine,
 With Honey fill'd, and Milk, and mix'd with ruddy Wine.
 Then *Palamon* the Kinsman of the Slain,
 And after him appear'd th' Illustrious Train:
 To grace the Pomp, came *Emily* the Bright:
 With cover'd Fire, the Fun'ral Pile to light.
 With high Devotion was the Service made,
 And all the Rites of Pagan-Honour paid:
 So lofty was the Pile, a *Parthian* Bow,
 With Vigour drawn, must send the Shaft below.
 The Bottom was full twenty Fathom broad,
 With crackling Straw beneath in due Proportion strow'd.
 The Fabrick seem'd a Wood of rising Green,
 With Sulphur and Bitumen cast between,
 To feed the Flames: The Trees were unctuous Fir,
 And Mountain-Ash, the Mother of the Spear;
 The Mourner Eugh, and Builder Oak was there:
 The Beech, the swimming Alder, and the Plane,
 Hard Box, and Linden of a softer Grain,
 And Laurels, which the Gods for conqu'ring Chiefs ordain.
 How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
 With nameless Nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry Tree;
 Nor how the Dryads, and the woodland Train,
 Disherited, ran howling o'er the Plain:

Nor

Nor how the Birds to foreign Seats repair'd,
Or Beasts, that bolted out, and saw the Forest bar'd :
Nor how the Ground, now clear'd, with ghastly Fright
Beheld the sudden Sun, a Stranger to the Light.

The Straw, as first I said, was laid below ;
Of Chips and Sere-wood was the second Row ;
The third of Greens, and Timber newly fell'd ;
The fourth high Stage the fragrant Odours held,
And Pearls, and precious Stones, and rich Array ;
In midst of which, embalm'd, the Body lay.
The Service sung, the Maid with mourning Eyes
The Stubble fir'd ; the smouldring Flames arise :
This Office done, she sunk upon the Ground ;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her Swoond,
I want the Wit in moving Words to dress ;
But by themselves the tender Sex may guess.
While the devouring Fire was burning fast,
Rich Jewels in the Flame the Wealthy cast ;
And some their Shields, and some their Lances threw,
And gave their Warrior's Ghost a Warrior's Due.
Full Bowls of Wine, of Honey, Milk, and Blood,
Were pour'd upon the Pile of burning Wood, }
And hissing Fumes receive, and hungry lick the Food.
Then thrice the mounted Squadrons ride around
The Fire, and *Arcite's* Name they thrice resound :
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the Left, and thrice they turn'd again :
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring Shields ;
The Women mix their Cries ; and Clamour fills the Fields.
The warlike Wakes continu'd all the Night,
And fun'ral Games were play'd at new-returning Light :
Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with Oil,
Or who with Gantlets gave or took the Foil,
I will not tell you, nor wou'd you attend ;
But briefly haste to my long Story's End.

68 *Palamon and Arcite: Or,* Book III.

I pass the rest; the Year was fully mourn'd,
And *Palamon* long since to *Thebes* return'd,
When, by the *Grecians* general Consent,
At *Athens* *Theseus* held his Parliament:
Among the Laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd *Thebes* from Bondage shou'd be freed;
Reserving Homage to th' *Athenian* Throne,
To which the Sov'reign summon'd *Palamon*.
Unknowing of the Cause, he took his Way,
Mournful in Mind, and still in black Array.

The Monarch mounts the Throne, and plac'd on high,
Commands into the Court the beauteous *Emily*:
So call'd, she came; the Senate rose, and paid
Becoming Rev'rence to the Royal Maid.
And first soft Whispers through th' Assembly went:
With silent Wonder then they watch'd th' Event:
All hush'd, the King arose with awful Grace,
Deep Thought was in his Breast, and Counsel in his Face.
At length he sigh'd; and having first prepar'd
Th' attentive Audience, thus his Will declar'd.

The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above
Hung down on Earth the golden Chain of Love:
Great was th' Effect, and high was his Intent,
When Peace among the jarring Seeds he sent.
Fire, Flood, and Earth, and Air by this were bound,
And Love, the common Link, the new Creation crown'd,
The Chain still holds; for though the Forms decay,
Eternal Matter never wears away:
The same first Mover certain Bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable Forms shall last;
Nor can they last beyond the Time assign'd
By that all-seeing, and all-making Mind:
Shorten their Hours they may; for Will is free;
But never pass th' appointed Destiny.
So Men oppress'd, when weary of their Breath,
Throw off the Burden, and suborn their Death.

Then.

Then since those Forms begin, and have their End,
On some unalter'd Cause they sure depend :
Parts of the Whole are we ; but God the Whole ;
Who gives us Life, and animating Soul.
For Nature cannot from a Part derive
That Being, which the Whole can only give :
He perfect, stable ; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and diff'rent in Degree.
Plants, Beasts, and Man ; and as our Organs are,
We more or less of his Perfection share.
But by a long Descent, th' etherial Fire
Corrupts ; and Forms, the mortal Part, expire :
As he withdraws his Virtue, so they pass,
And the same Matter makes another Mass :
This Law th' omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry Kind should by Succession live :
That Individuals die, his Will ordains ;
The propagated Species still remains.
The Monarch Oak, the Patriarch of the Trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow Degrees :
Three Centuries he grows, and three he stays,
Supreme in State ; and in three more decays :
So wears the paving Pebble in the Street,
And Towns and Tow'rs their fatal Periods meet ;
So Rivers, rapid once, now naked lye,
Forsaken of their Springs ; and leave their Channels dry.
So Man, at first a Drop, dilates with Heat,
Then form'd, the little Heart begins to beat ;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the Cell ;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the Shell,
And struggles into Breath, and cries for Aid ;
Then, helpless, in his Mother's Lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and issuing into Man,
Grudges their Life, from whence his own began.
Retchless of Laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the Throne :

First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
 Rich of three Souls, and lives all three to waste.
 Some thus; but thousands more in Flow'r of Age:
 For few arrive to run the latter Stage.
 Sunk in the first, in Battle some are slain,
 And others whelm'd beneath the stormy Main.
 What makes all this, but *Jupiter* the King,
 At whose Command we perish, and we spring?
 Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
 To make a Virtue of Necessity.
 Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
 The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
 And cou'd we chuse the Time, and chuse aright,
 'Tis best to die, our Honour at the height.
 When we have done our Ancestors no Shame,
 But serv'd our Friends, and well secur'd our Fame;
 Then should we wish our happy Life to close,
 And leave no more for Fortune to dispose:
 So should we make our Death a glad Relief
 From future Shame, from Sickness, and from Grief:
 Enjoying while we live the present Hour,
 And dying in our Excellence, and Flow'r.
 Then round our Death-bed ev'ry Friend shou'd run,
 And joy us of our Conquest, early won:
 While the malicious World with envious Tears
 Shou'd grudge our happy End, and wish it theirs.
 Since then our *Arcite* is with Honour dead,
 Why shou'd we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
 Or call untimely, what the Gods decreed?
 With Grief as just, a Friend may be deplor'd,
 From a foul Prison to free Air restor'd.
 Ought he to thank his Kinsman, or his Wife,
 Cou'd Tears recall him into wretched Life!
 Their Sorrow hurts themselves; on him is lost;
 And worse than both, offends his happy Ghost.

What then remains, but after past Annoy,
 To take the good Vicissitude of Joy?
 To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,
 Possess our Souls, and while we live, to live?
 Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine,
 And in one Point th' Extremes of Grief to join;
 That thence resulting Joy may be renew'd,
 As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude.
 Then I propose, that *Palamon* shall be
 In Marriage join'd with beauteous *Emily*;
 For which already I have gain'd th' Assent
 Of my free People in full Parliament.
 Long Love to her has torn the faithful Knight,
 And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him Right:
 'Tis Time to mend her Fault; since *Emily*
 By *Arcite's* Death from former Vows is free:
 If you, fair Sister, ratify th' Accord,
 And take him for your Husband, and your Lord,
 'Tis no Dishonour to confer your Grace
 On one descended from a Royal Race:
 And were he less, yet Years of Service past
 From grateful Souls exact Reward at last:
 Pity is Heav'n's and yours: Nor can she find
 A Throne so soft as in a Woman's Mind.

He said; she blush'd; and as o'eraw'd by Might,
 Seem'd to give *Theseus*, what she gave the Knight.
 Then turning to the *Theban*, thus he said;
 Small Arguments are needful to persuade
 Your Temper to comply with my Command;
 And speaking thus, he gave *Emilia's* Hand.
 Smil'd *Venus*, to behold her own true Knight
 Obtain the Conquest, though he lost the Fight,
 And bless'd with Nuptial Bliss the sweet laborious Night.
Eros, and *Anteros*, on either Side,
 One fir'd the Bridegroom, and one warm'd the Bride;

And

And long-attending *Hymen* from above
Showr'd on the Bed the whole *Idalian* Grove.
All of a Tenour was their After-Life,
No Day discolour'd with domestick Strife;
No Jealousy, but mutual Truth believ'd,
Secure Repose, and Kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heav'n, beyond the Compass of his Thought,
Sent him the Blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the Queen of Love long Duty bless,
And all true Lovers find the same Success.





TO MY HONOUR'D KINSMAN,

J O H N D R I D E N,

O F

CHESTERTON IN THE COUNTY OF
HUNTINGDON, Esq.



O W blest'd is He, who leads a country
Life,
Unvex'd with anxious Cares, and void
of Strife!
Who studying Peace, and shunning civil
Rage,
Enjoy'd his Youth, and now enjoys his Age:
All who deserve his Love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known.

Just, Good, and Wise, contending Neighbours come
From your Award, to wait their final Doom;
And, Foes before, return in Friendship home.
Without their Cost, you terminate the Cause;
And save th' Expence of long litigious Laws:
Where Suits are travers'd; and so little won,
That he who conquers, is but last undone:

Such

Such are not your Decrees; but so design'd,
 The Sanction leaves a lasting Peace behind;
 Like your own Soul, serene; a Pattern of your Mind. }

Promoting Concord, and composing Strife,
 Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a Wife;
 Where, for a Year, a Month, perhaps a Night,
 Long Penitence succeeds a short Delight:
 Minds are so hardly match'd, that ev'n the first,
 Though pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise, were curs'd.
 For Man and Woman, though in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to Two.

He to God's Image, She to His was made;
 So, farther from the Fount, the Stream at random stray'd.

How cou'd He stand, when put to double Pain,
 He must a Weaker than himself sustain!
 Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
 Two Wrestlers help to pull each other down.

Not that my Verse wou'd blemish all the Fair;
 But yet, if *some* be bad, 'tis Wisdom to beware;
 And better shun the Bait, than struggle in the Snare. }
 Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd State,
 Trusting as little as you can to Fate.

No Porter guards the Passage of your Door;
 T' admit the Wealthy, and exclude the Poor;
 For God, who gave the Riches, gave the Heart
 To sanctify the Whole, by giving Part;
 Heav'n, who foresaw the Will, the Means has wrought,
 And to the second Son, a Blessing brought:
 The First-begotten had his Father's Share;
 But you, like *Jacob*, are *Rebecca's* Heir.

So may your Stores, and fruitful Fields increase;
 And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.
 As *Ceres* sow'd, where'er her Chariot flew;
 As Heav'n in Desarts rain'd the Bread of Dew,
 So free to many, to Relations most,
 You feed with Manna your own *Israel*-Host.

With

With Crowds attended of your ancient Race,
 You seek the Champion-Sports, or Sylvan-Chace :
 With well-breath'd Beagles, you surround the Wood ;
 Ev'n then, industrious of the common Good :
 And often have you brought the wily Fox
 To suffer for the Firstlings of the Flocks ;
 Chas'd ev'n amid the Folds ; and made to bleed,
 Like Felons, where they did the murd'rous Deed.
 This fiery Game, your active Youth maintain'd :
 Not yet by Years extinguish'd, though restrain'd :
 You season still with Sports your serious Hours ;
 For Age but Tastes of Pleasures, Youth devours.
 The Hare, in Pastures or in Plains is found,
 Emblem of human Life, who runs the Round ;
 And, after all his wand'ring Ways are done,
 His Circle fills, and ends where he begun,
 Just as the setting meets the rising Sun.

Thus Princes ease their Cares : But happier he,
 Who seeks not Pleasure thro' Necessity,
 Than such as once on slipp'ry Thrones were plac'd ;
 And chafing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd.

So liv'd our Sires, ere Doctors learn'd to kill,
 And multiply'd with theirs, the weekly Bill.
 The first Physicians by Debauch were made :
 Excess began, and Sloth sustains the Trade.
 Pity the gen'rous Kind their Cares bestow
 To search forbidden Truths ; (a Sin to know :)
 To which, if human Science cou'd attain,
 The Doom of Death, pronounc'd by God, were vain.
 In vain the Leech wou'd interpose Delay ;
 Fate fastens first, and vindicates the Prey.

What Help from Art's Endeavours can we have !
 Gibbons but guesles, nor is sure to save : [Grave ; }
 But *Maurus* sweeps whole Parishes, and Peoples ev'ry }
 And no more Mercy to Mankind will use,
 Than when he robb'd and murder'd *Maro's* Muse.

Wou'dst

Woud'st thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole?
Trust *Maurus* with thy Life, and *M--lb--rn* with thy Soul,

By Chace our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food;
Toil strung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood:
But we, their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threescore Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields, for Health unbought,
Than see the Doctor for a nauseous Draught.
The Wise, for Cure, on Exercise depend;
God never made his Work, for Man to mend.

The Tree of Knowledge, once in *Eden* plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the Taste:
O, had our Grandfire walk'd without his Wife,
He first had sought the better Plant of Life!

Now, both are lost: Yet, wandring in the Dark,
Physicians, for the 'Tree, have found the Bark:

They, lab'ring for Relief of human Kind,
With sharpen'd Sight some Remedies may find;
Th' Apothecary-Train is wholly blind.

From Files, a Random-*Receipe* they take,
And many Deaths of one Prescription make:

Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives;
The Shop-man sells; and by Destruction lives:

Ungrateful Tribe! who, like the Viper's Brood,
From Med'cine issuing, suck their Mother's Blood!

Let these obey: and let the learn'd prescribe;
That Men may die, without a double Bribe:

Let them, but under their Superiors, kill;
When Doctors first have sign'd the bloody Bill:

He scapes the best, who, Nature to repair,
Draws Physick from the Fields, in Draughts of vital Air.

You hoard not Health; for your own private Use;
But on the Publick spend the rich Produce.

When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your Country calls you from your lov'd Retreat,

And

And sends to Senates, charg'd with common Care,
Which none more shuns; and none can better bear.
Where cou'd they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid Sense, a spritely Wit!
Were these both wanting, (as they both abound)
Where cou'd so firm Integrity be found?

Well-born, and wealthy; wanting no Support,
You steer betwixt the Country and the Court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great Desire,
Nor grudging give, what publick Needs require.
Part must be left, a Fund when Foes invade:
And Part employ'd to roll the watry Trade:
Ev'n *Canaan's* happy Land, when worn with Toil,
Requir'd a Sabbath-Year, to mend the meagre Soil.

Good Senators, (and such as you,) so give,
That Kings may be supply'd, the People thrive.
And he, when Want requires, is truly Wise,
Who flights not foreign Aids, nor over-buys;
But, on our native Strength, in Time of Need, relies. }
Munster was bought, we boast not the Success;
Who fights for Gain, for greater makes his Peace.

Our Foes, compell'd by Need, have Peace embrac'd:
The Peace both Parties want, is like to last:
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, shou'd never have been made.
Safe is ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The Sea is ours, and that defends the Land.
Be, then, the naval Stores the Nation's Care,
New Ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the War, in ev'ry annual Course;
What has been done, was done with *British* Force:
Namur subdu'd, is *England's* Palm alone;
The rest besieg'd; but we constrain'd the Town:
We saw th' Event that follow'd our Success;
France, though pretending Arms, pursu'd the Peace;

Oblig'd.

Oblig'd, by one sole Treaty, to restore
 What Twenty Years of War had won before:
 Enough for *Europe* has our *Albian* fought:
 Let us enjoy the Peace our Blood has bought.
 When once the *Persian* King was put to Flight,
 The weary *Macedons* refus'd to fight:
 Themselves their own Mortality confess'd;
 And left the Son of *Jove*, to quarrel for the rest.

Ev'n Victors are by Victories undone;
 Thus *Hannibal*, with foreign Laurels won,
 To *Carthage* was recall'd, too late too keep his own.
 While sore of Battle, while our Wounds are green,
 Why shou'd we tempt the doubtful Dye agen?
 In Wars renew'd, uncertain of Success,
 Sure of a Share, as Umpires of the Peace.

A Patriot, both the King and Country serves;
 Prerogative, and Privilege preserves:
 Of each, our Laws the certain Limit show;
 One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
 Betwixt the Prince and Parliament we stand;
 The Barriers of the State on either Hand:
 May neither overflow, for then they drown the Land.
 When both are full, they feed our bless'd Abode;
 Like those, that water'd once the Paradise of God.

Some Overpoise of Sway, by turns they share;
 In Peace the People, and the Prince in War:
 Consuls of mod'rate Pow'r in Calms were made;
 When the *Gauls* came, one sole Dictator sway'd,

Patriots, in Peace, assert the Peoples Right;
 With noble Stubbornness resisting Might:
 No lawless Mandates from the Court receive,
 Nor lend by Force; but in a Body give.
 Such was your gen'rous Grandfire; free to grant
 In Parliaments, that weigh'd their Prince's Want:
 But so tenacious of the common Cause,
 As not to lend the King against his Laws.

And,

And, in a loathsome Dungeon doom'd to lie.
In Bonds retain'd his birthright Liberty,
And sham'd Oppression, till it set him free.

}

O true Descendent of a Patriot Line,
Who, while thou shar'st their Lustre, lend'st 'em thine,
Vouchsafe this Picture of thy Soul to see;
'Tis so far Good, as it resembles thee:
The Beauties to th' Original I owe;
Which, when I miss, my own Defects I show:
Nor think the Kindred-Muses thy Disgrace;
A Poet is not born in ev'ry Race.
Two of a House, few Ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy Actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my Praise, to make thy Praises last.
For ev'n when Death dissolves our Human Frame,
The Soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the Body, Verse preserves the Fame.

}





MELEAGER and ATALANTA,

OUT OF THE EIGHT BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

CONNEXION to the former STORY.

Ovid, having told how Theseus had freed Athens from the Tribute of Children, (which was impos'd on them by Minos King of Creta) by killing the Minotaur, here makes a Digression to the Story of Meleager and Atalanta, which is one of the most inartificial Connexions in all the Metamorphoses: For he only says, that Theseus obtain'd such Honour from that Combate, that all Greece had recourse to him in their Necessities; and, amongst others, Calydon; though the Heroe of that Councry, Prince Meleager, was then living.



R O M him, the Caledonians sought Relief;
Though valiant Meleagrus was their Chief.
The Cause, a Boar, who ravag'd far and near:
Of Cynthia's Wrath, th'avenging Minister.
For Oeneus with autumnal Plenty bless'd,
By Gifts to Heav'n his Gratitude express'd:
Cull'd Sheafs, to Ceres; to Lyæus, Wine;
To Pan, and Pales, offer'd Sheep and Kine;
And Fat of Olives, to Minerva's Shrine.

}
Beginning

Meleager and Atalanta.

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Beginning from the rural Gods, his Hand
Was lib'ral to the Pow'rs of high Command :
Each Deity in ev'ry Kind was blest'd.
Till at *Diana's* Fane th' invidious Honour ceas'd.

Wrath touches ev'n the Gods ; the Queen of Night
Fir'd with Disdain, and jealous of her Right,
Unhonour'd though I am, at least, said she,
Not unreveng'd that impious Act shall be.
Swift as the Word, she sped the Boar away,
With Charge on those devoted Fields to prey.
No larger Bulls th' *Egyptian* Pastures feed,
And none so large *Sicilian* Meadows breed :
His Eye-balls glare with Fire, suffus'd with Blood ;
His Neck shoots up a thick-set thorny Wood ;
His bristled Back a Trench impal'd appears,
And stands erected, like a Field of Spears.
Froth fills his Chaps, he sends a grunting Sound,
And part he churns, and part befoams the Ground.
For Tusks with *Indian* Elephants he strove,
And *Jove's* own Thunder from his Mouth he drove.
He burns the Leaves ; the scorching Blast invades
The tender Corn, and shrivels up the Blades :
Or suff'ring not their yellow Beards to rear,
He tramples down the Spikes, and intercepts the Year.
In vain the Barns expect their promis'd Load,
Nor Barns at home, nor Reeks are heap'd abroad :
In vain the Hinds the Threshing-Floor prepare,
And exercise their Flails in empty Air.
With Olives ever-green the Ground is strow'd,
And Grapes ungather'd shed their gen'rous Blood.
Amid the Fold he rages, nor the Sheep
Their Shepherds, nor the Grooms their Bulls can keep.
From Fields to Walls the frighted Rabble run,
Nor think themselves secure within the Town :
Till *Meleagrus*, and his chosen Crew,
Contemn the Danger, and the Praise pursue.

Fair

Fair *Leda's* Twins (in Time to Stars decreed)
 One fought on Foot, one curb'd the fiery Steed ;
 Then issu'd forth fam'd *Jason* after these,
 Who mann'd the foremost Ship that sail'd the Seas ;
 Then *Theseus* join'd with bold *Pirithous* came ;
 A single Concord in a double Name :
 The *Thestian* Sons, *Idas* who swiftly ran,
 And *Ceneus*, once a Woman, now a Man.
Lynceus, with Eagle's Eyes, and Lion's Heart ;
Leucippus, with his never-erring Dart ;
Acastus, *Phileus*, *Phœnix*, *Telamon*,
Echion, *Lelex*, and *Eurytion*,
Achilles' Father, and Great *Phocus'* Son ;
Dryas the Fierce, and *Hippasus* the Strong ;
 With twice old *Idolas*, and *Nestor* then but young.
Laertes active, and *Anceus* bold ;
Mopsus the Sage, who future Things foretold ;
 And t' other Seer, yet by his Wife * unfold.
 A thousand others of immortal Fame ;
 Among the rest, fair *Atalanta* came,
 Grace of the Woods: A Diamond Buckle bound
 Her Vest behind, that else had flow'd upon the Ground,
 And shew'd her buskin'd Legs ; her Head was bare,
 But for her Native Ornament of Hair ;
 Which in a simple Knot was ty'd above,
 Sweet Negligence ! unheeded Bait of Love !
 Her sounding Quiver, on her Shoulder ty'd,
 One Hand a Dart, and one a Bow supply'd.
 Such was her Face, as in a Nymph display'd
 A fair fierce Boy, or in a Boy betray'd
 The blushing Beauties of a modest Maid.
 The *Caledonian* Chief at once the Dame
 Beheld, at once his Heart receiv'd the Flame,

* *Amphiarus*.

Meleager and Atalanta.

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With Heav'ns averſe. O happy Youth, he cry'd;
For whom thy Fates reſerve ſo fair a Bride!
He ſigh'd, and had no leiſure more to ſay;
His Honour call'd his Eyes another Way,
And forc'd him to purſue the now neglected Prey.

}

There ſtood a Foreſt on a Mountain's Brow,
Which over-look'd the ſhaded Plains below.
No ſounding Ax preſum'd thoſe Trees to bite;
Coeval with the World, a venerable Sight.
The *Heroes* there arriv'd, ſome ſpread around
The Toils; ſome ſearch the Footſteps on the Ground:
Some from the Chains the faithful Dogs unbound.

}

Of Action eager, and intent in Thought,
The Chiefs their honourable Danger fought:
A Valley ſtood below; the common Drain
Of Waters from above, and falling Rain:
The Bottom was a moiſt and marſhy Ground,
Whoſe Edges were with bending Oziers crown'd:
The knotty Bulruſh next in Order ſtood,
And all within of Reeds a trembling Wood.

From hence the Boar was rous'd, and ſprung amain
Like Lightning-ſudden, on the Warrior-Train;
Beats down the Trees before him, ſhakes the Ground,
The Foreſt echoes to the crackling Sound;
Shout the fierce Youth, and Clamours ring around.

}

All ſtood with their protended Spears prepar'd,
With broad Steel Heads the brandiſh'd Weapons glar'd.
The Beaſt impetuous with his Tuſks aſide
Deals glancing Wounds; the fearful Dogs divide:
All ſpend their Mouth aloft, but none abide.

}

Echion threw the firſt, but miſs'd his Mark,
And ſtuck his Boar-ſpear on a Maple's Bark.
Then *Jaſon*; and his Javelin ſeem'd to take,
But fail'd with Over-force, and whiz'd above his Back.
Mopſus was next; but ere he threw, addreſs'd
To *Phæbus*, thus: O Patron, help thy Prieſt:

If

If I adore, and ever have ador'd
 Thy Pow'r Divine, thy present Aid afford;
 That I may reach the Beast. The God allow'd
 His Pray'r, and smiling, gave him what he cou'd:
 He reach'd the Savage, but no Blood he drew,
Dian unarm'd the Javelin as it flew.

This chaf'd the Boar, his Nostrils Flames expire,
 And his red Eye-balls roll with living Fire.
 Whirl'd from a Sling, or from an Engine thrown,
 Amidst the Foes, so flies a mighty Stone,
 As flew the Beast: The left Wing put to flight,
 The Chiefs o'er-born, he rushes on the Right.
Empalamos and *Pelagon* he laid
 In Dust, and next to Death, but for their Fellows Aid.
Onesimus far'd worse, prepar'd to fly,
 The fatal Fang drove deep within his Thigh,
 And cut the Nerves: The Nerves no more sustain
 The Bulk; the Bulk unprop'd, falls headlong on the Plain.

Nestor had sail'd the Fall of *Troy* to see,
 But leaning on his Lance, he vaulted on a Tree;
 Then gath'ring up his Feet, look'd down with Fear,
 And thought his monstrous Foe was still too near.
 Against a Stump his Tusk the Monster grinds,
 And in the sharpen'd Edge new Vigour finds;
 Then, trusting to his Arms, young *Othrys* found,
 And ranch'd his Hips with one continu'd Wound.
 Now *Leda's* Twins, the future Stars, appear;
 White were their Habits, white their Horses were:
 Conspicuous both, and both in act to throw,
 Their trembling Lances brandish'd at the Foe:
 Nor had they miss'd; but he to Thickets fled,
 Conceal'd from aiming Spears, not perview to the Steed.
 But *Telamon* rush'd in, and happ'd to meet
 A rising Root, that held his fastned Feet;
 So down he fell, whom, sprawling on the Ground,
 His Brother from the wooden Gyves unbound.

Mean

Mean time the Virgin-Huntress was not slow
 T' expel the Shaft from her contracted Bow :
 Beneath his Ear the fastned Arrow stood,
 And from the Wound appear'd the trickling Blood.
 She blush'd for Joy : But *Meleagros* rais'd
 His Voice with loud Applause, and the fair Archer prais'd.
 He was the first to see, and first to show
 His Friends the Marks of the successful Blow.
 Nor shall thy Valour want the Praises due,
 He said ; a virtuous Envy seiz'd the Crew.
 They shout ; the Shouting animates their Hearts,
 And all at once employ their thronging Darts :
 But out of Order thrown, in Air they join ;
 And Multitude makes frustrate the Design.
 With both his Hands the proud *Anceus* takes,
 And flourishes his double-biting Ax :
 Then forward to his Fate, he took a Stride
 Before the rest, and to his Fellows cry'd,
 Give place, and mark the Diff'rence, if you can,
 Between a Woman Warrior, and a Man ;
 The Boar is doom'd ; nor though *Diana* lend
 Her Aid, *Diana* can her Beast defend.
 Thus boasted he ; then stretch'd, on Tiptoe stood,
 Secure to make his empty Promise good.
 But the more wary Beast prevents the Blow,
 And upward rips the Groin of his audacious Foe.
Anceus falls ; his Bowels from the Wound
 Rush out, and clotted Blood distains the Ground.
Pirithous, no small Portion of the War,
 Press'd on, and shook his Lance : To whom from far
 Thus *Theseus* cry'd ; O stay, my better Part,
 My more than Mistress ; of my Heart, the Heart.
 The Strong may fight aloof ; *Anceus* try'd
 His Force too near, and by presuming dy'd :
 He said, and while he spake, his Javelin threw,
 issing in Air th' unerring Weapon flew ;

G

But

Mean

But on an Arm of Oak, that stood betwixt
The Marks-man and the Mark, his Lance he fixt.

Once more bold *Jason* threw, but fail'd to wound
The Boar, and slew an undeserving Hound;
And through the Dog the Dart was nail'd to Ground. }

Two Spears from *Meleager's* Hand were sent,
With equal Force, but various in th' Event:
The first was fixt in Earth, the second stood
On the Boar's bristled Back, and deeply drank his Blood.
Now while the tortur'd Salvage turns around,
And flings about his Foam, impatient of the Wound,
The Wound's great Author close at Hand provokes
His Rage, and plies him with redoubled Strokes;
Wheels as he wheels; and with his pointed Dart
Explores the nearest Passage to his Heart.

Quick and more quick he spins in giddy Gires,
Then falls, and in much Foam his Soul expires.
This Act with Shouts Heav'n high the friendly Band
Applaud, and strain in theirs the Victor's Hand.
Then all approach the slain with vast Surprise,
Admire on what a Breadth of Earth he lies,
And scarce secure, reach out their Spears afar,
And blood their Points, to prove their Partnership of War.

But he, the conqu'ring Chief, his Foot impress'd
On the strong Neck of that destructive Beast;
And gazing on the Nymph with ardent Eyes,
Accept, said he, fair *Nonacrine*, my Prize,
And, though inferior, suffer me to join
My Labours, and my Part of Praise, with thine:
At this presents her with the tusky Head
And Chine, with rising Bristles roughly spread.
Glad, she receiv'd the Gift; and seem'd to take
With double Pleasure, for the Giver's Sake.
The rest were seiz'd with sullen Discontent,
And a deaf Murmur through the Squadron went:

All envy'd ; but the *Thestyan* Brethren show'd
The least Respect, and thus they vent their Spleen aloud :
Lay down those honour'd Spoils, nor think to share,
Weak Woman as thou art, the Prize of War ;
Ours is the Title, thine a foreign Claim,
Since *Meleagros* from our Lineage came.
Trust not thy Beauty ; but restore the Prize,
Which he, besotted on that Face and Eyes,
Would rend from us : At this, inflam'd with Spite,
From her they snatch the Gift, from him the Giver's Right.

But soon th' impatient Prince his Fauchion drew,
And cry'd, Ye Robbers of another's Due,
Now learn the Diff'rence, at your proper Cost,
Betwixt true Valour, and an empty Boast.
At this advanc'd, and sudden as the Word,
In proud *Plexippus* Bosom plung'd the Sword :
Toxus amaz'd, and with Amazement slow,
Or to revenge, or ward the coming Blow,
Stood doubting ; and, while doubting thus he stood,
Receiv'd the Steel bath'd in his Brother's Blood.

Pleas'd with the first, unknown the second News,
Alibæa, to the Temples pays their Dues
For her Son's Conquest ; when at length appear
Her grisly Brethren stretch'd upon the Bier :
Pale at the sudden Sight, she chang'd her Cheer,
And with her Cheer her Robes ; but hearing tell
The Cause, the Manner, and by whom they fell,
'Twas Grief no more, or Grief and Rage were one
Within her Soul ; at last 'twas Rage alone ;
Which burning upwards in Succession dries
The Tears that stood confid'ring in her Eyes.

There lay a Log unlighted on the Earth :
When she was lab'ring in the Throes of Birth
For th' unborn Chief, the fatal Sisters came,
And rais'd it up, and tofs'd it on the Flame :

Then on the Rock a scanty Measure place
 Of vital Flax, and turn'd the Wheel apace;
 And turning sung, To this red Brand and thee,
 O new-born Babe, we give an equal Destiny:
 So vanish'd out of View. The frightened Dame
 Sprung hasty from her Bed, and quench'd the Flame:
 The Log in secret lock'd, she kept with Care,
 And that, while thus preserv'd, preserv'd her Heir.
 This Brand she now produc'd; and first she strows
 The Hearth with Heaps of Chips, and after blows,
 Thrice heav'd her Hand, and heav'd, she thrice repress'd:
 The Sister and the Mother long contest,
 Two doubtful Titles in one tender Breast:
 And now her Eyes and Cheeks with Fury glow,
 Now pale her Cheeks, her Eyes with Pity flow:
 Now low'ring Looks presage approaching Storms,
 And now prevailing Love her Face reforms:
 Resolv'd, she doubts again; the Tears she dry'd
 With blushing Rage, are by new Tears supply'd;
 And as a Ship, with Winds and Waves assail,
 Now with the Current drives, now with the Gale,
 Both opposite, and neither long prevail:
 She feels a double Force, by Turns obeys
 Th' imperious Tempest, and th' impetuous Seas:
 So fares *Althea's* Mind; she first relents
 With Pity, of that Pity then repents:
 Sister and Mother long the Scales divide,
 But the Beam nodded on the Sister's Side.
 Sometimes she softly sigh'd, then roar'd aloud;
 But Sighs were stifled in the Cries of Blood.

The pious, impious Wretch at length decreed,
 To please her Brothers Ghosts, her Son should bleed:
 And when the fun'ral Flames began to rise,
 Receive, she said, a Sister's Sacrifice;
 A Mother's Bowels burn: High in her Hand,
 Thus while she spoke, she held the fatal Brand;

Then

Meleager and Atalanta.

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Then thrice before the kindled Pile she bow'd,
And the three Furies thrice invok'd aloud:
Come, come, revenging Sisters, come and view
A Sister paying her dead Brothers Due:
A Crime I punish, and a Crime commit;
But Blood for Blood, and Death for Death is fit:
Great Crimes must be with greater Crimes repaid,
And second Funerals on the former laid.
Let the whole Household in one Ruin fall,
And may *Diana's* Curse o'ertake us all.
Shall Fate to happy *Oeneus* still allow
One Son, while *Thestius* stands depriv'd of two?
Better three lost, than one unpunish'd go.
Take then, dear Ghosts, (while yet admitted new
In Hell you wait my Duty) take your Due:
A costly Off'ring on your Tomb is laid,
When with my Blood the Price of yours is paid.

Ah! Whither am I hurry'd? Ah! forgive,
Ye Shades, and let your Sister's Issue live:
A Mother cannot give him Death; tho' he
Deserves it, he deserves it not from me.

Then shall th' unpunish'd Wretch insult the Slain,
Triumphant live, nor only live, but reign?
While you, thin Shades, the Sport of Winds, are tost
O'er dreery Plains, or tread the burning Coast.
I cannot, cannot bear; 'tis past, 'tis done;
Perish this impious, this detested Son:
Perish his Sire, and perish I withal?
And let the Houses Heir, and the hop'd Kingdom fall.

Where is the Mother fled, her pious Love,
And where the Pains with which ten Months I strove!
Ah! hadst thou dy'd, my Son, in Infant-years,
Thy little Herse had been bedew'd with Tears.

Thou liv'st by me; to me thy Breath resign;
Mine is the Merit, the Demerit thine.

Thy Life by double Title I require;
 Once giv'n at Birth, and once preserv'd from Fire:
 One Murder pay, or add one Murder more,
 And me to them who fell by thee restore.

I would, but cannot: My Son's Image stands
 Before my Sight; and now their angry Hands
 My Brothers hold, and Vengeance these exact,
 This pleads Compassion, and repents the Fact.

He pleads in vain, and I pronounce his Doom:
 My Brothers, though unjustly, shall o'ercome.
 But having paid their injur'd Ghosts their Due,
 My Son requires my Death, and mine shall his pursue.

At this, for the last time she lifts her Hand,
 Averts her Eyes, and, half unwilling, drops the Brand.
 The Brand, amid the flaming Fewel thrown,
 Or drew, or seem'd to draw a dying Groan:
 The Fires themselves but faintly lick'd their Prey,
 Then loath'd their impious Food, and would have shrunk
 away.

Just then the Heroe cast a doleful Cry,
 And in those absent Flames began to fry:
 The blind Contagion rag'd within his Veins;
 But he with manly Patience bore his Pains:
 He fear'd not Fate, but only griev'd to die
 Without an honest Wound, and by a Death so dry.
 Happy *Anceus*, thrice aloud he cry'd,
 With what becoming Fate in Arms he dy'd!
 Then call'd his Brothers, Sisters, Sire, around,
 And her to whom his Nuptial Vows were bound;
 Perhaps his Mother; a long Sigh he drew,
 And his Voice failing, took his last Adieu:
 For as the Flames augment, and as they stay
 At their full Height, then languish to decay,
 They rise, and sink by Fits; at last they soar
 In one bright Blaze, and then descend no more:

Meleager and Atalanta.

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Just so his inward Heats at height, impair,
Till the last burning Breath shoots out the Soul in Air.

Now lofty *Calydon* in Ruin lies ;
All Ages, all Degrees unsluice their Eyes ;
And Heav'n and Earth resound with Murmurs, Groans,
and Cries. }

Matrons and Maidens beat their Breasts, and tear
Their Habits, and root up their scatter'd Hair :
The wretched Father, Father now no more,
With Sorrow sunk, lies prostrate on the Floor,
Deforms his hoary Locks with Dust obscene,
And curses Age, and loaths a Life prolong'd with Pain.
By Steel her stubborn Soul his Mother freed,
And punish'd on herself her impious Deed.

Had I a hundred Tongues, a Wit so large
As could their hundred Offices discharge ;
Had *Phæbus* all his *Helicon* bestow'd
In all the Streams inspiring all the God ;
Those Tongues, that Wit, those Streams, that God in
vain

Would offer to describe his Sisters Pain :
They beat their Breasts with many a bruizing Blow,
Till thy turn'd livid, and corrupt the Snow.
The Corps they cherish, while the Corps remains,
And exercise and rub with fruitless Pains ;
And when to fun'ral Flames 'tis born away,
They kiss the Bed on which the Body lay :
And when those fun'ral Flames no longer burn,
(The Dust compos'd within a pious Urn)
Ev'n in that Urn their Brother they confess,
And hug it in their Arms, and to their Bosoms press.

His Tomb is rais'd ; then, stretch'd along the Ground,
Those living Monuments his Tomb surround :
Ev'n to his Name, inscrib'd, their Tears they pay,
Till Tears and Kisses wear his Name away.

But *Cynthia* now had all her Fury spent,
 Not with less Ruin than a Race, content:
 Excepting *Gorge*, perish'd all the Seed,
 And * Her whom Heav'n for *Hercules* decreed.
 Sate at last, no longer she pursu'd
 The weeping Sisters; but with Wings endu'd,
 And horny Beaks, and sent to flit in Air;
 Who yearly round the Tomb in feather'd Flocks repair.

* *Deianira*.





SIGISMONDA and GUISCARDO,

F R O M

B O C C A C E.



WHILE *Norman Tancred* in *Salerno* reign'd,
The Title of a gracious Prince he gain'd;
Till turn'd a Tyrant in his latter Days,
He lost the Lustre of his former Praise;
And from the bright Meridian where he
stood,

Descending, dipp'd his Hands in Lovers Blood.

This Prince, of Fortune's Favour long possess'd,
Yet was with one fair Daughter only bless'd;
And bless'd he might have been with her alone:
But oh! how much more happy, had he none!
She was his Care, his Hope, and his Delight,
Most in his Thought, and ever in his Sight.
Next, nay beyond his Life, he held her dear;
She liv'd by him, and now he liv'd in her.
For this, when ripe for Marriage, he delay'd
Her Nuptial Bands, and kept her long a Maid,
As envying any else should share a Part
Of what was his, and claiming all her Heart.
At length, as publick Decency requir'd,
And all his Vassals eagerly desir'd,
With Mind averse, he rather underwent
His Peoples Will, than gave his own Consent:

So was she torn, as from a Lover's Side,
And made almost in his Despite a Bride.

Short were her Marriage-Joys; for in the Prime
Of Youth, her Lord expir'd before his Time:

And to her Father's Court, in little space
Restor'd anew, she held a higher Place;
More lov'd, and more exalted into Grace.

This Princess fresh and young, and fair, and wise,
The worshipp'd Idol of her Father's Eyes,
Did all her Sex in ev'ry Grace exceed,
And had more Wit beside than Women need.

Youth, Health, and Ease, and most an amorous Mind,
To second Nuptials had her Thoughts inclin'd:

And former Joys had left a secret Sting behind.

But prodigal in ev'ry other Grant,

Her Sire left unsupply'd her only Want;

And she, betwixt her Modesty and Pride,

Her Wishes, which she could not help, would hide.

Resolv'd at last to lose no longer Time,

And yet to please herself without a Crime,

She cast her Eyes around the Court, to find

A worthy Subject suiting to her Mind,

To him in holy Nuptials to be ty'd,

A seeming Widow, and a secret Bride.

Among the Train of Courtiers, one she found

With all the Gifts of bounteous Nature crown'd,

Of gentle Blood; but one whose niggard Fate

Had set him far below her high Estate;

Guiscard his Name was call'd, of blooming Age,

Now Squire to *Tancred*, and before his Page:

To him, the Choice of all the shining Crowd,

Her Heart the noble *Sigismonda* vow'd.

Yet hitherto she kept her Love conceal'd,

And with close Graces ev'ry Day beheld

The graceful Youth; and ev'ry Day increas'd

The raging Fire that burn'd within her Breast:

Some

Some secret-Charms did all his Acts attend,
 And what his Fortune wanted, hers could mend :
 Till, as the Fire will force its outward way,
 Or, in the Prison pent, consume the Prey ;
 So long her earnest Eyes on his were set,
 At length their twisted Rays together met ;
 And he, surpriz'd with humble Joy, survey'd
 One sweet Regard, shot by the Royal Maid :
 Not well assur'd, while doubtful Hopes he nurs'd,
 A second Glance came gliding like the first ;
 And he who saw the Sharpness of the Dart,
 Without Defence receiv'd it in his Heart.
 In public tho' their Passion wanted Speech,
 Yet mutual Looks interpreted for each :
 Time, Ways, and Means of Meeting were deny'd ;
 But all those Wants ingenious Love supply'd.
 Th' inventive God, who never fails his Part,
 Inspires the Wit, when once he warms the Heart.

When *Guiscard* next was in the Circle seen,
 Where *Sigismonda* held the Place of Queen,
 A hollow Cane within her Hand she brought,
 But in the Concave had enclos'd a Note :
 With this she seem'd to play, and, as in sport,
 Toss'd to her Love, in presence of the Court ;
 Take it, she said ; and when your Needs require,
 This little Brand will serve to light your Fire.
 He took it with a Bow, and soon divin'd
 The seeming Toy was not for naught design'd :
 But when retir'd, so long with curious Eyes
 He view'd the Present, that he found the Prize.
 Much was in little writ ; and all convey'd
 With cautious Care, for fear to be betray'd
 By some false Confident, or fav'rite Maid.
 The Time, the Place, the Manner how to meet,
 Were all in punctual Order plainly writ :

But

But since a Trust must be, she thought it best
To put it out of Laymens Pow'r at least,
And for their solemn Vows prepar'd a Priest.

Guiscard (her secret Purpose understood)
With Joy prepar'd to meet the coming Good ;
Nor Pains nor Danger was resolv'd to spare,
But use the Means appointed by the Fair.

Next the proud Palace of *Salerno* stood
A Mount of rough Ascent, and thick with Wood ;
Through this, a Cave was dug with vast Expence,
The Work it seem'd of some suspicious Prince,
Who, when abusing Pow'r with lawless Might,
From publick Justice would secure his Flight.
The Passage made by many a winding Way,
Reach'd ev'n the Room in which the Tyrant lay.
Fit for his Purpose, on a lower Floor
He lodg'd, whose Issue was an Iron Door,
From whence, by Stairs descending to the Ground,
In the blind Grot a safe Retreat he found.
Its Outlet ended in a Brake o'ergrown
With Brambles, choak'd by Time, and now unknown.
A Rift there was, which from the Mountains Height
Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant Light,
A Breathing-place to draw the Damps away,
A Twilight of an intercepted Day.
The Tyrant's Den, whose Use though lost to Fame,
Was now th' Apartment of the Royal Dame,
The Cavern only to her Father known,
By him was to his Darling-Daughter shown.

Neglected long she let the Secret rest,
Till Love recall'd it to her lab'ring Breast,
And hinted as the Way by Heav'n design'd
The Teacher, by the Means he taught, to blind.
What will not Women do, when Need inspires
Their Wit, or Love their Inclination fires !

Though

Though Jealousie of State th' Invention found,
Yet Love refin'd upon the former Ground.
That Way, the Tyrant had reserv'd, to fly
Pursuing Hate, now serv'd to bring two Lovers nigh.

The Dame, who long in vain had kept the Key,
Bold by Desire, explor'd the secret Way;
Now try'd the Stairs, and wading thro' the Night,
Search'd all the deep Recess, and issu'd into Light.
All this her Letter had so well explain'd,
Th' instructed Youth might compass what remain'd:
The Cavern-mouth alone was hard to find,
Because the Path disus'd, was out of mind:
But in what Quarter of the Cops it lay,
His Eye by certain Level could survey:
Yet (for the Wood perplex'd with Thorns he knew)
A Frock of Leather o'er his Limbs he drew:
And thus provided, search'd the Brake around,
Till the choak'd Entry of the Cave he found.

Thus, all prepar'd, the promis'd Hour arriv'd,
So long expected, and so well contriv'd:
With Love to Friend, th' impatient Lover went,
Fenc'd from the Thorns, and trod the deep Descent.
The conscious Priest, who was suborn'd before,
Stood ready posted at the Postern-door;
The Maids in distant Rooms were sent to rest,
And nothing wanted but th' invited Guest.
He came, and knocking thrice, without Delay,
The longing Lady heard, and turn'd the Key;
At once invaded him with all her Charms,
And the first Step he made, was in her Arms:
The Leathern Outside, boistrous as it was,
Gave way, and bent beneath her strict Embrace:
On either Side the Kisses flew so thick,
That neither he nor she had Breath to speak.
The holy Man, amaz'd at what he saw,
Made haste to sanctifie the Bliss by Law;

And

And mutter'd fast the Matrimony o'er,
 For fear committed Sin should get before.
 His Work perform'd, he left the Pair alone,
 Because he knew he could not go too soon;
 His Presence odious, when his Task was done.
 What Thoughts he had, beseems not me to say;
 Though some surmise he went to fast and pray.
 And needed both, to drive the tempting Thoughts away.

The Foe once gone, they took their full Delight;
 'Twas restless Rage, and Tempest all the Night:
 For greedy Love each Moment would employ,
 And grudg'd the shortest Pauses of their Joy.

Thus were their Loves auspiciously begun,
 And thus with secret Care were carry'd on.
 The Stealth itself did Appetite restore,
 And look'd so like a Sin, it pleas'd the more.

The Cave was now become a common Way,
 The Wicket, often open'd, knew the Key:
 Love rioted secure, and long enjoy'd,
 Was ever eager, and was never cloy'd.

But as Extremes are short, of Ill and Good,
 And Tides at highest Mark regorge the Flood;
 So Fate, that could no more improve their Joy,
 Took a malicious Pleasure to destroy.

Tancred, who fondly lov'd, and whose Delight
 Was plac'd in his fair Daughter's daily Sight,
 Of Custom, when his State-Affairs were done,
 Would pass his pleasing Hours with her alone:
 And, as a Father's Privilege allow'd,
 Without Attendance of th' officious Crowd.

It happen'd once, that when in Heat of Day
 He try'd to sleep, as was his usual Way,
 The balmy Slumber fled his wakeful Eyes,
 And forc'd him, in his own Despite, to rise:
 Of Sleep forsaken, to relieve his Care,
 He sought the Conversation of the Fair:

But

But with her Train of Damsels she was gone,
 In shady Walks the scorching Heat to shun:
 He would not violate that sweet Recess,
 And found besides a welcome Heaviness
 That seiz'd his Eyes; and Slumber, which forgot
 When call'd before to come, now came unsought.
 From Light retir'd, behind his Daughter's Bed,
 He for approaching Sleep compos'd his Head;
 A Chair was ready, for that Use design'd,
 So quilted, that he lay at Ease reclin'd;
 The Curtains closely drawn, the Light to screen,
 As if he had contriv'd to lie unseen:
 Thus cover'd with an artificial Night,
 Sleep did his Office soon, and seal'd his Sight.

With Heav'n averse, in this ill-omen'd Hour
 Was *Guiscard* summon'd to the secret Bow'r,
 And the fair Nymph, with Expectation fir'd,
 From her attending Damsels was retir'd:
 For, true to Love, she measur'd Time so right,
 As not to miss one Moment of Delight.
 The Garden, seated on the level Floor,
 She left behind, and locking ev'ry Door,
 Thought all secure; but little did she know,
 Blind to her Fate, she had enclos'd her Foe.
 Attending *Guiscard*, in his leathern Frock,
 Stood ready, with this thrice-repeated Knock:
 Thrice with a doleful Sound the jarring Grate
 Rung deaf, and hollow, and presag'd their Fate.
 The Door unlock'd, to known Delight they haste,
 And panting in each others Arms, embrac'd;
 Rush to the conscious Bed, a mutual Freight,
 And heedless press it with their wonted Weight.
 The sudden Bound awak'd the sleeping Sire,
 And shew'd a Sight no Parent can desire:
 His opening Eyes at once with odious View
 The Love discover'd, and the Lover knew:

He

He would have cry'd ; but hoping that he dreamt,
 Amazement ty'd his Tongue, and stopp'd th' Attempt.
 Th' ensuing Moment all the Truth declar'd,
 But now he stood collected, and prepar'd ;
 For Malice and Revenge had put him on his Guard.

So, like a Lion that unheeded lay,
 Dissembling Sleep, and watchful to betray,
 With inward Rage he meditates his Prey.
 The thoughtless Pair, indulging their Desires,
 Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd their Fires ;
 Nor thinking in the Shades of Death they play'd
 Full of themselves, themselves alone survey'd,
 And, too secure, were by themselves betray'd.
 Long time dissolv'd in Pleasure thus he lay,
 Till Nature could no more suffice their Play ;
 Then rose the Youth, and through the Cave again
 Return'd ; the Princess mingled with her Train.

Resolv'd his unripe Vengeance to defer,
 The Royal Spy, when now the Coast was clear,
 Sought not the Garden, but retir'd unseen,
 To brood in secret on his gather'd Spleen,
 A methodize Revenge : To Death he griev'd ;
 And, but he saw the Crime, had scarce believ'd.
 Th' Appointment for th' ensuing Night he heard ;
 And therefore in the Cavern had prepar'd
 Two brawny Yeomen of his trusty Guard.

Scarce had unwary *Guiscard* set his Foot
 Within the farmost Entrance of the Grot,
 When these in secret Ambush ready lay,
 And rushing on the sudden seiz'd the Prey :
 Encumber'd with his Frock, without Defence,
 An easy Prize, they led the Pris'ner thence,
 And, as commanded, brought before the Prince.
 The gloomy Sire, too sensible of Wrong
 To vent his Rage in Words, restrain'd his Tongue ;

And

And only said, Thus Servants are preferr'd,
And trusted, thus their Sov'reigns they reward.
Had I not seen, had not these Eyes receiv'd
Too clear a Proof, I could not have believ'd.

He paus'd, and choak'd the rest. The Youth, who saw
His forfeit Life abandon'd to the Law,
The Judge th' Accuser. and th' Offence to him
Who had both Pow'r and Will t' avenge the Crime.
No vain Defence prepar'd; but thus reply'd,
The Faults of Love by Love are justify'd:
With unresisted Might the Monarch reigns,
He levels Mountains, and he raises Plains;
And not regarding Diff'rence of Degree,
Abas'd your Daughter; and exalted me.

This bold Return with seeming Patience heard,
The Pris'ner was remitted to the Guard.
The sullen Tyrant slept not all the Night,
But lonely walking by a winking Light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd Breast,
But would not violate his Daughter's Rest;
Who long expecting lay, for Bliss prepar'd,
Listening for Noise, and griev'd that none she heard;
Oft rose, and oft in vain employ'd the Key,
And oft accus'd her Lover of Delay;
And pass'd the tedious Hours in anxious Thoughts away. }

The Morrow came; and at his usual Hour
Old *Tancred* visited his Daughter's Bower;
Her Cheek (for such his Custom was) he kiss'd,
Then bless'd her kneeling, and her Maids dismiss'd.
The Royal Dignity thus far maintain'd,
Now left in private, he no longer feign'd;
But all at once his Grief and Rage appear'd,
And Floods of Tears ran trickling down his Beard.

O *Sigismonda*, he began to say:
Thrice he began, and thrice was forc'd to stay,
Till Words with often trying found their Way: }

I thought, O *Sigismonda*, (But how blind
Are Parents Eyes, their Childrens Faults to find!)
Thy Virtue, Birth, and Breeding were above
A mean Desire, and vulgar Sense of Love:
Nor less than Sight and Hearing could convince
So fond a Father, and so just a Prince,
Of such an unforeseen, and unbeliev'd Offence.
Then what indignant Sorrow must I have,
To see thee lie subjected to my Slave!
A Man so smelling of the Peoples Lee,
The Court receiv'd him first for Charity;
And since with no Degree of Honour grac'd,
But only suffer'd, where he first was plac'd.
A grov'ling Insect still; and so design'd
By Nature's Hand, nor born of noble Kind:
A Thing by neither Man nor Woman priz'd,
And scarcely known enough, to be despis'd.
To what has Heav'n reserv'd my Age? Ah! why
Should Man, when Nature calls, not chuse to die,
Rather than stretch the Span of Life, to find
Such Ills as Fate has wisely cast behind,
For those to feel, whom fond Desire to live
Makes covetous of more than Life can give!
Each has his Share of Good; and when 'tis gone,
The Guest, though hungry, cannot rise too soon.
But I, expecting more, in my own Wrong
Protracting Life, have liv'd a Day too long.
If Yesterday cou'd be recall'd again,
Ev'n now would I conclude my happy Reign:
But 'tis too late, my glorious Race is run,
And a dark Cloud o'ertakes my setting Sun.
Hadst thou not lov'd, or loving sav'd the Shame,
If not the Sin, by some illustrious Name,
This little Comfort had reliev'd my Mind,
'Twas Frailty, not unusual to thy Kind:

But thy low Fall beneath thy Royal Blood,
Shews downward Appetite to mix with Mud :
Thus not the least Excuse is left for thee,
Nor the least Refuge for unhappy me.

For him I have resolv'd : whom by Surprise
I took, and scarce can call it, in Disguise :
For such was his Attire, as with Intent
Of Nature, suited to his mean Descent :
The harder Question yet remains behind,
What Pains a Parent and a Prince can find
To punish an Offence of this degenerate Kind.

As I have lov'd, and yet I love thee more
Than ever Father lov'd a Child before ;
So, that Indulgence draws me to forgive ;
Nature, that gave thee Life, would have thee live.
But, as a publick Parent of the State,
My Justice, and thy Crime, requires thy Fate.
Fain would I chuse a middle Course to steer ;
Nature's too kind, and Justice too severe :
Speak for us both, and to the Balance bring
On either side, the Father, and the King.
Heav'n knows, my Heart is bent to favour thee ;
Make it but scanty Weight, and leave the rest to me.

Here stopping with a Sigh, he pour'd a Flood
Of Tears, to make his last Expression good.

She, who had heard him speak, nor saw alone
The secret Conduct of her Love was known ;
But he was taken who her Soul possess'd,
Felt all the Pangs of Sorrow in her Breast :
And little wanted, but a Woman's Heart,
With Cries and Tears, had testify'd her Smart :
But in-born Worth, that Fortune can controul,
New strung and stiffer bent her softer Soul ;
The *Heroine* assum'd the Woman's Place,
Confirm'd her Mind, and fortify'd her Face :

Why

Why should she beg, or what cou'd she pretend,
 When her stern Father had condemn'd her Friend!
 Her Life she might have had; but her Despair
 Of saving his, had put it past her Care:
 Resolv'd on Fate, she would not lose her Breath,
 But rather than not die, solicit Death.
 Fix'd on this Thought, she, not as Women use,
 Her Fault by common Frailty would excuse;
 But boldly justify'd her Innocence,
 And while the Fact was own'd, deny'd th' Offence:
 Then with dry Eyes, and with an open Look,
 She met his Glance mid-way, and thus undaunted spoke.

Tancred, I neither am dispos'd to make
 Request for Life, nor offer'd Life to take:
 Much less deny the Deed; but least of all
 Beneath pretended Justice weakly fall.
 My Words to sacred Truth shall be confin'd,
 My Deeds shall shew the Greatness of my Mind.
 That I have lov'd, I own; that still I love,
 I call to Witness all the Pow'rs above:
 Yet more I own: To *Guiscard's* Love I give
 The small remaining Time I have to live;
 And if beyond this Life Desire can be,
 Not Fate itself shall set my Passion free.

This first avow'd; nor Folly warp'd my Mind,
 Nor the frail Texture of the Female Kind
 Betray'd my Virtue: For, too well I knew
 What Honour was, and Honour had his Due:
 Before the holy Priest my Vows were ty'd,
 So came I not a Strumpet, but a Bride.
 This for my Fame: and for the publick Voice;
 Yet more, his Merits justify'd my Choice;
 Which had they not, the first Election thine,
 That Bond dissolv'd, the next is freely mine:
 Or grant I err'd, (which yet I must deny,)
 Had Parents Pow'r ev'n second Vows to tie,

Thy

Thy little Care to mend my widow'd Nights
 Has forc'd me to recourse of Marriage-Rites,
 To fill an empty Side, and follow known Delights.
 What have I done in this, deserving Blame?
 State-Laws may alter: Nature's are the same;
 Those are usurp'd on helpless Woman-kind,
 Made without our Consent, and wanting Pow'r to bind,

}
 }

Thou *Tancred*, better should'st have understood,
 That as thy Father gave thee Flesh and Blood,
 So gav'st thou me: Not from the Quarry hew'd,
 But of a softer Mould, with Sense endu'd;
 Ev'n softer than thy own, of suppler Kind,
 More exquisite of Taste, and more than Man refin'd.
 Nor need'st thou by thy Daughter to be told,
 Though now thy spritely Blood with Age be cold,
 Thou hast been young: and can'st remember still,
 That when thou hadst the Power, thou hadst the Will;
 And from the past Experience of thy Fires,
 Canst tell with what a Tide our strong Desires
 Come rushing on in Youth, and what their Rage requires.

}
 }

And grant thy Youth was exercis'd in Arms,
 When Love no leisure found for softer Charms;
 My tender Age in Luxury was train'd,
 With idle Ease and Pageants entertain'd;
 My Hours my own, my Pleasures unrestrain'd.
 So bred, no wonder if I took the Bent
 That seem'd ev'n warrant'd by thy Consent;
 For, when the Father is too fondly kind,
 Such Seeds he sows, such Harvest shall he find.
 Blame then thyself, as Reason's Law requires,
 (Since Nature gave, and thou foment'st my Fires;)
 If still those Appetites continue strong,
 Thou may'st consider, I am yet but young:
 Consider too, that having been a Wife,
 I must have tasted of a better Life,

}
 }

And am not to be blam'd, if I renew,
 By lawful Means, the Joys which then I knew.
 Where was the Crime, if Pleasure I procur'd,
 Young, and a Woman, and to Bliss inur'd?
 That was my Case, and this is my Defence;
 I pleas'd myself, I shunn'd Incontinence,
 And, urg'd by strong Desires, indulg'd my Sense.

Left to myself, I must avow, I strove
 From publick Shame to screen my secret Love,
 And, well acquainted with thy native Pride,
 Endeavour'd, what I could not help, to hide;
 For which, a Woman's Wit an easy Way supply'd.
 How this, so well contriv'd, so closely laid,
 Was known to thee, or by what Chance betray'd,
 Is not my Care: To please thy Pride alone,
 I cou'd have wish'd it had been still unknown.

Nor took I *Guiscard* by blind Fancy led,
 Or hasty Choice, as many Women wed;
 But with delib'rate Care, and ripen'd Thought,
 At leisure first design'd, before I wrought:
 On him I rested, after long Debate,
 And not without confid'ring, fix'd my Fate:
 His Flame was equal, though by mine inspir'd;
 (For so the Diff'rence of our Birth requir'd:)
 Had he been born like me, like me his Love
 Had first begun, what mine was forc'd to move:
 But thus beginning, thus we persevere;
 Our Passions yet continue what they were,
 Nor length of Tryal makes our Joys the less sincere.

At this my Choice, though not by thine allow'd,
 (Thy Judgment herding with the common Crowd)
 Thou tak'st unjust Offence; and, led by them,
 Dost less the Merit, than the Man esteem.
 Too sharply, *Tancred*, by thy Pride betray'd,
 Hast thou against the Laws of Kind inveigh'd:

For all th' Offence is in Opinion plac'd,
Which deems high Birth by lowly Choice debas'd!
This Thought alone with Fury fires thy Breast,
(For holy Marriage justifies the rest)
That I have sunk the Glories of the State,
And mix'd my Blood with a Plebeian Mate:
In which I wonder thou shouldst oversee
Superior Causes, or impute to me
The Fault of Fortune, or the Fates Decree.
Or call it Heav'n's Imperial Pow'r alone,
Which moves on Springs of Justice, though unknown;
Yet this we see, though order'd for the best,
The Bad exalted, and the Good oppress'd;
Permitted Laurels grace the lawless Brow,
Th' Unworthy rais'd, the Worthy cast below.

But leaving that: Search we the secret Springs,
And backward trace the Principles of Things;
There shall we find, that when the World began,
One common Mass compos'd the Mould of Man;
One Paste of Flesh on all Degrees bestow'd,
And kneaded up alike with moistning Blood.
The same Almighty Pow'r inspir'd the Frame
With kindled Life, and form'd the Souls the same:
The Faculties of Intellect, and Will,
Dispens'd with equal Hand, dispos'd with equal Skill,
Like Liberty indulg'd with Choice of Good or Ill:
Thus born alike, from Virtue first began
The Diff'rence that distinguish'd Man from Man:
He claim'd no Title from Descent of Blood,
But that which made him noble, made him good:
Warm'd with more Particles of Heav'nly Flame,
He wing'd his upward Flight, and soar'd to Fame;
The rest remain'd below, a Tribe without a Name.

This Law, though Custom now diverts the Course,
As Nature's Institute, is yet in force;

Uncancell'd, tho' disus'd: And he whose Mind
Is Virtuous, is alone of noble Kind.

Though poor in Fortune, of celestial Race;
And he commits the Crime who calls him Base.

Now lay the Line; and measure all thy Court,
By inward Virtue, not external Port,
And find whom justly to prefer above
The Man on whom my Judgment plac'd my Love:
So shalt thou see his Parts and Person shine;
And thus compar'd, the rest a base degen'rate Line.
Nor took I, when I first survey'd thy Court,
His Valour, or his Virtues, on Report;
But trusted what I ought to trust alone,
Relying on thy Eyes, and not my own;
Thy Praise (and thine was then the publick Voice)
First recommended *Guiscard* to my Choice:
Directed thus by thee, I look'd, and found
A Man, I thought, deserving to be crown'd;
First by my Father pointed to my Sight,
Nor less conspicuous by his native Light:
His Mind, his Meen, the Features of his Face,
Excelling all the rest of human Race:
These were thy Thoughts, and thou couldst judge aright,
Till int'rest made a Jaundice in thy Sight.

Or shou'd I grant, thou didst not rightly see;
Then thou wert first deceiv'd, and I deceiv'd by thee.
But if thou shalt alledge, through Pride of Mind,
Thy Blood with one of base Condition join'd,
'Tis false; for 'tis not Baseness to be Poor;
His Poverty augments thy Crime the more;
Upbraids thy Justice with the scant Regard
Of Worth: Whom Princes praise, they shou'd reward.
Are these the Kings entrusted by the Crowd
With Wealth, to be dispens'd for common Good?
The People sweat not for their King's Delight,
T' enrich a Pimp, or raise a Parasite;

Theirs

Theirs is the Toil ; and he who well has serv'd
His Country, has his Country's Wealth deserv'd.

Ev'n mighty Monarchs oft are meanly born,
And Kings by Birth, to lowest Rank return ;
All subject to the Pow'r of giddy Chance,
For Fortune can deprefs, or can advance :
But true Nobility, is of the Mind,
Not giv'n by Chance, and not to Chance resign'd.

For the remaining Doubt of thy Decree,
What to resolve, and how dispose of me,
Be warn'd to cast that uselefs Care aside,
Myself alone will for myself provide ;
If in thy doting and decrepit Age,
Thy Soul, a Stranger in thy Youth to Rage,
Begins in cruel Deeds to take Delight,
Gorge with my Blood thy barb'rous Appetite ;
For I so little am dispos'd to pray
For Life, I would not cast a Wish away.
Such as it is, th' Offence is all my own ;
And what to *Guiscard* is already done,
Or to be done, is doom'd by thy Decree,
That, if not executed first by thee,
Shall on my Person be perform'd by me.

Away, with Women weep, and leave me here,
Fix'd, like a Man, to die without a Tear ;
Or save, or slay us both this present Hour,
'Tis all that Fate has left within thy Pow'r.

She said : Nor did her Father fail to find,
In all she spoke, the Greatness of her Mind ;
Yet thought she was not obstinate to die,
Nor deem'd the Death she promis'd was so nigh :
Secure in this Belief, he left the Dame,
Resolv'd to spare her Life, and save her Shame ;
But that detested Object to remove,
To wreak his Vengeance, and to cure her Love.

Intent on this, a secret Order sign'd,
 The Death of *Guiscard* to his Guards enjoin'd;
 Strangling was chosen, and the Night the Time,
 A mute Revenge, and blind as was the Crime;
 His faithful Heart, a bloody Sacrifice,
 Torn from his Breast, to glut the Tyrant's Eyes,
 Clos'd the severe Command: For (Slaves to pay)
 What Kings decree, the Soldier must obey:
 Wag'd against Foes; and, when the Wars are o'er,
 Fit only to maintain despotick Pow'r:
 Dang'rous to Freedom, and desir'd alone
 By Kings, who seek an arbitrary Throne:
 Such were these Guards; as ready to have slain
 The Prince himself, allur'd with greater Gain:
 So was the Charge perform'd with better Will,
 By Men inur'd to Blood, and exercis'd in Ill.

Now, tho' the sullen Sire had eas'd his Mind,
 The Pomp of his Revenge was yet behind,
 A Pomp prepar'd to grace the Present he design'd.
 A Goblet rich with Gems, and rough with Gold,
 Of Depth, and Breadth, the precious Pledge to hold,
 With cruel Care he chose: The hollow Part
 Inclos'd, the Lid conceal'd the Lover's Heart:
 Then of his trusted Mischiefs, one he sent,
 And bad him with these Words the Gift present;
 'Thy Father sends thee this, to cheer thy Breast,
 And glad thy Sight with what thou lov'st the best;
 As thou hast pleas'd his Eyes, and joy'd his Mind,
 With what he lov'd the most of human Kind.

Ere this the Royal Dame, who well had weigh'd
 The Consequence of what her Sire had said,
 Fix'd on her Fate, against th' expected Hour,
 Procur'd the Means to have it in her Pow'r:
 For this, she had distill'd, with early Care,
 The Juice of Simples, friendly to Despair,

A Magazine of Death ; and thus prepar'd,
 Secure to die, the fatal Message heard ;
 Then smil'd severe ; nor with a troubled Look,
 Or trembling Hand, the fun'ral Present took ;
 Ev'n kept her Countenance, when the Lid remov'd,
 Disclos'd the Heart, unfortunately lov'd :
 She needed not be told within whose Breast
 It lodg'd ; the Message had explain'd the rest.
 Or not amaz'd, or hiding her Suprize,
 She sternly on the Bearer fix'd her Eyes :
 Then thus ; Tell *Tancred*, on his Daughter's Part,
 The Gold, tho' precious, equals not the Heart :
 But he did well to give his best ; and I,
 Who wish'd a worthier U'n, forgive his Poverty.

At this, she curb'd a Groan, that else had come,
 And pausing, view'd the Present in the Tomb :
 Then, to the Heart ador'd, devoutly glew'd
 Her Lips, and raising it, her Speech renew'd ;
 Ev'n from my Day of Birth, to this, the Bound
 Of my unhappy Being, I have found
 My Father's Care and Tendernefs express'd :
 But this last Act of Love excels the rest :
 For this so dear a Present, bear him back
 The best Return that I can live to make.

The Messenger dispatch'd, again she view'd
 The lov'd Remains, and sighing, thus pursu'd ;
 Source of my Life, and Lord of my Desires,
 In whom I liv'd, with whom my Soul expires ;
 Poor Heart, no more the Spring of vital Heat,
 Curs'd be the Hands that tore thee from thy Seat !
 The Course is finish'd which thy Fates decreed,
 And thou from thy corporeal Prison freed :
 Soon hast thou reach'd the Goal with mended Pace,
 A World of Woes dispatch'd in little Space :
 Forc'd by thy Worth, thy Foe, in Death become
 Thy Friend, has lodg'd thee in a costly Tomb ;

There yet remain'd thy fun'ral Exequies,
 The weeping Tribute of thy Widow's Eyes,
 And those, indulgent Heav'n has found the Way
 That I, before my Death, have leave to pay.
 My Father ev'n in Cruelty is kind,
 Or Heav'n has turn'd the Malice of his Mind
 To better Uses than his Hate design'd;
 And made th' Insult which in his Gift appears,
 The Means to mourn thee with my pious Tears;
 Which I will pay thee down, before I go,
 And save myself the Pains to weep below,
 If Souls can weep; tho' once I meant to meet
 My Fate with Face unmov'd, and Eyes unwet,
 Yet since I have thee here in narrow Room,
 My Tears shall set thee first afloat within thy Tomb:
 Then (as I know thy Spirit hovers nigh)
 Under thy friendly Conduct will I fly
 To Regions unexplor'd, secure to share
 Thy State; nor Hell shall Punishment appear;
 And Heav'n is double Heav'n, if thou art there.

She said: Her brim-full Eyes, that ready stood,
 And only wanted Will to weep a Flood,
 Releas'd their watry Store, and pour'd amain,
 Like Clouds low hung, a sober Show'r of Rain;
 Mute solemn Sorrow, free from female noise,
 Such as the Majesty of Grief destroys:
 For, bending o'er the Cup, the Tears she shed
 Seem'd by the Posture to discharge her Head,
 O'er-fill'd before; and oft (her Mouth apply'd
 To the cold Heart) she kiss'd at once, and cry'd.
 Her Maids, who stood amaz'd, nor knew the Cause
 Of her Complaining, nor whose Heart it was;
 Yet all due Measures of her Mourning kept,
 Did Office at the Dirge, and by Infection wept;
 And oft enquir'd th' Occasion of her Grief,
 Unanswer'd but by Sighs) and offer'd vain Relief.

At length, her Stock of Tears already shed,
She wip'd her Eyes, she rais'd her drooping Head,
And thus pursu'd: O ever faithful Heart,
I have perform'd the ceremonial Part,
The Decencies of Grief: It rests behind,
That as our Bodies were, our Souls be join'd:
To thy whate'er Abode, my Shade convey,
And as an elder Ghost, direct the Way.
She said; and bade the Vial to be brought,
Where she before had brew'd the deadly Draught,
First pouring out the med'cinable Bane,
The Heart, her Tears had rins'd, she bath'd again;
Then down her Throat the Death securely throws,
And quaffs a long Oblivion of her Woes.

This done, she mounts the genial Bed, and there
(Her Body first compos'd with honest Care)
Attends the welcome Rest: Her Hands yet hold
Close to her Heart, the monumental Gold;
Nor farther Word she spoke, but clos'd her Sight,
And quiet, sought the Covert of the Night.

The Damsels, who the while in Silence mourn'd,
Not knowing, nor suspecting Death suborn'd,
Yet, as their Duty was, to *Tancred* sent,
Who, conscious of th' Occasion, fear'd th' Event,
Alarm'd, and with presaging Heart he came,
And drew the Curtains, and expos'd the Dame
To loathsom Light: then with a late Relief
Made vain Efforts, to mitigate her Grief.
She, what she could, excluding Day, her Eyes
Kept firmly seal'd, and sternly thus replies.

Tancred, restrain thy Tears, unfought by me,
And Sorrow, unavailing now to thee:
Did ever Man before afflict his Mind,
To see th' Effect of what himself design'd?
Yet if thou hast remaining in thy Heart
Some Sense of Love, some unextinguish'd Part

Of former Kindness, largely once profess'd,
Let me by that adjure thy harden'd Breast,
Not to deny thy Daughter's last Request :
The secret Love, which I so long enjoy'd,
And still conceal'd, to gratifie thy Pride,
Thou hast disjoin'd ; but, with my dying Breath,
Seek not, I beg thee, to disjoin our Death :
Where-e'er his Corps by thy Command is laid,
Thither let mine in publick be convey'd ;
Expos'd in open View, and Side by Side,
Acknowledg'd as a Bridegroom and a Bride.

The Prince's Anguish hinder'd his Reply :
And she, who felt her Fate approaching nigh,
Seiz'd the cold Heart, and heaving to her Breast,
Here, precious Pledge, she said, securely rest :
These Accents were her last ; the creeping Death
Benumb'd her Senses first, then stopp'd her Breath.

Thus she for Disobedience justly dy'd ;
The Sire was justly punish'd for his Pride :
The Youth, least guilty, suffer'd for th' Offence
Of Duty violated to his Prince ;
Who late repenting of his cruel Deed,
One common Sepulcher for both decreed,
Intomb'd the wretched Pair in Royal State,
And on their Monument inscrib'd their Fate.



BAUCIS and PHILEMON,

OUT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK OF

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The Author, pursuing the Deeds of Theseus, relates how He, with his Friend Pirithous, were invited by Achelous, the River-God, to stay with him, till his Waters were abated. Achelous entertains them with a Relation of his own Love to Perimele, who was changed into an Island by Neptune, at his Request. Pirithous, being an Atheist, derides the Legend, and denies the Power of the Gods, to work that Miracle. Lelex, another Companion of Theseus, to confirm the Story of Achelous, relates another Metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon, into Trees: of which he was partly an Eye-witness.



HUS Achelous ends : His Audience hear
With Admiration, and admiring, fear
The Pow'rs of Heav'n ; except Ixion's Son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none:
He shook his impious Head, and thus replies,
These Legends are no more than pious Lies :
You attribute too much to heav'nly Sway,
To think they give us Forms, and take away.
The rest, of better Minds, their Sense declar'd
Against this Doctrine, and with Horror heard.

Then *Lelex* rose, an old experienc'd Man,
 And thus with sober Gravity began;
 Heav'n's Pow'r is infinite: Earth, Air, and Sea,
 The Manufacture Mafs, the making Pow'r obey:
 By Proof to clear your Doubt; in *Phrygian* Ground
 Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encompass'd round,
 Stand on a mod'rite Rise, with Wonder shown,
 One a hard Oak, a softer Linden one:
 I saw the Place and them, by *Pittbeus* sent
 To *Phrygian* Realms, my Grandfire's Government.
 Not far from thence is seen a Lake, the Haunt
 Of Coots, and of the fishing Cormorant:
 Here *Jove* with *Hermes* came; but in Disguise
 Of mortal Men conceal'd their Deities;
 One laid aside his Thunder, one his Rod;
 And many toilsom Steps together trod:
 For Harbour at a thousand Doors they knock'd,
 Not one of all the Thousand but was lock'd.
 At last an hospitable House they found,
 A homely Shed, the Roof, not far from Ground,
 Was thatch'd with Reeds and Straw together bound.
 There *Baucis* and *Philemon* liv'd, and there
 Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy Pair:
 Now old in Love, though little was their Store,
 Inur'd to Want, their Poverty they bore,
 Nor aim'd at Wealth, professing to be poor.
 For Master or for Servant here to call,
 Was all alike, where only two were all.
 Command was none, where equal Love was paid,
 Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.

From lofty Roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
 Now stooping, enter'd through the little Door:
 The Man (their hearty Welcome first express'd)
 A common Settle drew for either Guest,
 Inviting each his weary Limbs to rest.

But

But ere they sate, officious *Baucis* lays
 Two Cushions stuff'd with Straw, the Seat to raise;
 Coarse, but the best she had; then rakes the Load
 Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad
 The living Coals; and, lest they shou'd expire,
 With Leaves and Barks she feeds her Infant-fire:
 It smoaks; and then with trembling Breath she blows,
 Till in a chearful Blaze the Flames arose.
 With Brush-wood and with Chips she strengthens these,
 And adds at last the Boughs of rotten Trees.
 The Fire thus form'd, she sets the Kettle on,
 (Like burnish'd Gold the little Seether shone)
 Next took the Coleworts which her Husband got
 From his own Ground, (a small well-water'd Spot;)
 She stripp'd the Stalks of all their Leaves; the best
 She cull'd, and then with handy-care she dress'd.
 High o'er the Hearth a Chine of Bacon hung;
 Good old *Philemon* seiz'd it with a Prong,
 And from the sooty Rafter drew it down,
 Then cut a Slice, but scarce enough for one;
 Yet a large Portion of a little Store,
 Which for their Sakes alone he wish'd were more.
 This in the Pot he plung'd without Delay,
 To tame the Flesh, and drain the Salt away.
 The Time between, before the Fire they sat,
 And shorten'd the Delay by pleasing Chat.

A Beam there was, on which a Beechen Pail
 Hung by the Handle, on a driven Nail.
 This fill'd with Water, gently warm'd, they set
 Before their Guests; in this they bath'd their Feet,
 And after with clean Towels dry'd their Sweat:
 This done, the Host produc'd the genial Bed,
 Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,
 Which with no costly Coverlet they spread;
 But coarse old Garments, yet such Robes as these
 They laid alone, at Feasts, on Holydays.

The good old Housewife tucking up her Gown,
 The Table sets ; th' invited Gods lie down.
 The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,
 A Blot which prudent *Baucis* overcame,
 Who thrusts beneath the limping Leg, a Sherd,
 So was the mended Board exactly rear'd :
 Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd Mint,
 A wholesom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.
Pallas began the Feast, where first was seen
 The party-colour'd Olive, Black, and Green :
 Autumnal Cornels next in order serv'd,
 In Lees of Wine well pickled, and preserv'd.
 A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply,
 Of Endive, Radishes, and Succory :
 Then Curds and Cream, the Flow'r of Country Fare,
 And new-laid Eggs, which *Baucis* busie Care
 Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roasted rare.
 All these in Earthen Ware were serv'd to Board ;
 And next in Place, an Earthen Pitcher stor'd
 With Liquor of the best the Cottage cou'd afford.
 This was the Table's Ornament, and Pride,
 With Figures wrought : Like Pages at his Side
 Stood Beechen Bowls ; and these were shining clean,
 Vernish'd with Wax without, and lin'd within.
 By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd,
 And to the Table sent the smoaking Lard ;
 On which with eager Appetite they dine,
 A sav'ry Bit, that serv'd to relish Wine :
 The Wine itself was suiting to the rest,
 Still working in the Must, and lately press'd.
 The second Course succeeds like that before,
 Plums, Apples, Nuts, and on their Wintry Store,
 Dry Figs, and Grapes, and wrinkled Dates were set
 In Canisters, t' enlarge the little Treat :
 All these a Milk-white Honey-comb surround,
 Which in the Midst the Country-Banquet crown'd :

But the kind Hosts their Entertainment grace
 With hearty Welcome, and an open Face :
 In all they did, you might discern with Ease
 A willing Mind, and a Desire to please.

Mean Time the Beechen Bowls went round, and still,
 Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill ;
 Fill'd without Hands, and of their own Accord
 Ran without Feet, and danc'd about the Board.
 Devotion seiz'd the Pair, to see the Feast
 With Wine, and of no common Grape, increas'd ;
 And up they held their Hands, and fell to Pray'r,
 Excusing, as they cou'd, their Country Fare.

One Goose they had, ('twas all they cou'd allow)
 A wakeful Centry, and on Duty now,
 Whom to the Gods for Sacrifice they vow :
 Her, with malicious Zeal, the Couple view'd ;
 She ran for Life, and limping they pursu'd :
 Full well the Fowl perceiv'd their bad Intent,
 And wou'd not make her Master's Compliment ;
 But persecuted, to the Pow'rs she flies,
 And close between the Legs of *Jove* she lies :
 He with a gracious Ear the Suppliant heard,
 And sav'd her Life ; then what he was declar'd,
 And own'd the God. The Neighbourhood, said he,
 Shall justly perish for Impiety :

You stand alone exempted ; but obey
 With Speed, and follow where we lead the Way :
 Leave these accurs'd ; and to the Mountains Height
 Ascend ; nor once look backward in your Flight.

They haste, and what their tardy Feet deny'd,
 The trusty Staff (their better Leg) supply'd.
 An Arrow's Flight they wanted to the Top,
 And there secure, but spent with Travel, stop ;
 Then turn their now no more forbidden Eyes ;
 Lost in a Lake the floated Level lies :

A watry Defart covers all the Plains,
 Their Cot alone, as in an Isle, remains :
 Wondring with weeping Eyes, while they deplore
 Their Neighbours Fate, and Country now no more,
 Their little Shed, scarce large enough for two, [grow.
 Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk to
 A stately Temple shoots within the Skies,
 The Crotches of their Cot in Columns rise :
 The Pavement polish'd Marble they behold, [Gold.
 The Gates with Sculpture grac'd, the Spires and Tiles of

Then thus the Sire of Gods, with Looks serene,
 Speak thy Desire, thou only Just of Men ;
 And thou, O Woman, only worthy found
 To be with such a Man in Marriage bound.

A while they whisper ; then, to *Jove* address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint Request.

We crave to serve before your sacred Shrine,
 And offer at your Altars Rites divine :
 And since not any Action of our Life
 Has been polluted with domestick Strife,
 We beg one Hour of Death ; that neither she
 With Widow's Tears may live to bury me,
 Nor weeping I, with wither'd Arms may bear
 My breathless *Baucis* to the Sepulcher.

The Godheads sign their Suit. They run their Race
 In the same Tenour all th' appointed Space :

Then, when their Hour was come, while they relate
 These past Adventures at the Temple-gate,
 Old *Baucis* is by old *Philemon* seen.

Sprouting, with sudden Leaves of spritely Green :
 Old *Baucis* look'd where old *Philemon* stood,
 And saw his lengthen'd Arms a sprouting Wood :
 New Roots their fasten'd Feet begin to bind,
 Their Bodies stiffen in a rising Rind :
 Then, ere the Bark above their Shoulders grew,
 They give and take at once their last Adieu :

Baucis and Philemon.

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At once, Farewel, O faithful Spouse, they said;
At once th' incroaching Rinds their closing Lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient *Tyanean* shows
A spreading Oak, that near a Linden grows;
The Neighbourhood confirm the Prodigy,
Grave Men, not vain of Tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the Garlands on their Boughs,
And Tablets hung for Gifts of granted Vows;
And off'ring fresher up, with pious Pray'r,
The Good, said I, are God's peculiar Care,
And such as honour Heav'n, shall heavenly Honour share. }



PYGMA.



PYGMALION and the STATUE,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Propætidæ, for their impudent Behaviour, being turned into Stone by Venus, Pygmalion, Prince of Cyprus, detested all Women for their Sake, and resolved never to marry: He falls in Love with a Statue of his own making, which is changed into a Maid, whom he marries. One of his Descendants is Cinyras, the Father of Myrrha; the Daughter incestuously loves her own Father; for which she is changed into the Tree which bears her Name. These two Stories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.



Pygmalion loathing their lascivious Life,
Abhorr'd all Womankind, but most a Wife:
So single chose to live, and shunn'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a Consort of his Bed.
Yet fearing Idleness, the Nurse of Ill,
In Sculpture exercis'd his happy Skill;
And carv'd in Iv'ry such a Maid, so fair,
As Nature could not with his Art compare,
Were she to work; but in her own Defence
Must take her Pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his Idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and last, the Thing ador'd, desires.

Pygmalion and the Statue.

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A very Virgin in her Face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living Maid had been :
One wou'd have thought she cou'd have stirr'd; but strove
With Modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with Art, so well perform'd the Cheat,
It caught the Carver with his own Deceit :
He knows 'tis Madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it, loves the more :
The Flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this Thought, at once he strain'd the Breast,
And on the Lips a burning Kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd Breast resists the Gripe,
And the cold Lips return a Kiss unripe :
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it Iv'ry, was a Thought too mean :
So wou'd believe she kiss'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked Body o'er ;
And straining hard the Statue, was afraid
His Hands had made a Dint, and hurt the Maid :
Explor'd her, Limb by Limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a Gripe had left a livid Mark behind :
With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to move,
And now with Gifts, (the pow'rful Bribes of Love :)
He furnishes her Closet first ; and fills
The crowded Shelves with Rarities of Shells ;
Adds Orient Pearls, which from the Corchs he drew,
And all the sparkling Stones of various Hue :
And Parrots, imitating human Tongue,
And Singing-birds in Silver Cages hung ;
And ev'ry fragrant Flow'r, and od'rous Green,
Were sort'd well, with Lumps of Amber laid between :
Rich, fashionable Robes her Person deck,
Pendants her Ears, and Pearls adorn her Neck :
Her taper'd Fingers too with Rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd Zone surrounds her slender Waste.

Thus

Pygmalion *and the Statue.*

Thus like a Queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
 Beauteous she shew'd, but naked shew'd the best.
 Then, from the Floor, he rais'd a Royal Bed,
 With Cov'rings of *Sidonian* Purple spread:
 The solemn Rites perform'd, he calls her Bride,
 With Blandishments invites her to his Side,
 And as she were with vital Sense possess'd,
 Her Head did on a plummy Pillow rest.

The Feast of *Venus* came a solemn Day,
 To which the *Cypriots* due Devotion pay;
 With gilded Horns the Milk-white Heifers led,
 Slaughter'd before the sacred Altars, bled:
Pygmalion off'ring, first, approach'd the Shrine,
 And then with Pray'rs implor'd the Pow'rs Divine:
 Almighty Gods, if all we Mortals want,
 If all we can require, be yours to grant;
 Make this fair Statue mine, he wou'd have said,
 But chang'd his Words, for Shame; and only pray'd,
 Give me the Likeness of my Iv'ry Maid. }

The golden Goddess, present at the Pray'r,
 Well knew he meant th' inanimated Fair,
 And gave the Sign of granting his Desire;
 For thrice in chearful Flames ascends the Fire.
 The Youth, returning to his Mistress, hies;
 And impudent in Hope, with ardent Eyes,
 And beating Breast, by the dear Statue lies. }
 He kisses her white Lips, renews the Bliss,
 And looks, and thinks they redden at the Kifs;
 He thought them warm before: Nor longer stays,
 But next his Hand on her hard Bosom lays:
 Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
 It seem'd, the Breast beneath his Fingers bent;
 He felt again, his Fingers made a Print,
 'Twas Flesh, but Flesh so firm, it rose against the Dint:
 The pleasing Task he fails not to renew;
 Soft, and more soft at ev'ry Touch it grew;

Like

Pygmalion *and the Statue.*

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Like pliant Wax, when chafing Hands reduce
The former Mass to Form, and frame for Use.
He would believe, but yet is still in Pain,
And tries his Argument of Sense again,
Presses the Pulse, and feels the leaping Vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied Thanks and Praise,
To her who made the Miracle, he pays :
Then Lips to Lips he join'd ; now freed from Fear,
He found the Savour of the Kiss sincere :
At this the waken'd Image op'd her Eyes,
And view'd at once the Light and Lover, with Surprise.
The Goddess present at the Match she made,
So blest'd the Bed, such Fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten Moons had sharpen'd either Horn,
To crown their Bliss, a lovely Boy was born ;
Paphos his Name, who grown to Manhood, wall'd
The City *Paphos*, from the Founder call'd.





CINYRAS and MYRRHA,

OUT OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no Connection of this Story with the former; for the Beginning of this immediately follows the End of the last: The Reader is only to take Notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by Birth a Thracian; and his Country far distant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither she fled. You will see the Reason of this Note, soon after the first Lines of this Fable.



OR him alone produc'd the fruitful Queen;
But Cinyras, who like his Sire had been
A happy Prince, had he not been a Sire.
Daughters and Fathers from my Song retire;
I sing of Horror; and, could I prevail,
You shou'd not hear, or not believe my Tale.
Yet if the Pleasure of my Song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive listen to the last Event,
And with the Sin believe the Punishment:
Since Nature cou'd behold so dire a Crime,
I gratulate at least my native Clime,
That such a Land, which such a Monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian Shore.

Let

Cinyras and Myrrha.

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Let *Araby* extol her happy Coast,
Her Cinamon, and sweet *Anomum* boast,
Her fragrant Flow'rs, her Trees with precious Tears,
Her second Harvests, and her double Years;
How can the Land be call'd so blest'd that *Myrrha* bears:
Not all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her Crime,
Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,
Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart:
Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains,
And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins.
To hate thy Sire, had merited a Curse;
But such an impious Love deserv'd a worse.
The Neighb'ring Monarchs, by thy Beauty led,
Contend in Crowds, ambitious of thy Bed:
The World is at thy Choice; except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not chuse, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable Maid,
Ere impious Love her better Thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret Soul she said:
Ah *Myrrha*! whither wou'd thy Wishes tend?
Ye Gods, ye sacred Laws, my Soul defend
From such a Crime, as all Mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in Human Breast!
But is it Sin? Or makes my Mind alone
Th' imagin'd Sin? For Nature makes it none.
What Tyrant then these envious Laws began,
Made not for any other Beast but Man!
The Father-Bull his Daughter may bestride,
The Horse may make his Mother-Mare a Bride;
What Piety forbids the lusty Ram,
Or more falacious Goat, to rut their Dam?
The Hen is free to wed the Chick she bore,
And make a Husband, whom she hatch'd before.

All

All Creatures else are of a happier Kind,
 Whom nor ill-natur'd Laws from Pleasure bind,
 Nor Thoughts of Sin disturb their Peace of Mind.
 But Man, a Slave of his own making lives;
 The Fool denies himself what Nature gives:
 Too busie Senates, with an Over-care
 To make us better than our Kind can bear,
 Have dash'd a Spice of Envy in the Laws,
 And straining up too high, have spoil'd the Cause.
 Yet some wise Nations break their cruel Chains,
 And own no Laws, but those which Love ordains:
 Where happy Daughters with their Sires are join'd,
 And Piety is doubly paid in Kind.
 O that I had been born in such a Clime,
 Not here, where 'tis the Country makes the Crime!
 But whither wou'd my impious Fancy stray?
 Hence Hopes, and ye forbidden Thoughts away!
 His Worth deserves to kindle my Desires,
 But with the Love, that Daughters bear to Sires.
 Then had not *Cinyras* my Father been,
 What hinder'd *Myrrha's* Hopes to be his Queen?
 But the Perverseness of my Fate is such,
 That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
 Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie;
 He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
 Eyes and their Objects never must unite,
 Some Distance is requir'd to help the Sight:
 Fain wou'd I travel to some Foreign Shore,
 Never to see my native Country more,
 So might I to myself myself restore;
 So might my Mind these impious Thoughts remove,
 And ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
 But stay I must, to feed my famish'd Sight,
 To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might:

More,

More, impious Maid! What more canst thou design,
To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line,
And break all Statutes Human and Divine?
Canst thou be call'd (to save thy wretched Life)
Thy Mother's Rival, and thy Father's Wife?
Confound so many sacred Names in one,
Thy Brother's Mother! Sister to thy Son!
And fear'st thou not to see th' infernal Bands,
Their Heads with Snakes, with Torches arm'd their Hands;
Full at thy Face, th' avenging Brands to bear,
And shake the Serpents from their hissing Hair?
But thou in Time th' increasing Ill controul,
Nor first debauch the Body by the Soul;
Secure the sacred Quiet of thy Mind,
And keep the Sanctions Nature has design'd.
Suppose I shou'd attempt, th' Attempt were vain,
No Thoughts like mine his sinless Soul profane:
Observant of the Right; and O, that he
Cou'd cure my Madness, or be mad like me!
Thus she: But *Cin ras*, who daily sees
A Crowd of Noble Suitors at his Knees,
Among so many, knew not whom to chuse,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse.
But having told their Names, enquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer?
The blushing Maid stood silent with Surprise,
And on her Father fix'd her ardent Eyes,
And looking sigh'd, and as she sigh'd, began
Round Tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender Sire, who saw her blush, and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to Maiden-modesty,
And dry'd the falling Drops, and yet more kind,
He stroak'd her Cheeks, and holy Kisses join'd.
She felt a secret Venom fire her Blood,
And found more Pleasure than a Daughter shou'd;

And,

And, ask'd again, what Lover of the Crew
 She lik'd the best; she answer'd, One like you.
 Mistaking what she meant, her pious Will
 He prais'd, and bad her so continue still:
 The Word of Pious heard, she blush'd with Shame
 Of secret Guilt, and cou'd not bear the Name.

'Twas now the Mid of Night, when Slumbers close
 Our Eyes, and sooth our Cares with soft Repose;
 But no Repose cou'd wretched *Myrrha* find,
 Her Body rousing, as she roul'd her Mind:
 Mad with Desire, she ruminates her Sin,
 And wishes all her Wishes o'er again:
 Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
 Wou'd not, and wou'd again, she knows not why;
 Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the Vow;
 Fain wou'd begin, but understands not how.
 As when a Pine is hew'd upon the Plains,
 And the last mortal Stroke alone remains,
 Lab'ring in Pangs of Death, and threatening all,
 This Way and that she nods, consid'ring where to fall:
 So *Myrrha's* Mind, impell'd on either Side,
 Takes ev'ry Bent; but cannot long abide:
 Irresolute on which she shou'd relie,
 At last unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die;
 On that sad Thought she rests, resolv'd on Death,
 She rises, and prepares to choak her Breath:
 Then while about the Beam her Zone she ties,
 Dear *Cinyras*, farewell, she softly cries;
 For thee I die, and only wish to be
 Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee:
 Pardon the Crime, in Pity to the Cause:
 This said, about her Neck the Noose she draws.
 The Nurse, who lay without, her faithful Guard,
 Though not the Words, the Murmurs overheard,
 And Sighs, and hollow Sounds: Surpriz'd with Fright,
 She starts, and leaves her Bed, and springs a Light;

Unlocks the Door, and entring out of Breath,
The Dying saw, and Instruments of Death;
She shrieks, she cuts the Zone with trembling Haste,
And in her Arms her fainting Charge embrac'd:
Next, (for she now had Leisure for her Tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming Years,
What unforeseen Misfortune caus'd her Care,
To loath her Life, and languish in Despair!
The Maid, with down-cast Eyes, and mute with Grief
For Death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd Relief,
Stood sullen to her Suit: The Beldame press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd Breast,
Adjur'd her by the kindly Food she drew.
From those dry Founts, her secret Ill to shew.
Sad *Myrrha* sigh'd, and turn'd her Eyes aside;
The Nurse still urg'd, and would not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd Secresy; but pray'd
She might have Leave to give her offer'd Aid.
Good-will, she said, my Want of Strength supplies,
And Diligence shall give, what Age denies:
If strong Desires thy Mind to Fury move,
With Charms, and Med'cines, I can cure thy Love:
If envious Eyes their hurtful Rays have cast,
More pow'rful Verse shall free thee from the Blast:
If Heav'n offended sends thee this Disease,
Offended Heav'n with Pray'rs we can appease.
What then remains, that can these Cares procure?
Thy House is flourishing, thy Fortune sure:
Thy careful Mother yet in Health survives,
And, to thy Comfort, thy kind Father lives.
The Virgin started at her Father's Name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the Shame:
Nor yet the Nurse her impious Love divin'd;
But yet surmis'd, that Love disturb'd her Mind;
Thus thinking, she pursu'd her Point, and laid
And lull'd within her Lap the mourning Maid;

Then

Then softly footh'd her thus, I guess your Grief :
 You love, my Child ; your Love shall find Relief.
 My long-experienc'd Age shall be your Guide ;
 Rely on that, and lay Distrust aside :
 No Breath of Air shall on the Secret blow,
 Nor shall (what most you fear) your Father know.
 Struck once again, as with a Thunder-clap,
 The guilty Virgin bounded from her Lap,
 And threw her Body prostrate on the Bed,
 And, to conceal her Blushes, hid her Head :
 There silent lay, and warn'd her with her Hand
 To go : But she receiv'd not the Command ;
 Remaining still importunate to know :
 Then *Myrrha* thus : Or ask no more, or go :
 I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my Shame ;
 What thou wou'dst hear, is impious ev'n to name.
 At this, on high the Beldame holds her Hands,
 And trembling, both with Age, and Terror, stands ;
 Adjures, and falling at her Feet intreats,
 Soothes her with Blandishments, and frights with Threats.
 To tell the Crimes intended, or disclose
 What Part of it she knew, if she no farther knows.
 And last ; if conscious to her Counsel made,
 Confirms anew the Promise of her Aid.
 Now *Myrrha* rais'd her Head ; but soon oppress'd
 With Shame, reclin'd it on her Nurse's Breast ;
 Bath'd it with Tears, and strove to have confess'd :
 Twice she began, and stopp'd ; again she try'd ;
 The salt'ring Tongue it's Office still deny'd.
 At last her Veil before her Face she spread,
 And drew a long preluding Sigh, and said,
 O happy Mother, in thy Marriage-Bed !
 Then groan'd, and ceas'd ; the good old Woman shook.
 Stiff were her Eyes, and ghastly was her Look :
 Her hoary Hair upright with Horror stood,
 Made (to her Grief) more knowing than she wou'd :

Much

Much she reproach'd, and many Things she said,
To cure the Madness of th' unhappy Maid:
In vain: For *Myrrha* stood convict of Ill;
Her Reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her Will:
Perverse of Mind, unable to reply;
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.
At length the Fondness of a Nurse prevail'd
Against her better Sense, and Virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my Child, since such is thy Desire,
Thy Love, she said; she durst not say, thy Sire.
Live, though unhappy, live on any Terms:
Then with a second Oath her Faith confirms.

The solemn Feast of *Ceres* now was near,
When long white Linnen Stoles the Matrons wear;
Rank'd in Procession walk the pious Train,
Off'ring First-fruits, and Spikes of yellow Grain:
For nine long Nights the Nuptial-Bed they shun,
And sanctifying Harvest, lie alone.

Mix'd with the Crowd, the Queen forsook her Lord,
And *Ceres* Pow'r with secret Rites ador'd:
The Royal Couch now vacant for a Time,
The crafty Crone, officious in her Crime,
The curst Occasion took: The King she found
Easy with Wine, and deep in Pleasures drown'd,
Prepar'd for Love: The Beldame blew the Flame,
Confess'd the Passion, but conceal'd the Name.
Her Form she prais'd; the Monarch ask'd her Years,
And she reply'd, The same thy *Myrrha* bears.
Wine and commended Beauty fir'd his Thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, she hies her home,
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome News to hear;
But clogg'd with Guilt, the Joy was unsincere:
So various, so discordant is the Mind,
That in our Will, a different Will we find.

Ill she presag'd, and yet pursu'd her Lust ;
 For guilty Pleasures give a double Gust.
 'Twas Depth of Night: *Arctophylax* had driv'n
 His lazy Wain half round the Northern Heav'n,
 When *Myrrha* hasten'd to the Crime desir'd ;
 The Moon beheld her first, and first retir'd :
 The Stars amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight,
 And (shrunken within their Sockets) lost their Light.
Icarus first withdraws his holy Flame :
 The Virgin Sign, in Heav'n the second Name,
 Slides down the Belt, and from her Station flies,
 And Night with Sable Clouds involves the Skies.
 Bold *Myrrha* still pursues her black Intent ;
 She stumbled thrice, (an Omen of th' Event ;) }
 Thrice shriek'd the Fun'ral Owl, yet on she went,
 Secure of Shame, because secure of Sight ;
 Ev'n bashful Sins are impudent by Night.
 Link'd Hand in Hand, th' Accomplice, and the Dame,
 Their Way exploring, to the Chamber came :
 The Door was ope, they blindly grope their Way,
 Where dark in Bed th' expecting Monarch lay :
 Thus far her Courage held, but here forsakes ;
 Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step she makes.
 The nearer to her Crime, the more within
 She feels Remorse, and Horror of her Sin ;
 Repents too late her criminal Desire,
 And wishes, that unknown she could retire.
 Her, lingring thus, the Nurse (who fear'd Delay
 The fatal Secret might at length betray)
 Pull'd forward, to compleat the Work begun,
 And said to *Cinyras*, Receive thy own :
 Thus saying, she deliver'd Kind to Kind,
 Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.
 The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits
 His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd Sheets ;

He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
With Maiden Modesty, against her Love,
And sought with flatt'ring Words vain Fancies to remove. }
Perhaps he said, My Daughter, cease thy Fears,
(Because the Title suited with her Years ;)
And Father, she might whisper him again,
That Names might not be wanting to the Sin.
Full of her Sire, she left th' incestuous Bed,
And carry'd in her Womb the Crime she bred :
Another, and another Night she came ;
For frequent Sin had left no Sense of Shame :
Till *Cinyras* desir'd to see her Face,
Whose Body he had held in close Embrace,
And brought a Taper ; the Revealer, Light,
Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal to Sight :
Grief, Rage, Amazement, cou'd no Speech afford,
But from the Sheath he drew th' avenging Sword ;
The Guilty fled : The Benefit of Night,
That favour'd first the Sin, secur'd the Flight.
Long wandering through the spacious Fields, she bent
Her Voyage to th' *Arabian* Continent ;
Then pass'd the Region which *Panchæa* join'd,
And flying left the Palmy Plains behind.
Nine Times the Moon had mew'd her Horns ; at length
With Travel weary, unsupply'd with Strength,
And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd,
Sabæan Fields afford her needful Rest :
There, loathing Life, and yet of Death afraid,
In Anguish of her Spirit, thus she pray'd.
Ye Pow'rs, if any so propitious are
T' accept my Penitence, and hear my Pray'r ;
Your Judgments, I confess, are justly sent ;
Great Sins deserve as great a Punishment :
Yet since my Life the Living will profane,
And since my Death the happy Dead will stain,

A middle State your Mercy may bestow,
 Betwixt the Realms above, and those below :
 Some other Form to wretched *Myrrha* give,
 Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
 The Pray'rs of Penitents are never vain ;
 At least, she did her last Request obtain :
 For while she spoke, the Ground began to rise,
 And gather'd round her Feet, her Legs, and Thighs :
 Her Toes in Roots descend, and spreading wide,
 A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide :
 Her solid Bones convert to solid Wood,
 'To Pith her Marrow, and to Sap her Blood :
 Her Arms are Boughs; her Fingers change their Kind,
 Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind.
 And now the rising Tree her Womb invests,
 Now, shooting upwards still, invades her Breasts,
 And shades the Neck ; and, weary with Delay,
 She sunk her Head within, and met it half the Way.
 And though with outward Shape she lost her Sense,
 With bitter Tears she wept her last Offence ;
 And still she weeps, nor sheds her Tears in vain ;
 For still the precious Drops her Name retain.
 Mean Time the mis-begotten Infant grows,
 And, ripe for Birth, distends with deadly Throws
 The swelling Rind, with unavailing Strife,
 To leave the wooden Womb, and pushes into Life.
 The Mother-Tree, as if oppress'd with Pain,
 Writhes here and there, to break the Bark in vain ;
 And, like a Lab'ring Woman, wou'd have pray'd,
 But wants a Voice to call *Lucina's* Aid :
 The bending Bole sends out a hollow Sound,
 And trickling Tears fall thicker on the Ground.
 The mild *Lucina* came uncall'd, and stood
 Beside the struggling Boughs, and heard the groaning Wood :
 Then reach'd her Midwife-Hand, to speed the Throws,
 And spoke the pow'rful Spells that Babes to Birth disclose.
The

The Bark divides, the living Load to free,
And safe delivers the Convulsive Tree.
The ready Nymphs receive the crying Child;
And wash him in the Tears the Parent Plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their Scarfs; beneath him spread
The Ground with Herbs; with Roses rais'd his Head.
The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace,
Ev'n Envy must have prais'd so fair a Face:
Such was his Form, as Painters when they show
Their utmost Art, on naked Loves bestow:
And that their Arms no Diff'rence might betray,
Give him a Bow, or his from *Cupid* take away.
Time glides along, with undiscover'd Haste,
The Future but a length behind the Past;
So swift are Years: The Babe whom just before
His Grandfire got, and whom his Sister bore;
The Drop, the Thing which late the Tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning Bark to Life expos'd;
A Babe, a Boy, a beauteous Youth appears,
And lovelier than himself at riper Years.
Now to the Queen of Love he gave Desires,
And, with her Pains, reveng'd his Mother's Fires.



T H E
F I R S T B O O K
O F
H O M E R ' s I L I A S.
T H E A R G U M E N T .

Chryses, Priest of Apollo, brings Presents to the Grecian Princes, to ransom his Daughter Chryseis, who was Prisoner in the Fleet. Agamemnon, the General, whose Captive and Mistress the young Lady was, refuses to deliver her, threatens the venerable old Mon, and dismisses him with Contumely. The Priest craves Vengeance of his God; who sends a Plague among the Greeks: Which occasions Achilles, their great Champion, to summon a Council of the chief Officers: He encourages Calchas, the high Priest and Prophet, to tell the Reason, why the Gods were so much incensed against them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: Then, emboldened by the Heroe, he accuses the General as the Cause of all, by detaining the fair Captive, and refusing the Presents offered for her Ransom. By this Proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, against his Will, to restore Chryseis, with Gifts, that he might appease the Wrath of Phœbus; but, at the same Time, to revenge himself on Achilles, sends to seize his Slave Briseis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his Mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his Injury, not
only

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only on the General, but on all the Army, by giving Victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful King became sensible of his Injustice. At the same Time, he retires from the Camp into his Ships, and withdraws his Aid from his Country-men. Thetis prefers her Son's Petition to Jupiter, who grants her Suit. Juno suspects her Errand, and quarrels with her Husband, for his Grant; till Vulcan reconciles his Parents with a Bowl of Nectar, and sends them peaceably to Bed.



THE Wrath of *Peleus*' Son, O *Muse*, resound;
Whose dire Effects the *Grecian* Army found,
And many a Hero, King, and hardy Knight:
Were sent, in early Youth, to Shades of Night.
Their Limbs a Prey to Dogs and Vultures
made:

So was the Sov'reign Will of *Jove* obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd Hour when Strife begun,
Betwixt *Atrides*' Great, and *Thetis*' God-like Son.

What Pow'r provok'd, and for what Cause, relate,
Sow'd, in their Breasts, the Seeds of stern Debate:
Jove's and *Latona's* Son his Wrath express'd,
In Vengeance of his violated Priest,
Against the King of Men; who swoln with Pride,
Refus'd his Presents, and his Pray'rs deny'd.
For this the God a swift Contagion spread
Amid the Camp; where Heaps on Heaps lay dead.

For venerable *Chryses* came to buy,
With Gold and Gifts of Price, his Daughter's Liberty.
Suppliant before the *Grecian* Chiefs he stood;
Awful, and arm'd with Ensigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary Head; one holy Hand [mand.
Held forth his Laurel Crown, and one his Sceptre of Com-
His Suit was common; but above the rest,
To both the Brother-Princes thus address'd:

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Ye Sons of *Atræus*, and ye *Grecian* Pow'rs,
So may the Gods who dwell in heav'nly Bow'rs
Succeed your Siege, accord the Vows you make,
And give you *Troy's* imperial Town to take ;
So, by their happy Conduct, may you come
With Conquest back to your sweet Native Home ;
As you receive the Ransom which I bring,
(Respecting *Jove*, and the far-shooting King.)
And break my Daughter's Bonds, at my Desire ;
And glad with her Return her grieving Sire.

With Shouts of loud Acclaim the *Greeks* decree
To take the Gifts, to set the Damsel free.
The King of Men alone with Fury burn'd ;
And haughty, these opprobrious Words return'd :
Hence, Holy Dotard, and avoid my Sight,
Ere Evil intercept thy tardy Flight :
Nor dare to tread this interdicted Strand,
Lest not that idle Scepter in thy Hand, }
Nor thy God's Crown, my vow'd Revenge withstand.
Hence on thy Life : The Captive-Maid is mine ;
Whom not for Price or Pray'rs I will resign :
Mine she shall be, till creeping Age and Time
Her Bloom have wither'd, and consum'd her Prime :
Till then my Royal Bed she shall attend ;
And having first adorn'd it, late ascend :
This, for the Night ; by Day, the Web and Loom }
And homely Household-task, shall be her Doom,
Far from thy lov'd Embrace, and her sweet native Home.
He said : The helpless Priest reply'd no more,
But sped his Steps along the hoarse-responding Shore :
Silent he fled ; secure at length he stood,
Devoutly curs'd his Foes, and thus invoc'd his God.

O Source of Sacred Light, attend my Pray'r,
God with the Silver Bow, and Golden Hair ;
Whom *Chrysa*, *Cilla*, *Tenedos* obeys,
And whose broad Eye their happy Soil surveys ;

If,

If, *Smintheus*, I have pour'd before thy Shrine
The Blood of Oxen, Goats, and ruddy Wine,
And larded Thighs on loaded Altars laid,
Hear, and my just Revenge propitious aid,
Pierce the proud *Greeks*, and with thy Shafts attest
How much thy Pow'r is injur'd in thy Priest.

He pray'd, and *Phæbus* hearing, urg'd his Flight,
With Fury kindled, from *Olympus'* Height;
His Quiver o'er his ample Shoulders threw;
His Bow twang'd, and his Arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a stormy Night, he rang'd around:
The Tents, and compass'd the devoted Ground.
Then with full Force his deadly Bow he bent,
And feather'd Fates among the Mules and Sumpters sent:
Th' Essay of Rage, on faithful Dogs the next;
And last, in human Hearts his Arrows fix'd.
The God nine Days the *Greeks* at rovers kill'd,
Nine Days the Camp with fun'ral Fires was fill'd;
The Tenth, *Achilles*, by the Queen's Command,
Who bears Heav'n's awful Sceptre in her Hand,
A Council summon'd: for the Goddesses griev'd
Her favour'd Host shou'd perish unreliev'd.

The Kings, assembled, soon their Chief inclose;
Then from his Seat the Goddess-born arose,
And thus undaunted spoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watry Plains,
And wandering homeward, seek our Safety hence,
In Flight at least, if we can find Defence?
Such Woes at once encompass us about,
The Plague within the Camp, the Sword without.
Consult, O King, the Prophets of th' Event:
And whence these Ills, and what the Gods intent, [sent: }
Let them by Dreams explore; for Dreams from *Jove* are }
What want of offer'd Victims, what Offence
In Fact committed cou'd the Sun incense,

To deal his deadly Shafts ? What may remove
His settled Hate, and reconcile his Love ?
That he may look propitious on our Toils ;
And hungry Graves no more be glatted with our Spoils.

Thus to the King of Men the Heroe spoke,
Then *Calchas* the desir'd Occasion took :
Calchas the sacred Seer, who had in View
Things present and the past ; and Things to come foreknew.
Supream of *Augurs*, who, by *Phæbus* taught,
The Grecian Pow'rs to *Troy's* Destruction brought.
Skill'd in the secret Causes of their Woes,
The reverend Priest in graceful Act arose :
And thus bespoke *Pelides* : Care of *Jove*,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Pow'rs above ;
Would'st thou the Seeds deep sown of Mischief know,
And why, provok'd *Apollo* bends his Bow ?
Plight first my Faith, inviolably true,
To save me from those Ills that may ensue.

For I shall tell ungrateful Truths, to those
Whose boundless Pow'rs of Life and Death dispose.
And Sov'reigns, ever jealous of their State,
Forgive not those whom once they mark for Hate ;
Ev'n tho' th' Offence they seemingly digest,
Revenge, like Embers rak'd, within their Breast,
Burst forth in Flames ; whose unresisted Pow'r
Will seize th' unwary Wretch, and soon devour.
Such, and no less is he, on whom depends
The Sum of Things ; and whom my Tongue of Force offends.
Secure me then from his foreseen Intent,
That what his Wrath may doom, thy Valour may prevent.

To this the stern *Achilles* made Reply :
Be bold ; and on my plighted Faith rely,
To speak what *Phæbus* has inspir'd thy Soul
Eor common Good ; and speak without Controul.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I swear,
That while my Nostrils draw this vital Air,

None shall presume to violate those Bands ;
Or touch thy Person with unhallow'd Hands :
Ev'n not the King of Men that all commands.

At this, resum'g Heart, the Prophet said :
Nor Hecatomb unslain, nor Vows unpaid,
On *Greeks*, accurs'd, this dire Contagion bring,
Or call for Vengeance from the Bowyer King ;
But he the Tyrant, whom none dares resist,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd Priest :
He keeps the Damsel Captive in his Chain,
And Presents are refus'd, and Pray'rs preferr'd in vain.
For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his Darts ;
And empties all his Quiver in our Hearts ;
Thus will persist, relentless in his Ire,
Till the fair Slave be render'd to her Sire :
And Ransom-free restor'd to his Abode,
With Sacrifice to reconcile the God :
Then he, perhaps, atton'd by Pray'r, may cease
His Vengeance justly vow'd ; and give the Peace.

Thus having said he fate : Thus answer'd then,
Upstarting from his Throne, the King of Men,
His Breast with Fury fill'd, his Eyes with Fire ;
Which rowling round, he shot in Sparkles on the Sire :
Augur of Ill, whose Tongue was never found
Without a Priestly Curse, or boding Sound ;
For not one bless'd Event foretold to me
Pass'd thro' that Mouth, or pass'd unwillingly.
And now thou dost with Lies the Throne invade,
By Practice harden'd in thy stand'ring Trade,
Obtending Heav'n, for what e'er Ills befall ;
And sputtring under specious Names thy Gall.
Now *Phæbus* is provok'd ; his Rites and Laws
Are in his Priest profan'd, and I the Cause :
Since I detain a Slave, my Sov'reign Prize ;
And sacred Gold, your Idol-God, despise.

I love her well : And well her Merits claim,
 'To stand preferr'd before my *Grecian* Dame :
 Not *Clytemnestra's* Self in Beauty's Bloom
 More charm'd, or better ply'd the various Loom :
 Mine is the Maid ; and brought in happy Hour [Bow'r.
 With every Household-grace adorn'd, to bless my Nuptial
 Yet shall she be restor'd ; since publick Good
 For private Int'rest ought not be withstood,
 'To save th' Effusion of my Peoples Blood.
 But Right requires, if I resign my own,
 I shou'd not suffer for your Sakes alone ;
 Alone excluded from the Prize I gain'd,
 And by your common Suffrage have obtain'd.
 The Slave without a Ransom shall be sent :
 It rests for you to make th' Equivalent.

To this the fierce *Thessalian* Prince reply'd :
 O first in Pow'r, but passing all in Pride,
 Gripping, and still tenacious of thy Hold,
 Wou'dst thou the *Grecian* Chiefs, tho' largely foul'd,
 Shou'd give the Prizes they had gain'd before ;
 And with their Loss thy Sacrilege restore ?
 Whate'er by Force of Arms the Soldier got,
 Is each his own, by dividend of Lot :
 Which to resume, were both unjust, and base :
 Not to be born but by a servile Race.
 But this we can : If *Saturn's* Son bestows
 The Sack of *Troy*, which he by Promise owes ;
 Then shall the conqu'ring *Greeks* thy Loss restore,
 And with large Int'rest make th' Advantage more.

To this *Atrides* answer'd : Tho' thy Boast
 Assumes the foremost Name of all our Host,
 Pretend not, mighty Man, that what is mine,
 Controll'd by thee, I tamely should resign.
 Shall I release the Prize I gain'd by Right,
 In taken Towns, and many a bloody Fight,

While

While thou detainst *Briseis* in thy Bands,
 By priestly glossing on the God's Commands?
 Resolve on this, (a short Alternative)
 Quit mine, or, in Exchange, another give;
 Else I, assure thy Soul, by Sov'reign Right
 Will seize thy Captive in thy own Despight.
 Or from stout *Ajax*, or *Ulysses*, bear
 What other Prize my Fancy shall prefer:
 Then softly murmur, or aloud complain,
 Rage as you please, you shall resist in vain.
 But more of this, in proper Time and Place,
 To Things of greater Moment let us pass.
 A Ship to sail the sacred Seas prepare;
 Proud in her Trim; and put on Board the Fair,
 With Sacrifice and Gifts, and all the Pomp of Pray'r.
 The Crew well chosen, the Command shall be
 In *Ajax*; or if other I decree,
 In *Creta's* King, or *Ithacus*, or if I please in thee:
 Most fit thyself to see perform'd th' Intent
 For which my Pris'ner from my Sight is sent;
 (Thanks to thy pious Care) that *Phæbus* may relent.

At this, *Achilles* roul'd his furious Eyes,
 Fix'd on the King askant; and thus replies.
 O. Impudent, regardful of thy own,
 Whose Thoughts are center'd on thyself alone,
 Advanc'd to Sov'reign Sway, for better Ends
 Than thus like abject Slaves to treat thy Friends.
 What *Greek* is he, that, urg'd by thy Command,
 Against the *Trojan* Troops will lift his Hand?
 Not I: Nor such inforc'd Respect I owe;
 Nor *Pergamus* I hate, nor *Priam* is my Foe.
 What Wrong from *Troy* remote, cou'd I sustain,
 To leave my fruitful Soil, and happy Reign,
 And plough the Surges of the stormy Main?
 Thee, frontless Man, we follow'd from afar;
 Thy Instruments of Death, and Tools of War.

Thine

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Thine is the Triumph; ours the Toil alone :
 We bear thee on our Backs, and mount thee on the Throne.
 For thee we fall in Fight; for thee redress
 Thy baffled Brother; not the Wrongs of *Greece*.
 And now thou threaten'st with unjust Decree,
 To punish thy affronting Heav'n, on me.
 To seize the Prize which I so dearly bought;
 By common Suffrage giv'n, confirm'd by Lot.
 Mean Match to thine: For still above the rest,
 Thy hook'd rapacious Hands usurp the best.
 Tho' mine are first in Fight, to force the Prey;
 And last sustain the Labours of the Day.
 Nor grudge I thee, the much the *Grecians* give;
 Nor murm'ring take the little I receive.
 Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wou'dst ingross
 The Whole, Insatiate, envy'st as thy Loss.
 Know, then, for *Phthia* fix'd is my Return:
 Better at home my ill-paid Pains to mourn,
 Than from an Equal here sustain the publick Scorn. }

The King, whose Brows with shining Gold were bound;
 Who saw his Throne with scepter'd Slaves encompass'd
 round,

Thus answer'd stern: Go, at thy Pleasure go:
 We need not such a Friend, nor fear we such a Foe.
 There will not want to follow me in Fight:
Jove will assist, and *Jove* assert my Right.
 But thou of all the Kings (his Care below)
 Art least at my Command, and most my Foe.
 Debates, Dissensions, Uproars are thy Joy;
 Provok'd without Offence, and practis'd to destroy.
 Strength is of Brutes; and not thy Boast alone;
 At least 'tis lent from Heav'n; and not thy own.
 Fly then, 'ill-manner'd, to thy native Land,
 And there, thy Ant-born *Myrmidons* command.
 But mark this Menace; since I must resign
 My black-ey'd Maid, to please the Pow'rs divine:

(A well

(A well-rigg'd Vessel in the Port attends,
Mann'd at my Charge, commanded by my Friends;) }
The Ship shall waft her to her wish'd Abode,
Full fraught with holy Bribes to the far-shooting God.
This thus dispatch'd, I owe myself the Care,
My Fame and injur'd Honour to repair :
From thy own Tent, proud Man, in thy Despight,
This Hand shall ravish thy pretended Right.
Briseis shall be mine, and thou shalt see,
What odds of awful Pow'r I have on thee :
That others at thy Cost may learn the Diff'rence of
Degree.

At this th' impatient Hero sowlly smil'd :
His Heart impetuous in his Bosom boil'd.
And jostled by two Tides of equal Sway,
Stood, for awhile, suspended in his Way.
Betwixt his Reason, and his Rage untam'd ;
One whisper'd soft, and one aloud reclaim'd :
That only counsell'd to the safer Side ;
This to the Sword, his ready Hand apply'd.
Unpunish'd to support th' Affront was hard :
Nor easie was th' Attempt to force the Guard.
But soon the Thirst of Vengeance fir'd his Blood :
Half shone his Faulchion, and half sheath'd it stood.

In that nice Moment, *Pallas*, from above,
Commission'd by th' imperial Wife of *Jove*,
Descended swift : (the white-arm'd Queen was loath-
The Fight shou'd follow ; for she favour'd both :)
Just as in Act he stood, in Clouds inshrin'd,
Her Hand she fasten'd on his Hair behind ;
Then backward by his yellow Curls she drew :
To him, and him alone confess'd in View.
Tam'd by superior Force he turn'd his Eyes
Aghast at first, and stupid with Surprise :
But by her sparkling Eyes, and ardent Look,
The Virgin-Warrior known, he thus bespoke.

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Com'st thou, Celestial, to behold my Wrongs ?
To view the Vengeance which to Crimes belongs ?

Thus He. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus rejoin'd :
I come to calm thy Turbulence of Mind,
If Reason will resume her sov'reign Sway,
And sent by *Juno*, her Commands obey.
Equal she loves you both, and I protect :
Then give thy Guardian Gods their due Respect ;
And cease Contention ; be thy Words severe,
Sharp as he merits : But the Sword forbear.
An Hour unhop'd already wings Way,
When he his dire Affront shall dearly pay :
When the proud King shall sue, with treble Gain,
To quit thy Loss, and conquer thy Disdain.
But thou, secure of my unfailing Word,
Compose thy swelling Soul ; and sheath the Sword.

The Youth thus answer'd mild ; auspicious Maid,
Heav'n's Will be mine ; and your Commands obey'd.
The Gods are just, and when, subduing Sense,
We serve their Pow'rs, provide the Recompence.
He said ; with surly Faith believ'd her Word,
And, in the Sheath, reluctant, plung'd the Sword.
Her Message done, she mounts the bless'd Abodes,
And mix'd among the Senate of the Gods.

At her Departure his Disdain return'd :
The Fire she fann'd, with greater Fury burn'd ;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a Vent :
Dastard, and Drunkard, Mean and Insolent :
Tongue-valiant Hero, Vaunter of thy Might,
In Threats the foremost, but the Lag in Fight ;
When didst thou thrust amid the mingled Peace,
Content to bid the War aloof in Peace ?
Arms are the Trade of each *Plebeian* Soul ;
'Tis Death to fight ; but Kingly to controul.
Lord-like at Ease, with arbitrary Pow'r,
To peel the Chiefs, the People to devour.

These, Traitor, are thy Talents ; safer far
Than to contend in Fields, and Toils of War.
Nor cou'dst thou thus have dar'd the common Hate,
Were not their Souls as abject as their State.
But, by this Scepter, solemnly I swear, [bear :
(Which never more green Leaf or growing Branch shall
Torn from the Tree, and giv'n by *Jove* to those
Who Laws dispense, and mighty Wrongs oppose)
That when the *Grecians* want my wonted Aid,
No Gift shall bribe it, and no Pray'r persuade.
When *Hector* comes, the Homicide, to wield
His conqu'ring Arms, with Corps to strow the Field ;
Then shalt thou mourn thy Pride ; and late confess
My Wrong repented, when 'tis past Redress.
He said : And with Disdain in open View,
Against the Ground his golden Scepter threw ;
Then fate : With boiling Rage *Atrides* burn'd,
And Foam betwixt his gnashing Grinders churn'd.

But from his Seat the *Pylean* Prince arose,
With Reas'ning mild, their Madness to compose :
Words, sweet as Honey, from his Mouth distill'd ;
Two Centuries already he fulfill'd ;
And now began the third ; unbroken yet :
Once fam'd for Courage ; still in Council great.

What worse, he said, can *Argos* undergo,
What can more gratifie the *Phrygian* Foe,
Than these distemper'd Heats ? If both the Lights
Of *Greece* their private Int'rest disunites !
Believe a Friend, with thrice your Years increas'd,
And let these youthful Passions be repress'd :
I flourish'd long before your Birth ; and then
Liv'd equal with a Race of braver Men,
Then these dim Eyes shall e'er behold agen,
Ceneus and *Dryas*, and, excelling them,
Great *Theseus*, and the Force of greater *Polypheme*.

With

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With these I went, a Brother of the War,
 Their Dangers to divide; their Fame to share.
 Nor idle stood with unassisting Hands,
 When salvage Beasts, and Men's more salvage Bands,
 Their virtuous Toil subdu'd: Yet those I sway'd,
 With pow'rful Speech: I spoke, and they obey'd.
 If such as those my Counsels cou'd reclaim,
 Think not, young Warriors, your diminish'd Name,
 Shall lose of Lustre, by subjecting Rage
 To the cool Dictates of experienc'd Age.
 Thou, King of Men, stretch not thy sovereign Sway
 Beyond the Bounds free Subjects can obey:
 But let *Pelides* in his Prize rejoice,
 Atchiev'd in Arms, allow'd by publick Voice.
 Nor, thou, brave Champion, with his Pow'r contend,
 Before whose Throne, ev'n Kings their lower'd Scepters
 The Head of Action he, and thou the Hand, [bend.
 Matchless thy Force; but mightier his Command:
 Thou first, O King, release the Rights of Sway;
 Pow'r, self-restrain'd, the People best obey.
 Sanctions of Law from thee derive their Source;
 Command thyself, whom no Commands can force.
 The Son of *Thetis*, Rampire of our Host,
 Is worth our Care to keep; nor shall my Pray'rs be lost.
 Thus *Nestor* said, and ceas'd: *Atrides* broke
 His Silence next; but ponder'd ere he spoke.
 Wise are thy Words, and glad I wou'd obey,
 But this proud Man affects imperial Sway.
 Controuling Kings, and trampling on our State,
 His Will is Law; and what he wills is Fate.
 The Gods have giv'n him Strength: But whence the Style
 Of lawless Pow'r assum'd, or Licence to revile?
Achilles cut him short; and thus reply'd:
 My Worth allow'd in Words, is in Effect deny'd.
 For who but a Poltron, possess'd with Fear,
 Such haughty Insolence can tamely bear?

Command

Command thy Slaves : My freeborn Soul disdains
A Tyrant's Curb ; and restiff breaks the Reins.
Take this along ; that no Dispute shall rise
(Though mine the Woman) for my ravish'd Prize :
But she accepted, as unworthy Strife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy Life,
Touch ought of mine beside, by Lot my due,
But stand aloof, and think profane to view :
This Fauchion, else, not hitherto withstood,
These hostile Fields shall fatten with thy Blood.

He said ; and rose the first : The Council broke ;
And all their grave Consults dissolv'd in Smoke.

The royal Youth retir'd, on Vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd silent to his Tent.

Mean Time, the King with Gifts a Vessel stores ;
Supplies the Banks with twenty chosen Oars :

And next, to reconcile the shooter God,
Within her hollow Sides the Sacrifice he stow'd :

Chryseis last was set on board ; whose Hand

Ulysses took, intrusted with Command :

They plow the liquid Seas ; and leave the less'ning Land. }

Atrides then, his outward Zeal to boast,

Bade purifie the Sin-polluted Host.

With perfect Hecatombs the God they grac'd ;

Whose offer'd Entrails in the Main were cast.

Black Bulls, and bearded Goats on Altars lie ;

And Clouds of sav'ry Stench involve the Sky.

These Poms the royal Hypocrite design'd

For Shew : But harbour'd Vengeance in his Mind :

Till holy Malice, longing for a Vent,

At length, discover'd his conceal'd Intent.

Talthybius, and *Eurybates* the Just,

Heralds of Arms, and Ministers of Trust,

He call'd ; and thus bespoke : Haste hence your Way ;

And from the Goddess-born demand his Prey.

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If yielded, bring the Captive: If deny'd,
The King (so tell him) shall chastise his Pride:
And with arm'd Multitudes in Person come
To vindicate his Pow'r, and justifie his Doom.

This hard Command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren Shore pursue their Way,
Where quarter'd in their Camp, the fierce *Theſſalians* lay.
Their Sov'reign seated on his Chair, they find;
His pensive Cheek upon his Hand reclin'd,
And anxious Thoughts revolving in his Mind.
With gloomy Looks he saw them entring in
Without Salute: Nor durst they first begin,
Fearful of rash Offence and Death foreseen.
He soon the Cause divining, clear'd his Brow;
And thus did Liberty of Speech allow.

Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your Character, and uncontroll'd,
Howe'er unpleasing be the News you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious King.
You come, I know, my Captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the Herald's Hand.
But you, authentick Witnesses I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful King,
Of this my Manifest: That never more
This Hand shall combat on the crooked Shore:
No, let the *Grecian* Pow'rs oppress'd in Fight,
Unpity'd perish in their Tyrant's Sight.
Blind of the future, and by Rage mis-led,
He pulls his Crimes upon his People's Head.
Forc'd from the Field in Trenches to contend.
And his insulted Camp from Foes defend.
He said, and soon obeying his Intent,
Patroclus brought *Briseis* from her Tent;
Then to th' intrusted Messengers resign'd:
She wept, and often cast her Eyes behind:

Forc'd

Forc'd from the Man she lov'd : They led her thence,
Along the Shore a Pris'ner to their Prince.

Sole on the barren Sands the suff'ring Chief
Roar'd out for Anguish, and indulg'd his Grief.
Cast on his kindred Seas a stormy Look,
And his upbraided Mother thus bespoke.

Unhappy Parent, of a short-liv'd Son,
Since *Jove* in Pity by thy Pray'rs was won
To grace my small Remains of Breath with Fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd Life with Shame ?
Suff'ring his King of Men to force my Slave,
Whom, well deserv'd in War, the *Grecians* gave.

Set by old Ocean's Side the Goddess heard ;
Then from the sacred Deep her Head she rear'd :
Rose like a Morning-mist ; and thus begun
To sooth the Sorrows of her plaintive Son.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his Smart ?
Let thy afflicted Parent share her Part.

Then, sighing from the Bottom of his Breast,
To the Sea-Goddess thus the Goddess-born address'd,
Thou know'st my Pain, which telling but recalls :
By Force of Arms we raz'd the *Theban* Walls ;
The ransack'd City, taken by our Toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden Spoils :
Equal we shar'd them ; but before the rest,
The proud Prerogative had seiz'd the best.

Chryseis was the greedy Tyrant's Prize,
Chryseis rose cheek'd with charming Eyes.
Her Sire, *Apollo's* Priest, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd Gifts of Price, his Daughter's Liberty.
Suppliant before the *Grecian* Chiefs he stood,
Awful, and arm'd with Ensigns of his God :
Bare was his hoary Head, one holy Hand [Command.
Held forth his Lawrel-Crown, and one, his Scepter of
His Suit was common, but above the rest
To both the Brother-Princes was address'd.

With

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With Shouts of loud Acclaim the *Greeks* agree
 To take the Gifts, to set the Pris'ner free.
 Not so the Tyrant, who with Scorn the Priest
 Receiv'd, and with opprobrious Words dismiss'd.
 The good old Man, forlorn of human Aid,
 For Vengeance to his heav'nly Patron pray'd :
 The Godhead gave a favourable Ear,
 And granted all to him he held so dear ;
 In an ill Hour his piercing Shafts he sped ;
 And Heaps on Heaps of slaughter'd *Greeks* lay dead,
 While round the Camp he rang'd : At length arose
 A Seer who well divin'd ; and durst disclose
 The Source of all our Ills : I took the Word ;
 And urg'd the sacred Slave to be restor'd,
 The God appeas'd : The swelling Monarch storm'd :
 And then the Vengeance vow'd, he since perform'd :
 The *Greeks*, 'tis true, their Ruin to prevent,
 Have to the royal Priest his Daughter sent ;
 But from their haughty King his Heralds came,
 And seiz'd, by his Command, my captive Dame,
 By common Suffrage giv'n ; but, thou, be won,
 If in thy Pow'r, t'avenge thy injur'd Son :
 Ascend the Skies ; and supplicating move
 Thy just Complaint, to Cloud-compelling *Jove*.
 If thou by either Word or Deed hast wrought
 A kind Remembrance in his grateful Thought,
 Urge him by that : For often hast thou said
 Thy Pow'r was once not useless in his Aid,
 When he who high above the highest Reigns,
 Surpriz'd by Traitor-Gods, was bound in Chains.
 When *Juno*, *Pallas*, with Ambition fir'd,
 And his blue Brother of the Seas conspir'd.
 Thou freed'st the Sovereign from unworthy Bands,
 Thou brought'st *Briareus* with his hundred Hands,
 (So call'd in Heav'n, but mortal Men below
 By his terrestrial Name *Aegeon* know :

Twice

Twice stronger than his Sire, who sat above
Assessor to the Throne of thundring *Jove*.)
The Gods, dismay'd at his Approach, withdrew,
Nor durst their unaccomplish'd Crime pursue.
That Action to his grateful Mind recal;
Embrace his Knees, and at his Footstool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our Foes;
Let *Troy's* triumphant Troops the Camp inclose:
Ours beaten to the Shore, the Siege forsake;
And what their King deserves, with him partake.
That the proud Tyrant, at his proper Cost,
May learn the Value of the Man he lost.

To whom the Mother-Goddes thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere she spoke, and while she spoke she cry'd,
Ah wretched me! by Fates averse, decreed,
To bring thee forth with Pain, with Care to breed!
Did envious Heav'n not otherwise ordain,
Safe in thy hollow Ships thou shou'dst remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal Field again.

}

But not thy Planet sheds his pois'nous Rays:
And short, and full of Sorrow are thy Days.
For what remains, to Heav'n I will ascend,
And at the Thund'rer's Throne thy Suit commend.
'Till then, secure in Ships, abstain from Fight;
Indulge thy Grief in Tears, and vent thy Spight.
For Yesterday the Court of Heav'n with *Jove*
Remov'd: 'Tis dead Vacation now above.
Twelve Days the Gods their solemn Revels keep,
And quaff with blameless *Ethiops* in the Deep.
Return'd from thence, to Heav'n my Flight I take,
Knock at the brazen Gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his Knees, and suppliant to the Sire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy Desire.

She said: And parting left him on the Place,
Sworn with Disdain, resenting his Disgrace:

Revenge-

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Revengeful Thoughts revolving in his Mind,
He wept for Anger, and for Love he pin'd.

Mean Time with prosp'rous Gales *Ulysses* brought
The Slave, and Ship with Sacrifices fraught,
To *Chrysa's* Port: Where entring with the Tide
He drop'd his Anchors, and his Oars he ply'd.
Furl'd every Sail, and drawing down the Mast,
His Vessel moor'd; and made with Haulsers fast.
Descending on the Plain, ashore they bring
The Hecatomb to please the shooter King.
The Dame before an Altar's holy Fire
Ulysses led; and thus bespoke her Sire.

Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
The King of Men thy Daughter has restor'd;
And sent by me with Presents and with Pray'r;
He recommends him to thy pious Care.
That *Phæbus* at thy Suit his Wrath may cease,
And give the penitent Offenders Peace.

He said, and gave her to her Father's Hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from servile Bands.
This done, in Order they, with sober Grace,
Their Gifts around the well-built Altar Place.
Then wash'd, and took the Cakes; while *Chryses* stood
With Hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God.

God of the Silver Bow, whose Eyes survey
The sacred *Cilla*, thou whose awful Sway
Chrysa the bless'd, and *Tenedos* obey: }
Now hear, as thou before my Pray'r hast heard,
Against the *Grecians*, and their Prince, preferr'd:
Once thou hast honour'd, honour once again
Thy Priest; nor let his second Vows be vain.
But from th' afflicted Host and humbled Prince
Avert thy Wrath, and cease thy Pestilence.
Apollo heard, and conquering his Disdain,
Unbent his Bow, and *Greece* respir'd again.

Now

Now when the solemn Rites of Pray'r were past,
Their salted Cakes on crackling Flames they cast.
Then, turning back, the Sacrifice they sped:
The fatted Oxen slew, and flea'd the Dead.
Chop'd off their nervous Thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the Lean in Cauls, and mend with Lard.
Sweet-breads and Collops were with Skewers prick'd
About the Sides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The Priest with holy Hands was seen to tine
The cloven Wood, and pour the ruddy Wine.
The Youth approach'd the Fire, and as it burn'd
On five sharp Broachers rank'd, the Roast they turn'd;
These Morsels stay'd their Stomachs; then the rest
They cut in Legs and Fillets for the Feast;
Which drawn and serv'd, their Hunger they appease
With sav'ry Meat, and set their Minds at Ease.

Now when the Rage of Eating was repell'd,
The Boys with generous Wine the Goblets fill'd.
The first Libations to the Gods they pour:
And then with Songs indulge the genial Hour.
Holy Debauch! Till Day to Night they bring,
With Hymns and *Pæans* to the Bowyer King.
At Sun-set to their Ship they make Return,
And snore secure on Decks, till rosy Morn.

The Skies with dawning Day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with lab'ring Oars they leave the Shore:
The Pow'r appeas'd, with Winds suffic'd the Sail,
The bellying Canvas strutted with the Gale;
The Waves indignant roar with surly Pride,
And press against the Sides, and beaten off divide.
They cut the foamy Way, with Force impell'd
Superior, till the *Trojan* Port they held:
Then hauling on the Strand their Gally moor,
And pitch their Tents along the crooked Shore.

Mean Time the Goddess-born in Secret pin'd;
Nor visited the Camp, nor in the Council join'd,

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But keeping close, his gnawing Heart he fed
With Hopes of Vengeance on the Tyrant's Head :
And wish'd for bloody Wars and mortal Wounds,
And of the *Greeks* oppress'd in Fight to hear the dying
Sounds.

Now, when twelve Days compleat had run their Race,
The Gods bethought them of the Carés belonging to their
Place.

Jove at their Head ascending from the Sea,
A Shoal of puny Pow'rs attend his Way.
Then *Thetis*, not unmindful of her Son,
Emerging from the Deep, to beg her Boon,
Pursu'd their Track ; and waken'd from his Rest,
Before the Sovereign stood a Morning Guest.
Him in the Circle, but apart, she found :
The rest at awful Distance stood around.
She bow'd, and ere she durst her Sute begin,
One Hand embrac'd his Knees, one prop'd his Chin.
Then thus. If I, Celestial Sire, in ought
Have serv'd thy Will, or gratify'd thy Thought,
One glimpse of Glory to my Issue give ;
Grac'd for the little Time he has to live.
Dishonour'd by the King of Men he stands :
His rightful Prize is ravish'd from his Hands.
But thou, O Father, in my Son's Defence,
Assume thy Pow'r, assert thy Providence.

Let *Troy* prevail, till *Greece* th' Affront has paid
With doubled Honours ; and redeem'd his Aid.

She ceas'd, but the consid'ring God was mute :
Till she, resolv'd to win, renew'd her Sute :
Nor loos'd her Hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my Petition, or deny :

Jove cannot fear : Then tell me to my Face
That I, of all the Gods, am least in Grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-Compeller mourn'd,
And sighing first, this Answer he return'd,

Know

Know'st thou what Clamours will disturb my Reign,
What my stunn'd Ears from *Juno* must sustain?
In Council she gives Licence to her Tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the Wrong.
And now she will my partial Pow'r upbraid,
If, alienate from *Greece*, I give the *Trojans* Aid.
But thou depart, and shun her jealous Sight,
The Care be mine, to do *Pelides* right.
Go then, and on the Faith of *Jove* rely:
When nodding to thy Sute, he bows the Sky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable Doom:
The Sign ordain'd, that what I will shall come:
The Stamp of Heav'n, and Seal of Fate. He said,
And shook the sacred Honours of his Head.
With Terror trembled Heav'n's subsiding Hill:
And from his shaken Curls ambrosial Dews distil.
The Goddess goes exulting from his Sight, [Light.
And seeks the Seas profound; and leaves the Realms of
He moves into his Hall: The Pow'r's resort,
Each from his House to fill the Sovereign's Court.
Nor waiting Summons, nor expecting stood;
But met with Reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the Throne; and *Juno* took her Place:
But sullen Discontent sate lowring on her Face.
With jealous Eyes, at Distance she had seen,
Whisp'ring with *Jove* the Silver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of Tongue (her Silence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling Tone she spoke.

Author of Ills, and close Contriver *Jove*,
Which of thy Dames, what Prostitute of Love,
Has held thy Ear so long, and begg'd so hard,
For some old Service done, some new Reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your special Care,
The Consort never must the Council share.
One gracious Word is for a Wife too much:
Such is a Marriage-Vow, and *Jove's* own Faith is such.

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Then thus the Sire of Gods, and Men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddesses are Women: And no Wife
Has Pow'r to regulate her Husband's Life:
Counsel she may; and I will give thy Ear
The Knowledge first, of what is fit to hear.
What I transact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor press too near the Throne.

To whom the Goddess with the charming Eyes,
What hast thou said, O Tyrant of the Skies,
When did I search the Secrets of thy Reign,
Though privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in Vain?
But well thou dost, to hide from common Sight
Thy close Intrigues, too bad to bear the Light.
Nor doubt I, but the Silver-footed Dame,
Tripping from Sea, on such an Errand came,
To grace her Issue, at the *Grecians* Cost,
And for one peevish Man destroy an Host.

To whom the Thund'rer made this stern Reply;
My household Curse, my lawful Plague, the Spy
Of *Jove's* Designs, his other squinting Eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be Master still, and *Juno* fail.
Shou'd thy suspicious Thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'st more odious to my Sight,
For this Attempt: uneasy Life to me
Sill watch'd, and importun'd, but worse for thee.
Curb that impetuous Tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy Fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy Defence,
To lift a Hand against Omnipotence.

This heard, th' imperious Queen sat mute with Fear:
Nor further durst incense the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the Court at this Rebuke:
Nor cou'd the Gods abash'd, sustain their Sov'reign's Look.

The Limping Smith observ'd the sadden'd Feast,
And hopping here and there (himself a Jest)
Put in his Word, that neither might offend;
To *Jove* obsequious, yet his Mother's Friend.
What End in Heav'n will be of civil War,
If Gods of Pleasure will for Mortals jar?
Such Discord but disturbs our jovial Feast;
One Grain of Bad, embitters all the Best.
Mother, tho' wise yourself, my Counsel weigh;
'Tis much unsafe my Sire to disobey.
Not only you provoke him to your Cost,
But Mirth is marr'd, and the good Chear is lost.
Tempt not his heavy Hand; for he has Pow'r
To throw you headlong, from his heav'nly Tow'r.
But one submissive Word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good Humour with us all.

He said no more; but crown'd a Bowl, unbid:
The laughing Nectar overlook'd the Lid:
Then put it to her Hand; and thus pursu'd,
This cursed Quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a Wife, obedient still;
Though griev'd, yet subject to her Husband's Will.
I wou'd not see you beaten; yet afraid
Of *Jove's* superior Force, I dare not aid.
Too well I know him, since that hapless Hour
When I, and all the Gods employ'd our Pow'r
To break your Bonds: Me by the Heel he drew;
And o'er Heav'n's Battlements with Fury threw.
All Day I fell; my Flight at Morn begun,
And ended not but with the setting Sun.
Pitch'd on my Head, at length the *Lemnian* Ground
Receiv'd my batter'd Skull, the *Sinthians* heal'd my Wound.

At *Vulcan's* homely Mirth his Mother smil'd,
And smiling took the Cup the Clown had fill'd.
The Reconciler-Bowl went round the Board,
Which empty'd, the rude Skinker still restor'd.

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Loud Fits of Laughter seiz'd the Guests, to see
 The limping God so dest at his new Ministry.
 The Feast continu'd till declining Light: [Night.
 They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas
 Nor wanted tuneful Harp, nor vocal Quire;
 The Muses sung; *Apollo* touch'd the Lyre.
 Drunken at last, and drowsie they depart,
 Each to his House; adorn'd with labour'd Art
 Of the lame Architect: The thund'ring God
 Ev'n he withdrew to rest, and had his Load.
 His swimming Head to needful Sleep apply'd;
 And *Juno* lay unheeded by his Side.





T H E
C O C K and the F O X:
O R, T H E
T A L E O F T H E N U N ' s P R I E S T,
F R O M C H A U C E R.



HERE liv'd, as Authors tell, in Days of
Yore,

A Widow somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in a Cell her Cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under Covert of a Wood.

This Dowager, on whom my Tale I found,
Since last she laid her Husband in the Ground,
A simple sober Life, in Patience led,
And had but just enough to buy her Bread:
But Huswifery the little Heav'n had lent,
She duly paid a Groat for Quarter-Rent;
And pinch'd her Belly, with her Daughters two,
To bring the Year about with much ado.

The Cattle in her Homestead were three Sows,
An Ewe call'd *Mally*; and three brindled Cows.
Her Parlor-Window stuck with Herbs around,
Of sav'ry Smell; and Rushes strew'd the Ground.
A Maple-Dresser in her Hall she had,
On which full many a slender Meal she made:

For no delicious Morfel pass'd her Throat;
According to her Cloth she cut her Coat;
No poynant Sawce she knew, nor costly Treat,
Her Hunger gave a Relish to her Meat:
A sparing Diet did her Health assure;
Or sick, a Pepper-Poffet was her Cure.
Before the Day was done, her Work she sped;
And never went by Candle-light to Bed:
With Exercise she sweat ill Humours out,
Her Dancing was not hinder'd by the Gout.
Her Poverty was glad; her Heart content;
Nor knew she what the Spleen or Vapours meant.

Of Wine she never tasted through the Year,
But White and Black was all her homely Chear;
Brown Bread, and Milk, (but first she skim'd her Bowls)
And Rashers of findg'd Bacon, on the Coals.
On Holy-Days, an Egg, or two at most;
But her Ambition never reach'd to Roast.

A Yard she had with Pales enclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry Ditch without.
Within this Homestead, liv'd without a Peer,
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer:
So hight her Cock; whose singing did surpass
The merry Notes of Organs at the Mass.
More certain was the crowing of a Cock
To number Hours, than is an Abbey-clock;
And sooner than the Mattin-Bell was rung,
He clap'd his Wings upon his Roost, and sung:
For when Degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure Instinct he knew 'twas one at Night.
High was his Comb, and Coral-red withal,
In Dents embattel'd like a Castle-Wall;
His Bill was Raven-black, and shone like Jet,
Blue were his Legs, and Orient were his Feet:
White were his Nails, like Silver to behold,
His Body glitt'ring like the burnish'd Gold.

This

The Tale of the Nun's Priest.

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This gentle Cock, for Solace of his Life,
Six Misses had beside his lawful Wife;
Scandal that spares no King, tho' ne'er so good,
Says, they were all of his own Flesh and Blood:
His Sisters both by Sire, and Mother's Side,
And sure their Likeness show'd them near ally'd.
But make the Worst, the Monarch did no more,
Than all the *Protophets* had done before:
When Incest is for Int'rest of a Nation,
'Tis made no Sin by holy Dispensation.

Some Lines have been maintain'd by this alone,
Which by their common Uglinefs are known.

But passing this as from our Tale apart,
Dame Partlet was the Sovereign of his Heart:
Ardent in Love, outrageous in his Play,
He feather'd her a hundred Times a Day:
And she that was not only passing fair,
But was withal discreet, and debonair,
Resolv'd the passive Doctrine to fulfill
Tho' loath: And let him work his wicked Will.
At Board and Bed was affable and kind,
According as their Marriage-Vow did bind,
And as the Church's Precept had enjoin'd.
Ev'n since she was a Sennight old, they say,
Was chaste, and humble to her dying Day,
Nor Chick nor Hen was known to disobey,

By this her Husband's Heart she did obtain;
What cannot Beauty, join'd with Virtue, gain!
She was his only Joy, and he her Pride,
She, when he walk'd, went pecking by his Side;
If, spurning up the Ground, he sprung a Corn,
The Tribute in his Bill to her was born.
But oh! what Joy it was to hear him sing
In Summer, when the Day began to spring,
Stretching his Neck, and warbling in his Throat,
Solus cum Sola, then was all his Note.

R 5

For

For in the Days of Yore, the Birds of Parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the lib'ral Arts.

It happ'd that perching on the Parlor-beam
Amidst his Wives he had a deadly Dream ;
Just at the Dawn, and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As ev'ry Breath he drew wou'd be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his Side,
Heard all his piteous Moan, and how he cry'd
For Help from Gods and Men : And sore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
Dear Heart, said she, for Love of Heav'n declare
Your Pain, and make me Partner of your Care.
You groan, Sir, ever since the Morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble Spright.

And Madam, well I might, said Chanticleer,
Never was *Shrovetide-Cock* in such a Fear.
Ev'n still I run all over in a Sweat,
My princely Senses not recover'd yet.
For such a Dream I had of dire Portent,
That much I fear my Body will be shent :
It bodes I shall have Wars and woful Strife,
Or in a loathsom Dungeon end my Life.
Know Dame, I dreamt within my troubled Breast,
That in our Yard I saw a murd'rous Beast,
That on my Body would have made Arrest.
With waking Eyes I ne'er beheld his Fellow,
His Colour was betwixt a Red and Yellow :
Tipp'd was his Tail, and both his pricking Ears
With Black ; and much unlike his other Hairs :
The rest, in Shape a Beagle's Whelp throughout,
With broader Forehead, and a sharper Snout :
Deep in his Front were sunk his glowing Eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with Surprise.
Reach out your Hand, I drop with clammy Sweat,
And lay it to my Heart, and feel it beat.

Now

Now fie for Shame, quoth she, by Heav'n above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy Lady's Love;
No Woman can endure a recreant Knight,
He must be bold by Day, and free by Night:
Our Sex desires a Husband or a Friend,
Who can our Honour and his own defend;
Wife, Hardy, Secret, lib'ral of his Purse:
A Fool is nauseous, but a Coward worse:
No bragging Coxcomb, yet no baffled Knight.
How dar'st thou talk of Love, and dar'st not Fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy Dame thou art affer'd?
Hast thou no manly Heart, and hast a Beard?

If ought from fearful Dreams may be divin'd,
They signifie a Cock of Dunghill-kind.
All Dreams, as in old *Galen* I have read,
Are from Repletion and Complexion bred:
From rising Fumes of indigested Food,
And noxious Humours that infect the Blood:
And sure, my Lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish Fancies you have had To-night,
Are certain Symptoms (in the canting Stile)
Of boiling Choler, and abounding Bile:
This yellow Gaul that in your Stomach floats,
Ingenders all these visionary Thoughts.
When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
Of Flames and all the Family of Red;
Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we view;
For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue.
From hence we dream of Wars and warlike Things,
And Wasps and Hornets with their double Wings.

Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear;
Then black Bulls toss us, and black Devils tear.
In Sanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound,
With Rheumes oppress'd we sink in Rivers drown'd.

More I could say, but thus conclude my Theme,
The dominating Humour makes the Dream.

Cato was in his Time accounted wise,
 And he condemns them all for empty Lies.
 Take my Advice; and when we fly to Ground,
 With Laxatives preserve your Body found,
 And purge the peccant Humours that abound.

I should be loath to lay you on a Bier;
 And though there lives no 'Pothecary near,
 I dare for once prescribe for your Disease,
 And save long Bills, and a damn'd Doctor's Fees.

Two Sovereign Herbs, which I by Practice know,
 And both at Hand, (for in our Yard they grow;) }
 On Peril of my Soul shall rid you wholly
 Of yellow Choler, and of Melancholy:

You must both Purge, and Vomit; but obey,
 And for the Love of Heav'n make no Delay.

Since hot and dry in your Complexion join,
 Beware the Sun when in a vernal Sign;

For when he mounts exalted in the Ram,
 If then he finds your Body in a Flame,

Replete with Choler, I dare lay a Groat,
 A Tertian Ague is at least your Lot.

Perhaps a Fever (which the Gods forefend)
 May bring your Youth to some untimely End.

And therefore, Sir, as you desire to live,
 A Day or two before your Laxative,

Take just three Worms, nor under nor above,
 Because the Gods unequal Numbers love.

These Digestives prepare you for your Purge,
 Of Fumetery, Centaury, and Spurge,

And of Ground-Ivy add a Leaf, or two,
 All which within our Yard or Garden grow.

Eat these, and be, my Lord, of better Cheer;
 Your Father's Son was never born to fear.

Madam, quoth he, Grammercy for your Care;
 But *Cato*, whom you quoted, you may spare;

'Tis true, a wise and worthy Man he seems;
And (as you say) gave no Belief to Dreams:
But other Men of more Authority,
And, by th' immortal Pow'rs, as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder Sense, that Dreams forebode;
For *Homer* plainly says they come from God:
Nor *Cato* said it: But some modern Fool,
Impos'd in *Cato's* Name on Boys at School.

Believe me, Madam, Morning Dreams foreshow
Th' Events of Things, and future Weal or Woe;
Some Truths are not by Reason to be try'd,
But we have sure Experience for our Guide.
An ancient Author, equal with the best,
Relates this Tale of Dreams among the rest.

Two Friends, or Brothers, with devout Intent,
On some far Pilgrimage together went.
It happen'd so that when the Sun was down,
They just arriv'd by Twilight at a Town;
That Day had been the baiting of a Bull,
'Twas at a Feast, and ev'ry Inn so full,
That no void Room in Chamber, or on Ground,
And but one sorry Bed was to be found:
And that so little it would hold but one,
Though till this Hour they never lay alone.

So were they forc'd to part; one stay'd behind,
His Fellow sought what Lodging he could find:
At last he found a Stall where Oxen stood,
And that he rather chose than lie abroad.
'Twas in a farther Yard without a Door,
But for his Ease, well litter'd was the Floor.

His Fellow, who the narrow Bed had kept,
Was weary, and without a Rocker slept:
Supine he snor'd; but in the Dead of Night,
He dreamt his Friend appear'd before his Sight,
Who with a ghastly Look and doleful Cry,
Said Help me Brother, or this Night I die:

Arise,

Arise, and Help, before all Help be vain,
Or in an Ox's Stall I shall be slain.

Rowz'd from his Rest he waken'd in a Start,
Shiv'ring with Horror, and with aking Heart;
At Length to cure himself by Reason tries;
'Twas but a Dream, and what are Dreams but Lies?
So thinking chang'd his Side, and clos'd his Eyes.
His Dream returns; his Friend appears again,
The Murd'ers come: now Help, or I am slain:
'Twas but a Vision still, and Visions are but vain.

He dreamt the third: But now his Friend appear'd
Pale, naked, pierc'd with Wounds, with Blood besmear'd:
Thrice warn'd awake, said he; Relief is late,
The Deed is done; but thou revenge my Fate:
Tardy of Aid, unseal thy heavy Eyes,
Awake, and with the dawning Day arise:
Take to the Western Gate thy ready Way,
For by that Passage they my Corps convey:
My Corps is in a Tumbril laid; among
The Filth, and Ordure, and enclos'd with Dung.
That Cart arrest, and raise a common Cry;
For sacred Hunger of my Gold I die;
Then shew'd his grisly Wound; and last he drew
A piteous Sigh; and took a long Adieu.

The frighted Friend arose by Break of Day,
And found the Stall where late his Fellow lay.
Then of his impious Host enquiring more,
Was answer'd that his Guest was gone before:
Muttering he went, said he, by Morning-light,
And much complain'd of his ill Rest by Night.
This rais'd Suspicion in the Pilgrim's Mind;
Because all Hosts are of an evil Kind,
And oft, to share the Spoil, with Robbers join'd.

His Dream confirm'd his Thought: With troubled Look
Strait to the Western-Gate his Way he took.

There,

There, as his Dream foretold, a Cart he found,
That carry'd Composts forth to dung the Ground.
This, when the Pilgrim saw, he stretch'd his Throat,
And cry'd out Murther, with a yelling Note.
My murther'd Fellow in this Cart lies dead,
Vengeance and Justice on the Villian's Head.
You, Magistrates, who sacred Laws dispense,
On you I call to punish this Offence.

The Word thus giv'n, within a little Space,
The Mob came roaring out, and throng'd the Place.
All in a Trice they cast the Cart to Ground,
And in the Dung the murther'd Body found;
Tho' breathless, warm, and reeking from the Wound.
Good Heav'n, whose darling Attribute we find
Is boundless Grace, and Mercy to Mankind,
Abhors the Cruel; and the Deeds of Night
By wond'rous Ways reveals in open Light:
Murther may pass unpunish'd for a Time,
But tardy Justice will o'ertake the Crime.
And oft a speedier Pain the Guilty feels;
The Hue and Cry of Heav'n pursues him at the Heels,
Fresh from the Fact; as in the present Case;
The Criminals are seiz'd upon the Place:
Carter and Host confronted Face to Face.
Stiff in Denial, as the Law appoints,
On Engines they distend their tortur'd Joints:
So was Confession forc'd, th' Offence was known,
And publick Justice on th' Offenders done.

Here may you see that Visions are to dread;
And in the Page that follows this, I read
Of two young Merchants, whom the Hope of Gain
Induc'd in Partnership to cross the Main:
Waiting till willing Winds their Sails supply'd,
Within a Trading-Town they long abide,
Full fairly situate on a Haven's Side.

One Evening it befel that looking out,
 The Wind they long had wish'd was come about :
 Well pleas'd they went to Rest ; and if the Gale
 'Till Morn continu'd, both resolv'd to fail.
 But as together in a Bed they lay,
 The younger had a Dream at Break of Day.
 A Man, he thought, stood frowning at his Side ;
 Who warn'd him for his Safety to provide,
 Not put to Sea, but safe on Shore abide.
 I come, thy Genius, to command thy Stay ;
 Trust not the Winds, for fatal is the Day,
 And Death unhop'd attends the watry Way.

The Vision said : And vanish'd from his Sight :
 The Dreamer waken'd in a mortal Fright :
 Then pull'd his drowzy Neighbour, and declar'd
 What in his Slumber he had seen, and heard.
 His Friend smil'd scornful, and with proud Contempt
 Rejects as idle what his Fellow dreamt.
 Stay, who will stay : For me no Fears restrain,
 Who follow *Mercury* the God of Gain ;
 Let each Man do as to his Fancy seems,
 I wait, not I, till you have better Dreams.
 Dreams are but Interludes, which Fancy makes ;
 When Monarch-Reason sleeps, this Mimick wakes :
 Compounds a Medly of disjointed Things,
 A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings :
 Light Fumes are merry, grosser Fumes are sad ;
 Both are the reasonable Soul run mad :
 And many monstrous Forms in Sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes, forgotten Things long cast behind
 Rush forward in the Brain, and come to Mind.
 The Nurses Legends are for Truths receiv'd,
 And the Man dreams but what the Boy believ'd.

Some-

Sometimes we but rehearse a former Play,
The Night restores our Actions done by Day;
As Hounds in Sleep will open for their Prey.
In short, the Farce of Dreams is of a Piece,
Chimera's all; and more absurd, or less:
You, who believe in Tales, abide alone;
Whate'er I get this Voyage, is my own.

Thus while he spoke, he heard the shouting Crew
That call'd aboard, and took his last Adieu.
The Vessel went before a merry Gale,
And for quick Passage put on ev'ry Sail:
But when least fear'd, and ev'n in open Day,
The Mischief overtook her in the Way:
Whether she sprung a Leak, I cannot find,
Or whether she was overfet with Wind,
Or that some Rock below her Bottom rent;
But down at once with all her Crew she went:
Her Fellow-Ships from far her Loss descri'd;
But only she was sunk, and all were safe beside.

By this Example you are taught again,
That Dreams and Visions are not always vain:
But if, dear Partler, you are yet in Doubt,
Another Tale shall make the former out.

Kenelm the Son of *Kenulph*, *Mercia's* King,
Whose holy Life the Legends loudly sing,
Warn'd, in a Dream, his Murther did foretel
From Point to Point, as after it befel:
All Circumstances to his Nurse he told,
(A Wonder, from a Child of sev'n Years old:)
The Dream with Horror heard, the good old Wife
From Treason counsell'd him to guard his Life:
But close to keep the Secret in his Mind,
For a Boy's Vision small Belief would find.
The pious Child, by Promise bound, obey'd,
Nor was the fatal Murther long delay'd:

By *Quenda* slain, he fell before his Time,
 Made a young Martyr by his Sister's Crime.
 The Tale is told by venerable *Bede*,
 Which, at your better Leisure, you may read.

Macrobius too relates the Vision sent
 To the great *Scipio*, with the fam'd Event.
 Objections makes, but after makes Replies,
 And adds, that Dreams are often Prophecies.

Of *Daniel*, you may read in Holy Writ,
 Who, when the King his Vision did forget,
 Cou'd Word for Word the wond'rous Dream repeat. }
 Nor less of Patriarch *Joseph* understand,
 Who by a Dream inflav'd th' *Ægyptian* Land,
 The Years of Plenty and of Dearth foretold,
 When, for their Bread, their Liberty they sold.
 Nor must th' exalted Butler be forgot,
 Nor he whose Dream presag'd his hanging Lot.

And did not *Cræsus* the same Death foresee,
 Rais'd in his Vision on a lofty Tree;
 The Wife of *Hector*, in his utmost Pride,
 Dreamt of his Death the Night before he dy'd:
 Well was he warn'd from Battle to refrain,
 But Men to Death decreed are warn'd in vain: }
 He dar'd the Dream, and by his fatal Foe was slain.

Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
 For see the ruddy Day begins to break:
 Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
 My Dream was bad, and bodes Adversity:
 But neither Pills nor Laxative I like,
 They only serve to make a well-man sick:
 Of these his Gain the sharp Physician makes,
 And often gives a Purge, but seldom takes:
 They not correct, but poison all the Blood,
 And ne'er did any but the Doctors good.
 Their Tribe, Trade, Trinkets, I defy them all,
 With ev'ry Work of 'Pothecary's Hall.

These

These melancholy Matters I forbear :
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the Beauties of thy Face,
I fear not Death, nor Dangers, nor Disgrace :
So may my Soul have Blifs, as when I spy
The Scarlet Red about thy Partridge Eye,
While thou art constant to thy own true Knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy Delight,
All Sorrows at thy Presence take their Flight.
For true it is, as *in Principio*,
Mulier est hominis confusio,
Madam, the Meaning of this Latin is,
That Woman is to Man his sovereign Blifs.
For when by Night I feel your tender Side,
Though for the narrow Perch I cannot ride,
Yet I have such a Solace in my Mind,
That all my boding Cares are cast behind ;
And ev'n already I forget my Dream :
He said, and downward flew from off the Beam.
For Day-light now began apace to spring,
The Thrust to whistle, and the Lark to sing.
Then crowing clap'd his Wings, th' appointed Call
To chuck his Wives together in the Hall.

By this the Widow had unbarr'd the Door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With Royal Courage, and with Heart so light,
As shew'd he scorn'd the Visions of the Night.
Now roaming in the Yard he spurn'd the Ground,
And gave to Parlet the first Grain he found.
Then often feather'd her with wanton Play,
And trod her twenty Times ere Prime of Day ;
And took by Turns and gave so much Delight,
Her Sisters pin'd with Envy at the Sight.

He chuck'd again, when other Corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a Foot to Ground.

But

But swagger'd like a Lord about his Hall,
And his sev'n Wives came running at his Call.

'Twas now the Month in which the World began,
(If *March* beheld the first created Man :)
And since the vernal Equinox, the Sun,
In *Aries* twelve Degrees, or more had run,
When casting up his Eyes against the Light,
Both Month, and Day, and Hour he measur'd right;
And told more truly, than th' Ephemeris,
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.

Thus numb'ring Times, and Seasons in his Breast,
His second Crowing the third Hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Parlet, See, my Dear,
How lavish Nature has adorn'd the Year;
How the pale Primrose, and blue Violet spring,
And Birds essay their Throats disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with Pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me?
An unfledg'd Creature, of a lumpish Frame,
Indew'd with fewer Particles of Flame:
Our Dame sits cousing o'er a Kitchen-fire,
I draw fresh Air, and Nature's Works admire:
And ev'n this Day, in more Delight abound,
Than since I was an Egg, I ever found.

The Time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His Words unsaid, and hate his boasted Bliss:
The crested Bird shall by Experience know,
Jove made not him his Master-piece below;
And learn the latter End of Joy is Woe.
The Vessel of his Bliss to Dregs is run,
And Heav'n will have him taste his other Tun.

Ye Wise draw near, and harken to my Tale,
Which proves that oft the Proud by Flatt'ry fail:
The Legend is as true I undertake
As *Tristan* is, and *Launcelot* of the Lake:

Which

Which all our Ladies in such Rev'rence hold,
As if in Book of Martyrs it were told.

A Fox full fraught with seeming Sanctity,
That fear'd an Oath, but, like the Devil, would lie,
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy Leer,
And durst not Sin before he say'd his Pray'r :
This pious Cheat, that never suck'd the Blood,
Nor chaw'd the Flesh of Lambs, but when he cou'd ;
Had pass'd three Summers in the neighb'ring Wood :
And musing long, whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked Fancy bent :
And in his high Imagination cast,
By Stratagem to gratifie his Taste.

The Plot contriv'd, before the break of Day,
Saint *Reynard* thro' the Hedge had made his Way ;
The Pale was next, but proudly with a Bound
He leapt the Fence of the forbidden Ground :
Yet fearing to be seen, within a Bed
Of Coleworts he conceal'd his wily Head ;
There sculk'd till Afternoon, and watch'd his Time,
(As Murd'ers use) to perpetrate his Crime.

O Hypocrite, ingenious to destroy,
O Traitor, worse than *Sinon* was to *Troy* ;
O vile Subverter of the *Gallick* Reign,
More false than *Gano* was to *Charlemaign* !
O Chanticleer, in an unhappy Hour
Didst thou forsake the Safety of thy Bow'r :
Better for thee thou hadst believ'd thy Dream,
And not that Day descended from the Beam !

But here the Doctors eagerly dispute :
Some hold Predestination absolute :
Some Clerks maintain, that Heav'n at first foresees,
And in the Virtue of Foresight decrees.
If this be so, then Prescience binds the Will,
And Mortals are not free to Good or Ill :

For what he first foresaw, he must ordain,
 Or it's eternal Prescience may be vain :
 As bad for us as Prescience had not been :
 For first, or last, he's Author of the Sin.
 And who says that, let the blaspheming Man
 Say worse ev'n of the Devil, if he can,
 For how can that Eternal Pow'r be just
 To punish Man, who sins because he must ?
 Or, how can he reward a virtuous Deed,
 Which is not done by us ; but first decreed ?
 I cannot bould this Matter to the Bran,
 As *Bradwardin* and holy *Austin* can :
 If Prescience can determine Actions so
 That we must do, because he did foreknow,
 Or that foreknowing, yet our Choice is free,
 Not forc'd to sin by strict Necessity :
 This strict Necessity they simple call,
 Another Sort there is conditional.
 The first so binds the Will, that Things foreknown
 By Spontaneity, not Choice, are done.
 Thus Galley-Slaves tug willing, at their Oar,
 Consent to work, in Prospect of the Shore ;
 But wou'd not work at all, if not constrain'd before.
 That other does not Liberty constrain,
 But Man may either act, or may refrain.
 Heav'n made us Agents free to Good or Ill,
 And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the Will.
 Freedom was first bestow'd on human Race,
 And Prescience only held the second Place.

If he could make such Agents wholly free,
 I not dispute ; the Point's too high for me ;
 For Heav'n's unfathom'd Pow'r what Man can sound,
 Or put to his Omnipotence a Bound ?
 He made us to his Image, all agree ;
 That Image is the Soul, and that must be,
 Or not the Maker's Image, or be free.

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 But

The Tale of the Nun's Priest.

179

But whether it were better Man had been
By Nature bound to Good, not free to Sin,
I wave, for fear of Splitting on a Rock.
The Tale I tell is only of a Cock;
Who had not run the Hazard of his Life,
Had he believ'd his Dream, and not his Wife:
For Women, with a Mischief to their Kind,
Prevert, with bad Advice, our better Mind.
A Woman's Counsel brought us first to Woe,
And made her Man his Paradise forego,
Where at Heart's Ease he liv'd; and might have been
As free from Sorrow as he was from Sin.
For what the Devil had their Sex to do,
That, born to Folly, they presum'd to know,
And could not see the Serpent in the Grass?
But I myself presume, and let it pass.

Silence in Times of Suff'ring is the best,
'Tis dangerous to disturb a Hornet's Nest.
In other Authors you may find enough,
But all they say of Dames is idle Stuff.
Legends of lying Wits together bound,
'The Wife of *Bath* would throw 'em to the Ground:
'These are the Words of Chanticleer, not mine,
I honour Dames, and think their Sex divine.

Now to continue what my Tale begun,
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breast-high in Sand: Her Sisters in a row,
Enjoy'd the Beams above, the Warmth below.
The Cock, that of his Flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the Mermaid in the Sea:
And so befel, that as he cast his Eye,
Among the Colworts on a Butterfly,
He saw false *Reynard* where he lay full low,
I need not swear he had no list to Crow:
But cry'd Cock, Cock, and gave a sudden Start,
As fore dismaid and frighted at his Heart.

For

For Birds and Beasts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their Foe.

So, Chanticleer, who never saw a Fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a Sailor shuns the Rocks.

But the false Loon, who cou'd not work his Will
By open Force, employ'd his flatt'ring Skill;
I hope, my Lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your Friend?

I were a Beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:

Stay, gentle Sir, nor take a false Alarm,
For on my Soul I never meant you Harm.

I come no Spy, nor as Traitor press,
To learn the Secrets of your soft Recess:
Far be from *Reynard* so prophane a Thought,
But by the Sweetness of your Voice was brought:
For, as I bid my Beads, by Chance I heard,
The Song as of an Angel in the Yard:
A Song that wou'd have charm'd th' infernal Gods,
And banish'd Horror from the dark Abodes:
Had *Orpheus* sung it in the neather Sphere,
So much the Hymn had pleas'd the Tyrant's Ear,
The Wife had been detain'd, to keep the Husband there. }

My Lord, your Sire familiarly I knew,
A Peer deserving such a Son as you:
He, with your Lady-Mother (whom Heav'n rest)
Has often grac'd my House, and been my Guest:
To view his living Features does me Good,
For I am your poor Neighbour in the Wood;
And in my Cottage shou'd be proud see
The worthy Heir of my Friend's Family.

But since I speak of Singing, let me say,
As with an upright Heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breaths not on the Ground,
One like your Father for a Silver-sound.

So sweetly wou'd he wake the Winter-day,
That Matrons to the Church mistook their Way,
And thought they heard the merry Organ play.
And he to raise his Voice with artful Care,
(What will not Beaux attempt to please the Fair?)
On Tiptoe stood to sing with greater Strength,
And stretch'd his comely Neck at all the Length:
And while he strain'd his Voice to pierce the Skies,
As Saints in Raptures use, would shut his Eyes,
That the Sound striving thro' the narrow Throat,
His winking might avail, to mend the Note.
By this, in Song, he never had his Peer,
From sweet *Cecilia* down to Chanticleer;
Not *Maro's* Muse who sung the mighty Man,
Nor *Pindar's* heav'nly Lyre, nor *Horace* when a Swan.
Your Ancestors proceed from Race divine,
From *Brennus* and *Belinus* is your Line:
Who gave to sov'reign *Rome* such loud Alarms,
That ev'n the Priests were not excus'd from Arms.

Besides, a famous Monk of modern Times,
Has left of Cocks recorded in his Rhimes,
That of a Parish Priest the Son and Heir,
(When Sons of Priests were from the Proverb clear)
Affronted once a Cock of noble Kind,
And either lam'd his Legs, or struck him blind;
For which the Clerk his Father was disgrac'd,
And in his Benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my Lord, if not for Love of me,
Yet for the Sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make Hills, and Dales, and Earth and Heav'n rejoice.
And emulate your Father's Angel-voice.

The Cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud beside, as solar People are:
Nor cou'd the Treason from the Truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this Flattery:

So much the more as from a little Elf,
 He had a high Opinion of himself:
 Tho' sickly, slender, and not large of Limb,
 Concluding all the World was made for him.

Ye Princes rais'd by Poets to the Gods,
 And *Alexander*'d up in lying Odes,
 Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring Knave's Report,
 There's many a *Reynard* lurking in the Court;
 And he shall be receiv'd with more Regard
 And listen'd to, than modest Truth is heard.

This Chanticleer, of whom the Story sings,
 Stood high upon his Toes, and clap'd his Wings;
 Then stretch'd his Neck, and wink'd with both his Eyes,
 Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympick Prize.
 But while he pain'd himself to raise his Note,
 False *Reynard* rush'd, and caught him by the Throat.
 Then on his Back he laid the precious Load,
 And sought his wonted Shelter of the Wood;
 Swiftly he made his Way, the Mischief done,
 Of all unheeded, and pursu'd by none.

Alas, what Stay is there in human State,
 Or who can shun inevitable Fate?
 The Doom was written, the Decree was past,
 Ere the Foundations of the World were cast!
 In *Aries* though the Sun exalted stood,
 His Patron-Planet to procure his Good;
 Yet *Saturn* was his mortal Foe, and he
 In *Libra* rais'd, oppos'd the same Degree:
 The Rays both good and bad, of equal Pow'r,
 Each thwarting other made a mingled Hour.

On *Friday*-morn he dreamt this direful Dream,
 Cross to the worthy Native, in his Scheme!
 Ah blissful *Venus*, Goddess of Delight,
 How cou'dst thou suffer thy devoted Knight,
 On thy own Day to fall by Foe oppress'd,
 The Wight of all the World who serv'd thee best?

Who true to Love, was all for Recreation,
And minded not the Work of Propagation.
Gaufride, who cou'dst so well in Rhime complain
The Death of *Richard* with an Arrow slain,
Why had not I thy Muse, or thou my Heart,
To sing this heavy Dirge with equal Art!
That I like thee on *Friday* might complain;
For on that Day was *Cœur de Lion* slain.

Not louder Cries when *Ilium* was in Flames,
Were sent to Heav'n by woful *Trojan* Dames,
When *Pyrrhus* tofs'd on high his burnish'd Blade,
And offer'd *Priam* to his Father's Shade,
Than for the Cock the widow'd Poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was born from Sight,
With sovereign Shrieks bewail'd her captive Knight.
Far louder than the *Carthaginian* Wife,
When *Asdrubal* her Husband lost his Life,
When she beheld the smouldring Flames ascend,
And all the *Punick* Glories at an End:
Willing into the Fires she plung'd her Head,
With greater Ease than others seek their Bed.
Not more aghast the Matrons of Renown,
When Tyrant *Nero* burn'd th' imperial Town,
Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful Cry,
For which their guiltless Lords were doom'd to die.

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Now to my Story I return again:
The trembling Widow, and her Daughters twain,
This woful cackling Cry with Horror heard,
Of those distracted Damsels in the Yard;
And starting up beheld the heavy Sight,
How *Reynard* to the Forest took his Flight.
And cross his Back, as in triumphant Scorn,
The Hope and Pillar of the House was born.

The Fox, the wicked Fox, was all the Cry;
Out from his House ran ev'ry Neighbour nigh:

The Vicar first, and after him the Crew,
 With Forks and Staves the Felon to pursue.
 Ran *Coll* our Dog, and *Talbot* with the Band,
 And *Malkin*, with her Distaff in her Hand :
 Ran Cow and Calf, and Family of Hogs,
 In Panick Horror of pursuing Dogs,
 With many a deadly Grunt and doleful Squeak,
 Poor Swine, as if their pretty Hearts would break.
 The Shouts of Men, the Women in Dismay,
 With Shrieks augment the Terror of the Day.
 The Ducks that heard the Proclamation cry'd,
 And fear'd a Persecution might betide,
 Full twenty Mile from Town their Voyage take,
 Obscure in Rushes of the liquid Lake.
 The Geese fly o'er the Barn ; the Bees in Arms,
 Drive headlong from their waxen Cells in Swarms.
Jack Straw at *London-stone*, with all his Rout,
 Struck not the City with so loud a Shout ;
 Not when with *English* Hate they did pursue
 A *French* Man, or an unbelieving *Jew* :
 Not when the *Welkin* rung with one and all ;
 And Echoes bounded back from *Fox's Hall* ;
 Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and Heav'n above to fall. }
 With Might and Main they chas'd the murd'rous Fox,
 With Brazen Trumpets, and inflated Box,
 To kindle *Mars* with military Sounds,
 Nor wanted Horns r'inspire sagacious Hounds.

But see how Fortune can confound the Wise,
 And when they least expect it, turn the Dice.
 The captive Cock, who scarce cou'd draw his Breath,
 And lay within the very Jaws of Death ;
 Yet in this Agony his Fancy wrought,
 And Fear supply'd him with this happy Thought :
 Your's is the Prize, victorious Prince, said he,
 The Vicar my Defeat, and all the Village see.

Enjoy

Enjoy your friendly Fortune while you may,
And bid the Churls, that envy you the Prey,
Call back their mungril Curs, and cease their Cry,
See Fools, the Shelter of the Wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your Despight shall die.
He shall be pluck'd, and eaten to the Bone.

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'Tis well advis'd, in Faith it shall be done;
This *Reynard* said: But as the Word he spoke,
The Pris'ner with a Spring from Prison broke:
Then stretch'd his feather'd Fans with all his Might,
And to the neighb'ring Maple wing'd his Fight.

Whom when the Traitor safe on Tree beheld,
He curs'd the Gods, with Shame and Sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his Folly; Sorrow out of Time,
For Plotting an unprofitable Crime:
Yet mast'ring both, th' Artificer of Lies
Renews th' Assault, and his last Batt'ry tries.

Though I, said he, did ne'er in Thought offend,
How justly may my Lord suspect his Friend?
Th' Appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in Distress:
You, if your Goodness does not plead my Cause,
May think I broke all hospitable Laws,
To bear you from your Palace-yard by Might,
And put your noble Person in a Fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, Heav'n can witness, with no bad Intent;
I practis'd it, to make you taste your Cheer
With double Pleasure, first prepar'd by Fear.
So loyal Subjects often seize the Prince,
Forc'd (for his Good) to seeming Violence,
Yet mean his sacred Person not the least Offence.
Descend; so help me *Jove* as you shall find
That *Reynard* comes of no dissembling Kind.

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Nay, quoth the Cock; but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a Saint upon his Oath:

An honest Man may take a Knave's Advice,
 But Idiots only may be cozen'd twice:
 Once warn'd is well bewar'd: Not flatt'ring Lies
 Shall sooth me more to sing with winking Eyes,
 And open Mouth, for Fear of catching Flies.
 Who blindfold walks upon a River's Brim,
 When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
 Better, Sir Cock, let all Contention cease,
 Come down, said *Reynard*, let us treat of Peace.
 A Peace with all my Soul, said Chanticleer;
 But, with your Favour, I will treat it here:
 And least the Truce with Treason should be mixt.
 'Tis my Concern to have the Free betwixt.

T H E M O R A L.

In this plain Fable you th' Effect may see
 Of Negligence, and fond Credulity:
 And learn besides of Flatt'ers to beware,
 The most pernicious when they speak too fair.
 The Cock and Fox, the Fool and Knave imply;
 The Truth is moral, though the Tale a Lie.
 Who spoke in Parables, I dare not say;
 But sure, he knew it was a pleasing Way,
 Sound Sense, by plain Example, to convey.
 And in Heathen Author we may find,
 That Pleasure with Instruction should be join'd:
 So take the Corn, and leave the Chaff behind.

THEODORE



THEODORE and HONORIA.

F R O M

B O C C A C E.



F all the Cities in *Romanian* Lands, [stands :
The chief, and most renown'd *Ravenna*
Adorn'd in ancient Times with Arms and
Arts,

And rich Inhabitants, with generous Hearts.
But *Theodore* the Brave, above the rest,
With Gifts of Fortune and of Nature blest'd,
The foremost Place for Wealth and Honour held,
And all in Feats of Chivalry excell'd.

This noble Youth to Madness lov'd a Dame,
Of high Degree, *Honor*a was her Name :
Fair as the Fairest, but of haughty Mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a Kind ;
Proud of her Birth ; (for Equal she had none ;) }
The rest she scorn'd ; but hated him alone.
His Gifts, his constant Courtship, nothing gain'd ;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd :
He liv'd with all the Pomp he cou'd devise,
At Tilts and Turnaments obtain'd the Prize,
But found no Favour in his Lady's Eyes :
Relentless as a Rock, the lofty Maid
Turn'd all to Poison that he did, or said :

Nor Pray'rs, nor Tears, nor offer'd Vows could move;
 The Work went backward; and the more he strove
 T' advance his Sute, the farther from her Love. }

Weary'd at length, and wanting Remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
 But Pride stood ready to prevent the Blow,
 For who would die to gratify a Foe?
 His gen'rous Mind disdain'd so mean a Fate:
 'That pass'd, his next Endeavour was to hate.
 But vainer that Relief than all the rest,
 The less he hop'd, with more Desire possess'd;
 Love stood the Siege, and would not yield his Breast. }
 Change was the next, but Change deceiv'd his Care;
 He sought a Fairer, but found none so fair.
 He would have worn her out by slow Degrees,
 As Men by fasting starve th' untam'd Disease: }
 But present Love requir'd a present Ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd Eyes,
 Feeds lingering Death, but looking not he dies.
 Yet still he chose the longest Way to Fate,
 Wasting at once his Life, and his Estate.

His Friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
 For what Advice can ease a Lover's Pain!
 Absence, the best Expedient they could find
 Might save the Fortune, if not cure the Mind:
 This Means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
 Yet after much Pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard, you may think it was, to give Consent,
 But, struggling with his own Desires, he went:
 With large Expence, and with a pompous Train,
 Provided, as to visit *France* or *Spain*, }
 Or for some distant Voyage o'er the Main.
 But Love had clipp'd his Wings, and cut him short,
 Confin'd within the Parlieus of his Court:
 Three Miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
 His Travels ended at his Country Seat:

To

To *Cbassis* pleasing Plains he took his Way,
There pitch'd his Tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The Spring was in the Prime; the neighb'ring Grove
Supply'd with Birds, the Choristers of Love:

Musick unbought, that minister'd Delight
To Morning-walks, and lull'd his Cares by Night:
'There he discharg'd his Friends; but not th' Expence
Of frequent Treats, and proud Magnificence.

He liv'd as Kings retire, tho' more at large
From publick Business, yet with equal Charge;
With House, and Heart still open to receive;
As well content, as Love would give him Leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a Guest,
Who could forsake the Friend, pursu'd the Feast.

It happ'd one Morning, as his Fancy led,
Before his usual Hour, he left his Bed;
To walk within a lonely Lawn, that stood
On ev'ry Side surrounded by the Wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive Mind,
And sought the deepest Solitude to find:
'Twas in a Grove of spreading Pines he stray'd;
The Winds within the quiv'ring Branches plaid,
And Dancing-Trees a mournful Musick made.
The Place itself was suiting to his Care,
Uncouth, and Savage, as the cruel Fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the Wood, and all on Love intent:
The Day already half his Race had run,
And summon'd him to due Repast at Noon,
But Love could feel no Hunger but his own.

Whilst list'ning to the murm'ring Leaves he stood,
More than a Mile immers'd within the Wood,
At once the Wind was laid; the whisp'ring Sound
Was dumb; a rising Earthquake rock'd the Ground:

With deeper Brown the Grove was overspread :
 A sudden Horror seiz'd his giddy Head,
 And his Ears tinkled, and his Colour fled.
 Nature was in Alarm ; some Danger nigh
 Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal Eye.
 Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his Soul,
 And stood collected in himself, and whole ;
 Not long : For soon a Whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming Sound,
 As of a Dame distress'd, who cry'd for Aid,
 And fill'd with loud Laments the secret Shade.

A Thicket close beside the Grove there stood,
 With Briers and Brambles choak'd, and dwarfish Wood :
 From thence the Noise : which now approaching near,
 With more distinguish'd Notes invades his Ear :
 He rais'd his Head, and saw a beauteous Maid,
 With Hair dishevell'd, issuing through the Shade ;
 Stripp'd of her Cloaths, and e'en those Parts reveal'd,
 Which modest Nature keeps from Sight conceal'd.
 Her Face, her Hands, her naked Limbs were torn,
 With passing thro' the Brakes, and prickly Thorn,
 Two Mastiffs gaunt and grim her Flight pursu'd,
 And oft their fasten'd Fangs in Blood embru'd :
 Oft they came up and pinch'd her tender Side,
 Mercy, O Mercy, Heav'n, she ran, and cry'd ;
 When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their Hold again,
 Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a Knight of swarthy Face,
 High on a Cole-black Steed pursu'd the Chace ;
 With flashing Flames his ardent Eyes were fill'd,
 And in his Hands a naked Sword he held :
 He chear'd the Dogs to follow her who fled,
 And vow'd Revenge on her devoted Head.

As *Theodore* was born of noble Kind,
 The brutal Action rouz'd his manly Mind :

Mov'd with unworthy Usage of the Maid,
 He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her Aid.
 A saplin Pine he wrench'd from out the Ground,
 The readiest Weapon that his Fury found.
 Thus furnish'd for Offence, he cross'd the Way
 Betwixt the graceless Villain, and his Prey.

The Knight came thund'ring on, but from afar,
 Thus in imperious Tone forbad the War:
 Cease, *Theodore*, to proffer vain Relief,
 Nor stop the Vengeance of so just a Grief;
 But give me Leave to seize my destin'd Prey,
 And let eternal Justice take the Way:
 I but revenge my Fate; disdain'd, betray'd,
 And suff'ring Death for this ungrateful Maid.

He say'd; at once dismounting from the Steed;
 For now the Hell-hounds with superior Speed
 Had reach'd the Dame, and fast'ning on her Side,
 The Ground with issuing Streams of Purple dy'd.
 Stood *Theodore* surpriz'd in deadly Fright,
 With chatt'ring Teeth and bristling Hair upright;
 Yet arm'd with inborn Worth, Whate'er, said he,
 Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
 Or prove thy rightful Cause, or be defy'd:
 The Spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd.

Know, *Theodore*, thy Ancestry I claim,
 And *Guido Cavalcanti* was my Name.
 One common Sire our Fathers did beget;
 My Name and Story some remember yet:
 Thee, then a Boy, within my Arms I laid,
 When for my Sins I lov'd this haughty Maid;
 Not less ador'd in Life, nor serv'd by me,
 Than proud *Honoria* now is lov'd by thee.
 What did I not her stubborn Heart to gain?
 But all my Vows were answer'd with Disdain?
 She scorn'd my Sorrows, and despis'd my Pain.

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Long Time I dragg'd my Days in fruitless Care;
 Then loathing Life, and plung'd in deep Despair,
 To finish my unhappy Life, I fell
 On this sharp Sword, and now am damn'd in Hell.

Short was her Joy; for soon th' insulting Maid
 By Heav'n's Decree in the cold Grave was laid,
 And as in unrepented Sin she dy'd,
 Doom'd to the same bad Place, is punish'd for her Pride;
 Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
 And made a Merit of her Cruelty.
 There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were cast,
 And this irrevocable Sentence pass'd;
 That she whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
 Should suffer from my Hands a lingering Pain:
 Renew'd to Life, that she might daily die,
 I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
 No more a Lover but a mortal Foe,
 I seek her Life (for Love is none below:)
 As often as my Dogs with better Speed
 Arrest her Flight, is she to Death decreed.
 Then with this fatal Sword, on which I dy'd,
 I pierce her open'd Back or tender Side,
 And tear that harden'd Heart from out her Breast, [Feast.
 Which, with her Entrails, makes my hungry Hounds a
 Nor lies she long, but as her Fates ordain,
 Springs up to Life, and fresh to second Pain,
 Is sav'd to Day, To-morrow to be slain.

This, vers'd in Death, th' infernal Knight relates,
 And then for Proof fulfill'd their common Fates;
 Her Heart and Bowels through her Back he drew,
 And fed the Hounds that help'd him to pursue.
 Stern look'd the Fiend, as frustrate of his Will,
 Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
 And now the Soul expiring through the Wound,
 Had left the Body breathless on the Ground,

When

When thus the grisly Spectre spoke again :
 Behold the Fruit of ill-rewarded Pain :
 As many Months as I sustain'd her Hate,
 So many Years is she condemn'd by Fate
 To daily Death ; and ev'ry several Place,
 Conscious of her Disdain, and my Disgrace,
 Must witness her just Punishment ; and be
 A Scene of Triumph and Revenge to me.
 As in this Grove I took my last Farewel,
 As on this very Spot of Earth I fell,
 As *Friday* saw me die, so she my Prey
 Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving Day.

Thus while he spoke, the Virgin from the Ground
 Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the Wound,
 And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
 Precipitates her Flight along the Shore :
 The Hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with Flesh and Blood,
 Pursue their Prey, and seek their wonted Food :
 The Fiend remounts his Courser ; mends his Pace,
 And all the Vision vanish'd from the Place.

Long stood the noble Youth oppress'd with Awe,
 And stupid at the wond'rous Things he saw
 Surpassing common Faith ; transgressing Nature's Law. }
 He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
 But Dreams, he knew, no long Impression make,
 Though strong at first : If Vision, to what End, }
 But such as must his future State portend ?
 His Love the Damsel, and himself the Fiend. }
 But yet reflecting that it could not be
 From Heav'n, which cannot impious Acts decree,
 Resolv'd within himself to shun the Snare
 Which Hell for his Destruction did prepare ;
 And as his better Genius should direct,
 From an ill Cause to draw a good Effect.

Inspir'd from Heav'n he homeward took his Way,
 Nor pall'd his new Design with long delay :

But of his Train a trusty Servant sent
 To call his Friends together at his Tent.
 They came, and usual Salutations paid,
 With Words premeditated thus he said :
 What you have often counsell'd, to remove
 My vain Pursuit of unregarded Love ;
 By Thrift my sinking Fortune to repair,
 Tho' late, yet is at last become my Care :
 My Heart shall be my own ; my vast Expence
 Reduc'd to Bounds, by timely Providence :

This only I require ; invite for me
Honoria, with her Father's Family,
 Her Friends, and mine ; the Cause I shall display,
 On *Friday* next, for that's th' appointed Day.

Well pleas'd were all his Friends, the Task was light ;
 The Father, Mother, Daughter they invite ;
 Hardly the Dame was drawn to this Repast ;
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
 The Day was come ; the Guests invited came,
 And, with the rest, th' inexorable Dame :
 A Feast prepar'd with riotous Expence,
 Much Cost, more Care, and most Magnificence.
 The Place ordain'd was in that haunted Grove,
 Where the revenging Ghost pursu'd his Love :
 The Tables in a proud Pavilion spread,
 With Flow'rs below, and Tissue over-head :
 The rest in Rank ; *Honoria* chief in Place,
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her Face
 To front the Thicket, and behold the Chace.
 The Feast was serv'd ; the Time so well forecast,
 That just when the Dessert, and Fruits were plac'd,
 The Fiend's Alarm began ; the hollow Sound
 Sung in the Leaves, the Forest shook around,
 Air blacken'd ; rowl'd the Thunder ; groan'd to Ground.

Not long before the loud Laments arise,
 Of one distress'd, and Mastiffs mingled Cries ;

And

And first the Dame came rushing through the Wood,
 And next the famish'd Hounds that sought their Food
 And grip'd her Flanks, and oft essay'd their Jaws in Blood. }
 Last came the Felon on the fable Steed,
 Arm'd with his naked Sword, and urg'd his Dogs to Speed :
 She ran, and cry'd ; her Flight directly bent,
 (A Guest unbidden) to the fatal Tent, }
 The Scene of Death, and Place ordain'd for Punishment. }
 Loud was the Noise, aghast was every Guest,
 The Women shriek'd, the Men forsook the Feast ;
 The Hounds at nearer Distance hoarsly bay'd ; }
 The Hunter close pursu'd the visionary Maid,
 She rent the Heav'n with loud Laments, imploring Aid. }

The Gallants, to protect the Lady's Right,
 Their Fauchions brandish'd at the grisly Spright ;
 High on his Stirrups, he provok'd the Fight. }
 Then on the Crowd he cast a furious Look,
 And wither'd all their Strength before he strook :
 Back, on your Lives ; let be, said he, my Prey,
 And let my Vengeance take the destin'd Way.
 Vain are your Arms, and vainer your Defence,
 Against th' eternal Doom of Providence :
 Mine is th' ungrateful Maid by Heav'n design'd :
 Mercy she would not give, nor Mercy shall she find.
 At this the former Tale again he told
 With thund'ring Tone, and dreadful to behold :
 Sunk were their Hearts with Horror of the Crime,
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second Time,
 But bore each other back ; some knew the Face,
 And all had heard the much-lamented Case }
 Of him who fell for Love, and this the fatal Place. }

And now th' infernal Minister advanc'd,
 Seiz'd the due Victim, and with Fury launch'd
 Her Back, and piercing through her inmost Heart,
 Drew backward ; as before, th' offending Part.

The reeking Entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre Mastiffs made a Prey :
 The pale Assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping Mouths for issuing Words prepar'd ;
 The still-born Sounds upon the Palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the faltering Tongue.
 The Fright was general ; but the female Band
 (A helpless Train) in more Confusion stand ;
 With Horror shuddring, on a Heap they run,
 Sick at the Sight of hateful Justice done ; [their own.
 For Conscience rung th' Alarm, and made the Case }

So spread upon a Lake with upward Eye
 A plump of Fowl, behold their Foe on high,
 They close their trembling Troop ; and all attend
 On whom the fowling Eagle will descend.

But most the proud *Honoria* fear'd th' Event,
 And thought to her alone the Vision sent.
 Her Guilt presents to her distracted Mind
 Heav'n's Justice, *Theodore's* revengeful Kind,
 And the same Fate to the same Sin assign'd ;
 Already sees herself the Monster's Prey,
 And feels her Heart and Entrails torn away.
 'Twas a mute Scene of Sorrow, mix'd with Fear,
 Still on the Table lay th' unfinish'd Cheer ;
 The Knight and hungry Mastiffs stood around,
 The mangled Dame lay breathless on the Ground :
 When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with Breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer Death ;
 Nor stay'd the Hell-hounds, nor the Hunter stay'd,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying Maid :
 Th' Avenger took from Earth th' avenging Sword,
 And mounting light as Air, his sable Steed he spurr'd :
 The Clouds dispell'd, the Sky resum'd her Light,
 And Nature stood recover'd of her Fright.

But Fear, the last of Ills, remain'd behind,
 And Horror heavy sate on ev'ry Mind.

Nor *Theodore* encourag'd more his Feast,
 But sternly look'd, as hatching in his Breast
 Some deep Design; which when *Honoria* view'd,
 The fresh Impulse her former Fright renew'd:
 She thought herself the trembling Dame who fled,
 And him the grisly Ghost that spurr'd th' infernal Steed:
 The more dismay'd, for when the Guests withdrew,
 Their courteous Host saluting all the Crew,
 Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind Adieu.
 That Sting infix'd within her haughty Mind,
 The Downfall of her Empire she divin'd;
 And her proud Heart with secret Sorrow pin'd.
 Home as they went, the sad Discourse renew'd
 Of the relentless Dame to Death pursu'd,
 And of the Sight obscene so lately view'd.
 None durst arraign the righteous Doom she bore,
 Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
 The Parallel they needed not to name,
 But in the Dead they damn'd the living Dame.

At ev'ry little Noise she look'd behind;
 For still the Knight was present to her Mind:
 And anxious oft she started on the Way, [Prey.
 And thought the Horseman-Ghost came thundring for his
 Return'd, she took her Bed, with little Rest,
 But in short Slumbers dreamt the funeral Feast:
 Awak'd, she turn'd her Side, and slept again;
 The same black Vapours mounted in her Brain,
 And the same Dreams return'd with double Pain.

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
 Her Blood all fever'd, with a furious Leap
 She sprung from Bed, distracted in her Mind,
 And fear'd, at ev'ry Step, a twitching Spright behind,
 Darkling and desp'rate with a stagg'ring Pace,
 Of Death afraid, and conscious of Disgrace;
 Fear, Pride, Remorse, at once her Heart assail'd,
 Pride put Remorse to flight, but Fear prevail'd.

Friday,

Friday, the fatal Day, when next it came,
 Her Soul forethought the Fiend would change his Game,
 And her pursue, or *Theodore* be slain,
 And two Ghosts join their Packs to hunt her o'er the Plain.

This dreadful Image so possess'd her Mind,
 That desp'rate any Succour else to find,
 She ceas'd all farther Hope; and now began
 To make Reflection on th' unhappy Man.
 Rich, Brave, and Young, who past Expression lov'd,
 Proof to Disdain; and not to be remov'd:
 Of all the Men respected and admir'd,
 Of all the Dames, except herself, desir'd.
 Why not of her? Preferr'd above the rest
 By him with knightly Deeds, and open Love profess'd? }
 So had another been; where he his Vows address'd
 This quell'd her Pride, yet other Doubts remain'd,
 That once disdaining she might be disdain'd.
 The Fear was just, but greater Fear prevail'd,
 Fear of her Life by hellish Hounds assail'd:
 He took a low'ring Leave; but who can tell,
 What outward Hate, might inward Love conceal?
 Her Sexes Arts she knew, and why not then,
 Might deep dissembling have a Place in Men?
 Here Hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
 She fix'd on this her utmost Remedy;
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas Time enough at last on Death to call,
 The Precipice in Sight: A Shrub was all,
 That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal Fall.

One Maid she had, belov'd above the rest,
 Secure of her, the Secret she confess'd:
 And now the chearful Light her Fears dispell'd,
 She with no winding turns the Truth conceal'd,
 But put the Woman off, and stood reveal'd:
 With Faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
 If Pity yet had Place, and reconcile her Foe:

The welcome Message made, was soon receiv'd ;
'Twas what he wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd ;
Fate seem'd a fair Occasion to present,
He knew the Sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the Moment of Content.

}

There yet remain'd to gain her Friends (a Care
The Modesty of Maidens well might spare ;)
But she with such a Zeal the Cause embrac'd,
(As Women, where they will, are all in Haste).
That Father, Mother, and the Kin beside,
Were overborn by Fury of the Tide :
With full Consent of all, she chang'd her State,
Resistless in her Love, as in her Hate.

By her Example warn'd, the rest beware ;
More Easie, less Imperious, were the Fair ;
And that one Hunting which the Devil design'd
For one fair Female, lost him half the Kind.





CEYX and ALCYONE.

CONNECTION OF THIS FABLE WITH THE FORMER.

Ceyx, the Son of Lucifer (the Morning Star) and King of Trachin in Thessaly, was married to Alcyone Daughter to Æolus God of the Winds. Both the Husband and the Wife loved each other with an entire Affection. Dædalion, the elder Brother of Ceyx (whom he succeeded) having been turned into a Falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's Daughter, slain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a Ship to sail to Claros there to consult the Oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid seems to intimate) to enquire how the Anger of the Gods might be atoned.



THESE Prodigies affect the pious Prince,
 But more perplex'd with those that happen'd
 since,
 He purposes to seek the Clarian God,
 Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd Abode; }
 Since Phlegyan Robbers made unsafe the Road.
 Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well,
 The fatal Voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;
 But when she saw her Lord prepar'd to part,
 A deadly Cold ran shiv'ring to her Heart:
 Her faded Cheeks are chang'd to Boxen Hue,
 And in her Eyes the Tears are ever new:
 She thrice essay'd to speak; her Accents hung
 And faltring dy'd unfinish'd on her Tongue,

Or

Or vanish'd into Sighs : With long Delay
Her Voice return'd ; and found the wonted Way.

Tell me, my Lord, she said, what Fault unknown
Thy once belov'd *Alcyone* has done ?

Whither, ah whither is thy Kindness gone !

Can *Ceyx* then sustain to leave his Wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the Sweets of Life ?

What can thy Mind to this long Journey move,
Or need'st thou Absence to renew thy Love ?

Yet, if thou go'st by Land, tho' Grief possess
My Soul ev'n then, my Fears will be the less.

But ah ! be warn'd to shun the watry Way,

The Face is frightful of the stormy Sea.

For late I saw a-drift disjointed Planks,

And empty Tombs erected on the Banks.

Nor let false Hopes to Trust betray thy Mind,

Because my Sire in Caves constrains the Wind,

Can with a Breath their clam'rous Rage appease,

They fear his Whistle, and forsake the Seas ;

Not so, for once indulg'd, they sweep the Main ;

Deaf to the Call, or hearing hear in vain ;

But bent on Mischief bear the Waves before,

And not content with Seas, insult the Shore,

When Ocean, Air, and Earth, at once engage,

And rooted Forests fly before their Rage :

At once the clashing Clouds to Battel move,

And Lightnings run across the Fields above :

I know them well, and mark'd their rude Comport,

While yet a Child, within my Father's Court :

In Times of Tempest they command alone,

And he but sits precarious on the Throne :

The more I know, the more my Fears augment,

And Fears are oft prophetick of th' Event.

But if not Fears, or Reasons will prevail,

If Fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,

Go not without thy Wife, but let me bear
 My Part of Danger with an equal Share,
 And present, what I suffer only fear:
 Then o'er the bounding Billows shall we fly,
 Secure to live together, or to die.

These Reasons mov'd her starlike Husband's Heart,
 But still he held his Purpose to depart:
 For as he lov'd her equal to his Life,
 He wou'd not to the Seas expose his Wife;
 Nor cou'd be wrought his Voyage to refrain,
 But sought by Arguments to sooth her Pain:
 Nor these avail'd; at length he lights on one,
 With which so difficult a Cause he won:
 My Love, so short an Absence cease to fear,
 For by my Father's holy Flame, I swear,
 Before two Moons their Orb with Light adorn,
 If Heav'n allow me Life, I will return.

This Promise of so short a Stay prevails;
 He soon equips the Ship, supplies the Sails,
 And gives the Word to launch; she trembling views
 This Pomp of Death, and parting Tears renews:
 Last with a Kiss, she took a long Farewel,
 Sigh'd, with a sad Presage, and swooning fell:
 While *Ceyx* seeks Delays, the lusty Crew,
 Rais'd on their Banks, their Oars in order drew
 To their broad Breasts, the Ship with fury flew.

The Queen recover'd rears her humid Eyes,
 And first her Husband on the Poop espies
 Shaking his Hand at Distance on the Main;
 She took the Sign; and shook her Hand again.
 Still as the Ground recedes, contracts her View
 With sharpen'd Sight, till she no longer knew
 The much-lov'd Face; that Comfort lost supplies
 With less, and with the Galley feeds her Eyes;
 The Galley born from View by rising Gales,
 She follow'd with her Sight the flying Sails:

When

When ev'n the flying Sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all Sight, she left the Shore.

Then on her Bridal-Bed her Body throws,
And fought in Sleep her weary'd Eyes to close :
Her Husband's Pillow, and the widow'd Part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former Smart.

And now a Breeze from Shore began to blow,
The Sailors ship their Oars, and cease to row ;
Then hoist their Yards a-trip, and all their Sails
Let fall, to court the Wind, and catch the Gales :
By this the Vessel half her Course had run,
And as much rested till the rising Sun ;
Both Shores were lost to Sight, when at the Close
Of Day, a stiffer Gale at East arose :
The Sea grew White, the rowling Waves from far,
Like Heralds, first denounce the wat'ry War.

This seen, the Master soon began to cry,
Strike, strike the Top-sail ; let the Main-sheet fly,
And furl your Sails : the Winds repel the Sound,
And in the Speaker's Mouth the Speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own Accord, as Danger taught
Each in his Way, officiously they wrought ;
Some stow their Oars, or stop the leaky Sides,
Another bolder yet the Yard bestrides,
And folds the Sails ; a fourth with Labour, laves
Th' intruding Seas, and Waves ejects on Waves.

In this Confusion while their Work they ply,
The Winds augment the Winter of the Sky,
And wage intestine Wars ; the suff'ring Seas
Are toss'd, and mingled as their Tyrants please.
The Master wou'd command, but in Despair
Of Safety, stands amaz'd with stupid Care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd Tempest to such Fury grows :
Vain is his Force, and vainer is his Skill ;
With such a Concourse comes the Flood of Ill :

The

The Cries of Men are mix'd with rattling Shrowds ;
 Seas dash on Seas, and Clouds encounter Clouds :
 At once from East to West, from Pole to Pole,
 The forky Lightnings flash, the roaring Thunders roul.

Now Waves on Waves ascending scale the Skies,
 And in the Fires above, the Water fries :
 When Yellow Sands are sifted from below,
 The glitt'ring Billows give a golden Show :
 And when the fouler Bottom spews the Black,
 The *Stygian* Dye the tainted Waters take :
 Then frothy White appear the flatted Seas,
 And change their Colour, changing their Disease.
 Like various Fits the *Trachin* Vessel finds,
 And now sublime, she rides upon the Winds ;
 As from a lofty Summit looks from high,
 And from the Clouds beholds the neather Sky ;
 Now from the Depth of Hell they lift their Sight,
 And at a Distance see superior Light :
 The lashing Billows make a loud Report,
 And beat her Sides, as batt'ring Rams a Fort :
 Or as a Lyon, bounding in his Way
 With Force augmented bears against his Prey ;
 Sidelong to seize ; or unapal'd with Fear
 Springs on the Toils, and rushes on the Spear :
 So Seas impell'd by Winds with added Pow'r
 Assault the Sides, and o'er the Hatches tow'r.

The Planks (their pitchy Cov'rings wash'd away)
 Now yield ; and now a yawning Breach display :
 The roaring Waters with a hostile Tide
 Rush through the Ruins of her gaping Side.
 Mean Time in Sheets of Rain the Sky descends,
 And Ocean swell'd with Waters upwards tends,
 One rising, falling one, the Heav'ns and Sea
 Meet at their Confines, in the middle Way :
 The Sails are drunk with Show'rs, and drop with Rain,
 Sweet Waters mingle with the briny Main.

No Star appears to lend his friendly Light :
 Darknes and Tempest make a double Night.
 But flashing Fires disclose the Deep by turns,
 And while the Light'nings blaze, the Water burns.

Now all the Waves their scatter'd Force unite,
 And as a Soldier, foremost in the Fight
 Makes Way for others, and an Host alone
 Still presses on, and urging gains the Town ;
 So while th' invading Billows come a-breast,
 The Hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
 Sweeps all before him with impetuous Sway,
 And from the Walls descends upon the Prey ;
 Part following enter, Part remain without,
 With Envy hear their Fellows conqu'ring Shout,
 And mount on others Backs, in hope to share
 The City, thus become the Seat of War.

An universal Cry resounds aloud,
 The Sailors run in Heaps, a helpless Crowd ;
 Art fails, and Courage falls, no Succour near ;
 As many Waves, as many Deaths appear.
 One weeps, and yet despairs of late Relief ;
 One cannot weep, his Fears congeal his Grief,
 But stupid, with dry Eyes expects his Fate :
 One with loud Shrieks laments his lost Estate,
 And calls those happy whom their Fun'erals wait. }
 This Wretch with Pray'rs and Vows the Gods implores,
 And ev'n the Skies he cannot see, adores.
 That other on his Friends his Thoughts bestows,
 His careful Father, and his faithful Spouse.
 The covetous Worldling in his anxious Mind
 Thinks only on the Wealth he left behind.

All *Ceyx* his *Alcyone* employs,
 For her he grieves, yet in her Absence joys :
 His Wife he wishes, and wou'd still be near,
 Not her with him, but wishes him with her :

Now with last Looks he seeks his native Shore,
Which Fate has destin'd him to see no more ;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous Night
He knew not whither to direct his Sight.
So whirl the Seas, such Darknefs blinds the Sky,
That the black Night receives a deeper Dye.

The giddy Ship ran round ; the Tempest tore
Her Mast, and over-board the Rudder bore.
One Billow mounts ; and with a scornful Brow,
Proud of her Conquest gain'd, insults the Waves below ;
Nor lighter falls, than if some Giant tore
Pindus and *Ath's*, with the Freight they bore,
And tofs'd on Seas ; press'd with the pondrous Blow
Down sinks the Ship within th' Abyfs below :
Down with the Vessel sink into the Main
'The many, never more to rise again.

Some few on scatter'd Planks with fruitless Care
Lay hold, and swim, but while they swim, despair.

Ev'n he who late a Scepter did command
Now grasps a floating Fragment in his Hand,
And while he struggles on the stormy Main,
Invokes his Father, and his Wife's, in vain :
But yet his Consort is his greatest Care ;
Alcyone he names amidst his Pray'r,
Names as a Charm against the Waves and Wind ;
Most in his Mouth, and ever in his Mind :
'Tir'd with his Toil, all Hopes of Safety past,
From Pray'rs to Wishes he descends at last :
That his dead Body wafted to the Sands,
Might have its Burial from her friendly Hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of Air,
And peep above the Seas, he names the Fair,
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring *Alcyone* below the Waves :
At last a falling Billow stops his Breath,
Breaks o'er his Head, and whelms him underneath.

Bright

Bright *Lucifer* unlike himself appears
 That Night, his heav'nly Form obscur'd with Tears.
 And since he was forbid to leave the Skies,
 He muffled with a Cloud his mournful Eyes.

Mean Time *Alcyone* (his Fate unknown)
 Computes how many Nights he had been gone,
 Observes the waning Moon with hourly View,
 Numbers her Age, and wishes for a new ;
 Against the promis'd Time provides with Care,
 And hastens in the Woof the Robes he was to wear :
 And for herself employs another Loom,
 New-dress'd to meet her Lord returning home,
 Flatt'ring her Heart with Joys that never were to come :
 She fum'd the Temples with an od'rous Flame,
 And oft before the sacred Altars came,
 To pray for him, who was an empty Name.
 All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the rest
 To *Juno* she her pious Vows address'd,
 Her much-lov'd Lord from Perils to protect
 And safe o'er Seas his Voyage to direct :
 Then pray'd that she might still possess his Heart,
 And no pretending Rival share a Part ;
 This last Petition heard of all her Pray'r,
 The rest dispers'd by Winds were lost in Air.

But she, the Goddess of the Nuptial-Bed,
 Tir'd with her vain Devotions for the Dead,
 Resolv'd the tainted Hand should be repell'd,
 Which Incense offer'd, and her Altar held :
 Then *Iris* thus bespoke ; Thou faithful Maid,
 By whom thy Queen's Commands are well convey'd,
 Haste to the House of Sleep, and bid the God
 Who rules the Night by Visions with a Nod,
 Prepare a Dream, in Figure and in Form
 Resembling him who perish'd in the Storm ;
 This Form before *Alcyone* present,
 To make her certain of the sad Event.

Indu'd with Robes of various Hue she flies,
And flying draws an Arch, (a Segment of the Skies:)
Then leaves her bending Bow, and from the Steep
Descends to search the silent House of Sleep.

Near the *Cimmerians*, in his dark Abode
Deep in a Cavern, dwells the drowzy God;
Whose gloomy Mansion nor the rising Sun
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome Noon:
But lazy Vapours round the Region fly,
Perpetual Twilight, and a doubtful Sky;
No crowing Cock does there his Wings display,
Nor with his horny Bill provoke the Day:
Nor watchful Dogs, nor the more wakeful Geese,
Disturb with nightly Noise the sacred Peace:
Nor Beast of Nature, nor the Tame are nigh,
Nor Trees with Tempests rock'd, nor human Cry,
But safe Repose without an Air of Breath
Dwells here, and a dumb Quiet next to Death.

An Arm of *Lethe*, with a gentle Flow
Arising upwards from the Rock below,
The Palace moats, and o'er the Pebbles creeps,
And with soft Murmurs calls the coming Sleeps;
Around its Entry nodding Poppies grow,
And all cool Simples that sweet Rest bestow;
Night from the Plants their sleepy Virtue drains,
And passing sheds it on the silent Plains:
No Door there was th' unguarded House to keep,
On creaking Hinges turn'd, to break his Sleep.

But in the gloomy Court was rais'd a Bed
Stuff'd with black Plumes, and on an Ebon-sted:
Black was the Cov'ring too, where lay the God
And slept supine, his Limbs display'd abroad:
About his Head fantastick Visions fly,
Which various Images of Things supply,
And mock their Forms; the Leaves on Trees not more,
Nor bearded Ears in Fields, nor Sands upon the Shore.

The

The Virgin entring bright indulg'd the Day
 To the brown Cave, and brush'd the Dreams away :
 The God disturb'd with this new Glare of Light,
 Cast sudden on his Face, unseal'd his Sight,
 And rais'd his tardy Head, which sunk again,
 And sinking on his Bosom knock'd his Chin ;
 At length thook off himself ; and ask'd the Dame,
 (And asking yawn'd) for what Intent she came ?

To whom the Goddess thus : O sacred Rest,
 Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the Pow'rs the best !
 O Peace of Mind, Repairer of Decay,
 Whose Balms renew the Limbs to Labours of the Day, }
 Care shuns thy soft Approach, and sullen flies away ! }
 Adorn a Dream, expressing human Form,
 The Shape of him who suffer'd in the Storm,
 And send it flitting to the *Trachin* Court,
 The Wreck of wretched *Ceyx* to report :
 Before his Queen bid the pale Spectre stand,
 Who begs a vain Relief at *Juno's* Hand.
 She said, and scarce awake her Eyes cou'd keep,
 Unable to support the Fumes of Sleep :
 But fled returning by the Way she went,
 And swerv'd along her Bow with swift Ascent.

The God, uneasie till he slept again,
 Resolv'd at once to rid himself of Pain ;
 And tho' against his Custom, call'd aloud,
 Exciting *Morpheus* from the sleepy Crowd :
Morpheus of all his numerous Train express'd
 The Shape of Man, and imitated best ;
 The Walk, the Words, the Gesture cou'd supply,
 The Habit mimick, and the Mien bely ;
 Plays well, but all his Action is confin'd ;
 Extending not beyond our human Kind.
 Another Birds, and Beasts, and Dragons apes,
 And dreadful Images, and monster Shapes :

This Demon, *Icelos*, in Heav'n's high Hall
 The Gods have nam'd; but Men *Phobeter* call:
 A third is *Phantasus*, whose Actions roul
 On meaner Thoughts, and Things devoid of Soul;
 Earth, Fruits and Flow'rs, he represents in Dreams,
 And solid Rocks unmov'd, and running Streams:
 These three to Kings and Chiefs their Scenes display,
 The rest before th' ignoble Commons play:
 Of these the chosen *Morpheus* is dispatch'd,
 Which done, the lazy Monarch overwatch'd
 Down from his propping Elbow drops his Head,
 Dissolv'd in Sleep, and shrinks within his Bed.

Darkling the Demon glides for Flight prepar'd,
 So soft that scarce his fanning Wings are heard.
 To *Trachin*, swift as Thought, the sitting Shade
 Through Air his momentary Journey made:
 Then lays aside the steerage of his Wings,
 Forsakes his proper Form, assumes the King's;
 And pale as Death, despoil'd of his Array,
 Into the Queen's Apartment takes his Way,
 And stands before the Bed at dawn of Day:
 Unmov'd his Eyes, and wet his Beard appears;
 And shedding-vain, but seeming real Tears;
 The briny Water dropping from his Hairs;
 Then staring on her with a ghastly Look
 And hollow Voice, he thus the Queen bespoke.

Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy Wife?
 Or are my Features perish'd with my Life?
 Look once again, and for thy Husband lost,
 Lo all that's left of him, thy Husband's Ghost!
 Thy Vows for my Return were all in vain;
 The stormy South o'ertook us in the Main;
 And never shalt thou see thy living Lord again.
 Bear witness Heav'n I call'd on thee in Death,
 And while I call'd, a Billow stopp'd by Breath:

Think

Ceyx and Alcyone.

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Think not that flying Fame reports my Fate ;
I present, I appear, and my own Wreck relate.
Rise wretched Widow, rise, nor undeplor'd
Permit my Ghost to pass the *Stygian* Ford :
But rise, prepar'd in Black, to mourn thy perish'd Lord. }

Thus said the Player-God ; and adding Art
Of Voice and Gesture, so perform'd his Part,
She thought (so like her Love the Shade appears)
That *Ceyx* spake the Words, and *Ceyx* shed the Tears ;
She groan'd, her inward Soul with Grief oppress'd,
She sigh'd, she wept ; and sleeping beat her Breast :
Then stretch'd her Arms t' embrace his Body bare,
Her clasping Arms inclose but empty Air :
At this not yet awake she cry'd, O stay,
One is our Fate, and common is our Way !
So dreadful was the Dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the Slumber broke :
Then cast her Eyes around in Hope to view
Her vanish'd Lord, and find the Vision true :
For now the Maids, who waited her Commands,
Ran in with lighted Tapers in their Hands.
Tir'd with the Search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel Blows she pounds her blubber'd Cheeks :
Then from her beaten Breast the Linen tare,
And cut the golden Caul that bound her Hair.
Her Nurse demands the Cause with louder Cries,
She prosecutes her Grievs, and thus replies.

No more *Alcyone* ; she suffer'd Death
With her lov'd Lord, when *Ceyx* lost his Breath :
No Flatt'ry, no false Comfort, give me none,
My Shipwreck'd *Ceyx* is for ever gone :
I saw, I saw him manifest in View,
His Voice, his Figure, and his Gestures knew :
His Lustre lost, and ev'ry living Grace,
Yet I retain'd the Features of his Face ;

Tho' with pale Cheeks, wet Beard, and dropping Hair,
 None but my *Ceyx* cou'd appear so fair:
 I would have strain'd him with a strick Embrace, [Place:
 But through my Arms he slipp'd, and vanish'd from the
 There, ev'n just there he stood; and as she spoke,
 Where last the Spectre was, she cast her Look:
 Fain wou'd she hope, and gaz'd upon the Ground
 If any printed Footsteps might be found.

Then sigh'd and said; This I too well foreknew,
 And my prophetick Fear presag'dd too true:
 'Twas what I beg'd, when with a bleeding Heart
 I took my Leave, and suffer'd thee to part;
 Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
 Never, ah never to divide our Way!
 Happier for me, that all our Hours assign'd
 Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in Death disjoin'd!
 So had my *Ceyx* still been living here,
 Or with my *Ceyx* I had perish'd there:
 Now I die absent, in the vast Profound;
 And me without myself the Seas have drown'd:
 The Storms were not so cruel; should I strive
 To lengthen Life, and such a Grief survive;
 But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
 In Death forsake, but keep thee Company.
 If not one common Sepulcher contains
 Our Bodies, or one Urn our last Remains,
 Yet *Ceyx* and *Alcyone* shall join,
 Their Names remember'd in one common Line.

No farther Voice her mighty Grief affords,
 For Sighs come rushing in betwixt her Words,
 And stopp'd her Tongue; but what her Tongue deny'd,
 Soft Tears, and Groans, and dumb Complaints supply'd.
 'Twas Morning; to the Port she takes her Way,
 And stands upon the Margin of the Sea:
 That Place, that very Spot of Ground she sought,
 Or thither by her Destiny was brought,

Where

Where last he stood : And while she sadly said
'Twas here he left me, lingring here delay'd
His parting Kifs ; and there his Anchors weigh'd.

Thus speaking, while her Thoughts past Actions trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the Place,
Sharp at her utmost Ken she cast her Eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries :
It seem'd a Corps adrift, to distant Sight,
But at a Distance who could judge aright ?
It wasted nearer yet, and then she knew
That what before she but surmis'd, was true :
A Corps it was, but whose it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, she made the Case her own :
Took the bad Omen of a shipwreck'd Man,
As for a Stranger wept, and thus began.

Poor Wretch, on stormy Seas to lose thy Life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd Wife !
At this she paus'd ; for now the flowing Tide
Had brought the Body nearer to the Side :
The more she looks, the more her Fears increase,
At nearer Sight ; and she's herself the less :
Now driv'n ashore, and at her Feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees :
Her Husband's Corps ; at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, she cries, and tears her Cheeks,
Her Hair, her Vest, and stooping to the Sands
About his Neck she cast her trembling Hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my Life,
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing Wife !
She said, and to the neighb'ring Mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break th' Incurfions of the Flood ;)

Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,
But shoots along supported on her Wings,
A Bird new made about the Banks she plies,
Not far from Shore ; and short Excursions tries ;

Nor seeks in Air her humble Flight to raise,
 Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:
 Her Bill, tho' slender, sends a creaking Noise,
 And imitates a lamentable Voice:
 Now lighting where the bloodless Body lies,
 She with a fun'ral Note renews her Cries.
 At all her Stretch her little Wings she spread,
 And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead:
 Then flick'ring to his pallid Lips, she strove
 To print a Kiss, the last Essay of Love:
 Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,
 Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head
 To meet the Kiss, the Vulgar doubt alone;
 For sure a present Miracle was shown.
 The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds translate,
 But both obnoxious to their former Fate.
 Their conjugal Affection still is ty'd,
 And still the mournful Race is multiply'd:
 They bill, they tread; *Alcyone* compress'd
 Sev'n Days sits brooding on her floating Nest:
 A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind,
 Calms ev'ry Storm; and hushes ev'ry Wind:
 Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Ease,
 And for his hatching Nephews smooths the Seas.





T H E
FLOWER and the LEAF:
O R, T H E
L A D Y in the A R B O U R.
A V I S I O N.



OW turning from the wintry Signs, the Sun
His Course exalted through the *Ram* had run,
And whirling up the Skies, his Chariot drove
Thro' *Taurus*, and the lightsome Realms of
Love;

Where *Venus* from her Orb descends in Show'rs
To glad the Ground, and paint the Fields with Flow'rs:
When first the tender Blades of Grass appear,
And Buds that yet the Blast of *Eurus* fear,
Stand at the Door of Life; and doubt to cloath the Year;
Till gentle Heat, and soft repeated Rains,
Make the green Blood to dance within their Veins:
'Then, at their Call, embolden'd, out they come,
And swell the Gems, and burst the narrow Room;
Broader and broader yet, their Blooms display,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the Day.
Then from their breathing Souls the Sweets repair,
To scent the Skies, and purge th' unwholsome Air:

Jby

Joy spreads the Heart, and with a general Song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly Months along.

In that sweet Season, as in Bed I lay,
And fought in Sleep to pass the Night away,
I turn'd my weary Side, but still in vain,
Tho' full of youthful Health, and void of Pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my Rest,
For Love had never enter'd in my Breast;
I wanted nothing Fortune could supply,
Nor did she Slumber till that Hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much Joy had dry'd away the balmy Dew:
Seas wou'd be Pools, without the brushing Air,
To curl the Waves; and sure some little Care
Shou'd weary Nature so, to make her want Repair,

When Chanticleer the second Watch had sung,
Scorning the Scorners Sleep, from Bed I sprung.
And dressing, by the Moon, in loose Array,
Pass'd out in open Air, preventing Day,
And sought a goodly Grove, as Fancy led my Way.
Strait as a Line in beauteous Order stood
Of Oaks unhorn a venerable Wood;
Fresh was the Grass beneath, and ev'ry Tree
At Distance planted in a due Degree,
Their branching Arms in Air with equal Space
Stretch'd to their Neighbours with a long Embrace:
And the new Leaves on ev'ry Bough were seen,
Some ruddy-colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted Birds, Companions of the Spring,
Hopping from Spray to Spray, were heard to sing;
Both Eyes and Ears receiv'd a like Delight,
Enchanting Musick, and a charming Sight.
On *Philomel* I fix'd my whole Desire;
And listen'd for the Queen of all the Quire;
Fain would I hear her heav'nly Voice to sing;
And wanted yet an Omen to the Spring.

Attending

Attending long in vain ; I took the Way,
which through a Path, but scarcely printed, lay ;
In narrow Mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly press'd by Fairy Feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange End so strange a Path was wrought ;
At last it led me where an Arbour stood,
The sacred Receptacle of the Wood :
This Place unmark'd tho' oft I walk'd the Green,
In all my Progress I had never seen :
And seiz'd at once with Wonder and Delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting Sight.
'Twas bench'd with Turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young Grass arose in fresher Green :
The Mound was newly made, no Sight could pass
Betwixt the nice Partitions of the Grass ;
The well-united Sods so closely lay ;
And all around the Shades defended it from Day.
For Sycamours with Eglantine were spread,
A Hedge about the Sides, a Covering over Head.
And so the fragrant Brier was wove between,
The Sycamour and Flow'rs were mix'd with Green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the Delight ;
And satisfy'd at once the Smell and Sight.
The Master Workman of the Bow'r was known
Through Fairy-Lands, and built for *Oberon* ;
Who twining Leaves with such Proportion drew,
'They rose by Measure, and by Rule they grew :
No mortal Tongue can half the Beauty tell ;
For none but Hands divine could work so well.
Both Roof and Sides were like a Parlour made,
A soft Recess, and a cool Summer Shade ;
The Hedge was set so thick, no foreign Eye
'The Persons plac'd within it could espy :
But all that pass'd without with Ease was seen,
As if nor Fence nor Tree was plac'd between.

'Twas

'Twas border'd with a Field; and some was plain
 with Grass; and some was sow'd with rising Grain.
 That (now the Dew with Spangles deck'd the Ground:)
 A sweeter Spot of Earth was never found.
 I look'd, and look'd, and still with new Delight;
 Such Joy my Soul, such Pleasures fill'd my Sight:
 And the fresh Eglantine exhail'd a Breath,
 Whose Odours were of Pow'r to raise from Death:
 Nor sullen Discontent, nor anxious Care,
 Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there:
 But thence they fled as from their mortal Foe;
 For this sweet Place cou'd only Pleasure know.

Thus, as I mus'd, I cast aside my Eye,
 And saw a Medlar-Tree was planted nigh:
 The spreading Branches made a goodly Show,
 And full of opening Blooms was ev'ry Bough:
 A Goldfinch there I saw with gawdy Pride
 Of painted Plumes, that hopp'd from Side to Side,
 Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
 The Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r, and suck'd the Dew:
 Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her Throat,
 And tun'd her Voice to many a merry Note,
 But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
 Yet such as sooth'd my Soul, and pleas'd my Ear.

Her short Performance was no sooner try'd,
 When she I sought, the Nightingale, reply'd:
 So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
 That the Grove echo'd, and the Vallies rung:
 And I so ravish'd with her heav'nly Note
 I stood intranc'd, and had no Room for Thought.
 But all o'er-pow'r'd with Ecstasie of Blifs,
 Was in a pleasing Dream of Paradise;
 At length I walk'd; and looking round the Bow'r
 Search'd ev'ry Tree, and pry'd on ev'ry Flow'r,
 If any where by Chance I might espy
 The rural Poet of the Melody:

For still methought she sung not far away ;
At last I found her on a Laurel Spray,
Close by my Side she sate, and fair in Sight,
Full in a Line, against her opposite ;
Where stood with Eglantine the Laurel twin'd :
And both their native Sweets were well conjoin'd ;
On the green Bank I sate, and listen'd long ;
(Sitting was more convenient for the Song !)
Nor till her Lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the Grove.
Only methought the Time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry Note I fear'd wou'd be the last.
My Sight, and Smell, and Hearing were employ'd,
And all three Senses in full Gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet Possession of the fairy Place ;
Single, and conscious to myself alone,
Of Pleasures to th' excluded World unknown.
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all *Elysium* in a Spot of Ground.

Thus while I sate intent to see and hear,
And drew Perfumes of more than vital Air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal Musick, on th' enchanted Ground :
An Host of Saints it seem'd, so full the Quire ;
As if the Bless'd above did all conspire
To join their Voices, and neglect the Lyre.
At length there issu'd from the Grove behind
A fair Assembly of the female Kind :
A Train less fair, as ancient Fathers tell,
Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel.
I pass their Form, and ev'ry charming Grace,
Less than an Angel wou'd their Worth debase :
But their Attire like Liveries of a Kind,
All rich and rare is fresh within my Mind.

In Velvet white as Snow the Troop was gown'd,
 The Seams with sparkling Emeralds set around:
 Their Hoods and Sleeves the same; and purled o'er
 With Diamonds, Pearls, and all the shining Store
 Of Eastern Pomp: Their long-descending Train
 With Rubies edg'd, and Sapphires, swept the Plain:
 High on their Heads, with Jewels richly set
 Each Lady wore a radiant Coronet.

Beneath the Circles, all the Quire was grac'd
 With Chaplets green on their fair Foreheads plac'd.
 Of Lawrel some, of Woodbine many more;
 And Wreaths of *Agnus Castus*, others bore:
 These last who with those Virgin Crowns were dress'd,
 Appear'd in higher Honour than the rest.

They danc'd around, but in the Midst was seen
 A Lady of a more majestick Mien;
 By Stature, and by Beauty mark'd their Sov'reign Queen. }

She in the Midst began with sober Grace;
 Her Servants Eyes were fix'd upon her Face:
 And as she mov'd or turn'd, her Motions view'd,
 Her Measures kept, and Step by Step pursu'd.
 Methought she trod the Ground with greater Grace,
 With more of Godhead shining in her Face;
 And as in Beauty she surpass'd the Quire,
 So, nobler than the rest, was her Attire.

A Crown of ruddy Gold inclos'd her Brow,
 Plain without Pomp, and rich without a Show:
 A Branch of *Agnus Castus* in her Hand
 She bore aloft (her Scepter of Command;)
 Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling Crowd,
 For wherefoe'er she turn'd her Face, they bow'd:
 And as she danc'd, a Roundelay she sung,
 In honour of the Lawrel, ever young:

She rais'd her Voice on high, and sung so clear,
 The Fawns came scudding from the Groves to hear:
 And all the bending Forest lent an Ear.

}
 }
 At

At ev'ry Close she made, th' attending Throng
Reply'd, and bore the Burden of the Song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a Note,
It seem'd the Musick melted in the Throat.

Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the Middle of the Mead advanc'd:
'Till round my Arbour a new Ring they made,
And footed it about the secret Shade:
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly Troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy Fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in Song, or Dance excel.

Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden Symphony of War;
The neighing Coursers, and the Soldiers cry,
And sounding Trumps that seem'd to tear the Sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the Grove
From whence the Ladies did in Order move,
Come issuing out in Arms a Warrior-Train,
That like a Deluge pour'd upon the Plain:
On barbed Steeds they rode in proud Array,
Thick as the College of the Bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky Fields they fly,
New to the Flow'rs, and intercept the Sky.
So fierce they drove, their Coursers were so fleet,
That the Turf trembled underneath their Feet.

To tell their costly Furniture were long,
The Summer's Day wou'd end before the Song:
To purchase but the Tenth of all their Store,
Would make the mighty *Persian* Monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The Trumpets issu'd in white Mantles dress'd:
A numerous Troop, and all their Heads around
With Chaplets green of Cerrial-Oak were crown'd,
And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;

Which

222 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

Which waving in the Wind display'd at large
 Their Master's Coat of Arms, and knightly Charge.
 Broad were the Banners, and of snowy Hue,
 A purer Web the Silk-worm never drew.
 The Chief about their Necks the Scutcheons wore,
 With Orient Pearls and Jewels powder'd o'er:
 Broad were their Collars too, and ev'ry one
 Was set about with many a costly Stone.
 Next these of Kings at Arms a goodly Train,
 In proud Array came prancing o'er the Plain:
 Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver mix'd with Gold,
 And Garlands green around their Temples roll'd:
 Rich Crowns were on their royal Scutcheons plac'd,
 With Sapphires, Diamonds, and with Rubies grac'd.
 And as the Trumpets their Appearance made,
 So these in Habits were alike array'd;
 But with a Pace more sober, and more slow:
 And twenty, Rank in Rank, they rode a-row.
 The Pursevants came next, in number more;
 And like the Heralds each his Scutcheon bore:
 Clad in white Velvet all their Troop they led,
 With each an Oaken Chaplet on his Head.

Nine royal Knights in equal Rank succeed,
 Each Warrior mounted on a fiery Steed:
 In golden Armour glorious to behold;
 The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with Gold,
 Their Surcoats of white Ermin-Fur were made;
 With Cloth of Gold between; that cast a glitt'ring Shade.
 The Trappings of their Steeds were of the same;
 The golden Fringe ev'n set the Ground on Flame,
 And drew a precious Trail; A Crown divine
 Of Lawrel did about their Temples twine.

Three Henchmen were for ev'ry Knight assign'd,
 All in rich Livery clad, and of a Kind:
 White Velvet, but unshorn, for Cloaks they wore,
 And each within his Hand a Truncheon bore:

The

The foremost held a Helm of rare Device ;
A Prince's Ransom wou'd not pay the Price.
The second bore the Buckler of his Knight,
The third of Cornel-Wood a Spear upright,
Headed with piercing Steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their Lords their Equipage was seen,
And all their Foreheads crown'd with Garlands green.

And after these came arm'd with Spear and Shield
An Host so great, as cover'd all the Field :
And all their Foreheads, like the Knights before,
With Lawrels ever-green were shaded o'er,
Or Oak, or other Leaves of lasting Kind,
Tenacious of the Stem, and firm against the Wind.
Some in their Hands, besides the Lance and Shield,
The Boughs of Woodbind or of Hawthorn held,
Or Branches for their mystique Emblems took,
Of Palm, of Lawrel, or of Cerial Oak.

Thus marching to the Trumpet's lofty Sound,
Drawn in two Lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle Meadow took their Ground.
Among themselves the Turney they divide,
In equal Squadrons, rang'd on either Side.
Then turn'd their Horses Heads, and Man to Man,
And Steed to Steed oppos'd, the Jufts began.
They lightly set their Lances in the Rest,
And, at the Sign, against each other press'd :
They met, I sitting at my Ease beheld

The mix'd Events, and Fortunes of the Field.
Some broke their Spears, some tumbled Horse and Man,
And round the Fields the lighten'd Coursers ran.
An Hour and more, like Tides, in equal Sway
They rush'd, and won by Turns, and lost the Day :
At length the Nine (who still together held)
Their fainting Foes to shameful Fight compell'd,
And with resitless Force o'er-ran the Field.

Thus,

224 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

Thus, to their Fame, when finish'd was the Fight,
The Victors from their lofty Steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the Warlike Train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the Plain:
Till to the fair Assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret Arbour sung and danc'd.

The Ladies left their Measures at the Sight,
To meet the Chiefs returning from the Fight,
And each with open Arms embrac'd her chosen Knight. }
Amid the Plain a spreading Lawrel stood,
The Grace and Ornament of all the Wood:
That pleasing Shade they sought, a soft Retreat
From sudden *April* Show'rs, a Shelter from the Heat.
Her leafy Arms with such extent were spread,
So near the Clouds was her aspiring Head,
That Hots of Birds, that wing the liquid Air,
Perch'd in the Boughs, had nightly Lodging there:
And Flocks of Sheep beneath the Shade from far
Might hear the rattling Hail, and wintry War;
From Heav'ns Inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the Cool, and shunn'd the scorching Heat:
A hundred Knights might their at Ease abide;
And ev'ry Knight a Lady by his Side:
The Trunk itself such Odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan Breeze to these was common Breath.
The Lords and Ladies here approaching, paid }
Their Homage, with a low Obeisance made:
And seem'd to venerate the sacred Shade.
These Rites perform'd, their Pleasures they pursue,
With Songs of Love, and mix with Measures new;
Around the holy Tree their Dance they frame,
And ev'ry Champion leads his chosen Dame.

I cast my Sight upon the farther Field,
And a fresh Object of Delight beheld:
For from the Region of the West I heard
New Musick sound, and a new Troop appear'd;

Of Knights, and Ladies mix'd a jolly Band,
But all on Foot they march'd, and Hand in Hand.

The Ladies dress'd in rich Symars were seen
Of Florence Satten, flow'r'd with White and Green,
And for a Shade betwixt the bloomy Gridelin.
The Borders of their Petticoats below
Were guarded thick with Rubies on a row;
And ev'ry Damfel wore upon her Head
Of Flow'rs a Garland blended White and Red.
Attir'd in Mantles all the Knights were seen,
That gratify'd the View with chearful Green:
Their Chaplets of their Ladies Colours were
Compos'd of White and Red, to shade their shining Hair.
Before the merry Troop the Minstrels play'd,
All in their Master's Liv'ries were array'd:
And clad in Green, and on their Temples wore,
The Chaplets white and red their Ladies bore.
Their Instruments were various in their Kind,
Some for the Bow, and some for breathing Wind:
The Sawtry, Pipe, and Hautboy's noisie band,
And the soft Lute trembling beneath the touching Hand.
A Tuft of Daiesies on a flow'ry Lay
They saw, and thitherward they bent their Way:
To this both Knights and Dames their Homage made,
And due Obeisance to the Daisy paid.
And then the Band of Flutes began to play,
To which a Lady sung a Virelay;
And still at ev'ry Close she wou'd repeat
The Burden of the Song, *The Daisy is so sweet.*
The Daisy is so sweet, when she begun,
The Troop of Knights and Dames continu'd on.
The Concert and the Voice so charm'd my Ear,
And sooth'd my Soul, that it was Heav'n to hear.
But soon their Pleasure pass'd: At Noon of Day,
The Sun with sultry Beams began to play:

226 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

Not *Sirius* shoots a fiercer Flame from high,
 When with his pois'nous Breath he blasts the Sky:
 Then droop'd the fading Flow'rs (their Beauty fled)
 And clos'd their sickly Eyes, and hung the Head;
 And, rivell'd up with Heat, lay dying in their Bed. }
 The Ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire;
 The Breath they drew, no longer Air, but Fire;
 The fainty Knights were scorcht; and knew not where
 To run for Shelter, for no Shade was near.
 And after this the gath'ring Clouds amain,
 Pour'd down a Storm of rattling Hail and Rain.
 And Lightning flash'd betwixt: the Field, and Flow'rs,
 Burnt up before, were bury'd in the Show'rs.
 The Ladies and the Knights, no Shelter nigh,
 Bare to the Weather and the wintry Sky,
 Were dropping wet, disconsolate and wan,
 And through their thin Array receiv'd the Rain.

While those in White protected by the Tree
 Saw pass the vain Assault, and stood from Danger free.
 But as Compassion mov'd their gentle Minds,
 When ceas'd the Storm, and silent were the Winds,
 Displeas'd at what, not suff'ring, they had seen,
 They went to chear the Faction of the Green:
 The Queen in white Array before her Band,
 Saluting, took her Rival by the Hand;
 So did the Knights and Dames, with courtly Grace,
 And with Behaviour sweet their Foes embrace.
 Then thus the Queen with Lawrel on her Brow,
 Fair Sister, I have suffer'd in y^r Woe:
 Nor shall be wanting ought within my Pow'r
 For your Relief in my refreshing Bow'r.
 That other answer'd with a lowly Look,
 And soon the gracious Invitation took:
 For Ill at Ease both she and all her Train
 The scorching Sun had born, and beating Rain.

Like

Like Courtesy was us'd by all in White,
Each Dame a Dame receiv'd, and ev'ry Knight a Knight.
The Lawrel-Champions with their Swords invade.
The neighb'ring Forest, where the Jufts were made,
And Serewood from the rootten Hedges took,
And Seeds of latent Fire from Flints provoke :
A chearful Blaze arose, and by the Fire
'They warm'd their frozen Feet, and dry'd their wet Attire.
Refresh'd with Heat, the Ladies fought around
For virtuous Herbs, which gather'd from the Ground
Th y squeez'd the Juice; and cooling Ointment made,
Which on their Sun-burnt Cheeks, and their chapt Skins
they laid :

They fought green Salads which they bade 'em eat,
A sovereign Remedy for inward Heat.

'The Lady of the Leaf ordain'd a Feast,
And made the Lady of the Flow'r her Guest :
When lo, a Bow'r ascended on the Plain,
With sudden Seats adorn'd, and large for either Train.
This Bow'r was near my pleasant Arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd :
The Ladies sate, with each a Knight between,
Distinguish'd by their Colours, White and Green :
'The vanquish'd Party with the Victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet Discourse, the Banquet of the Mind.
Mean Time the Minstrels play'd on either Side,
Vain of their Art, and for their Mast'ry vy'd :
The sweet Contention lasted for an Hour,
And reach'd my secret Arbour from the Bow'r.

The Sun was set ; and *Vesper*, to supply
His absent Beams, had lighted up the Sky :
When *Philomel*, officious all the Day
To sing the Service of th' ensuing *May*,
Fled from her Lawrel Shade, and wing'd her Flight
Directly to the Queen array'd in White :

And

228 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

And hopping fate familiar on her Hand,
A new Musician, and increas'd the Band.

The Goldfinch, who to shun the scalding Heat,
Had chang'd the Medlar for a safer Seat,
And hid in Bushes scap'd the bitter Show'r,
Now perch'd upon the Lady of the Flow'r;
And either Songster holding out their Throats,
And folding up their Wings, renew'd their Notes:
As if all Day, preluding to the Fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by Night.
The Banquet ended, and the Battle done,
They danc'd by Star-light and the friendly Moon:
And when they were to part, the Laureat Queen
Supply'd with Steeds the Lady of the Green,
Her and her Train conducting on the Way,
The Moon to follow, and avoid the Day.

This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret Moral of the Mystique Show,
I started from my Shade, in Hopes to find
Some Nymph to satisfy my longing Mind:
And as my fair Adventure fell, I found
A Lady all in White with Lawrel crown'd
Who clos'd the Rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former Song.
With due Respect my Body I inclin'd,
As to some Being of superior Kind,
And made my Court, according to the Day,
Wishing her Queen and her a happy May.
Great Thanks my Daughter, with a gracious Bow,
She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My Mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak.
Madam, Might I presume and not offend,
So may the Stars and shining Moon attend.

Your

Your nightly Sports, as you vouchsafe to tell,
What Nymphs they were who mortal Forms excell,
And what the Knights who fought in list'd Fields so well. }

To this the Dame reply'd, fair Daughter know
That what you saw was all a Fairy Show:
And all those airy Shapes you now behold,
Were human Bodies once, and cloath'd with earthly Mold:
Our Souls, not yet prepar'd for upper Light,
Till Doomsday wander in the Shades of Night;
This only Holiday of all the Year,
We privileg'd in Sun-shine may appear:
With Songs and Dance we celebrate the Day,
And with due Honours usher in the May.
At other Times we reign by Night alone,
And posting through the Skies pursue the Moon:
But when the Morn arises, none are found;
For cruel *Demogorgon* walks the Round,
And if he finds a Fairy lag in Light,
He drives the Wretch before; and lashes into Night.

All courteous are by Kind; and ever proud
With friendly Offices to help the Good.
In every Land we have a larger Space
Than what is known to you of mortal Race:
Where we with Green adorn our Fairy Bow'rs,
And ev'n this Grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther; Ev'ry Lady cloth'd in White,
And, crown'd with Oak and Lawrel ev'ry Knight,
Are Servants to the Leaf, by Liveries known
Of Innocence; and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white Attire, and crown'd with radiant Gold?
The Sovereign Lady of our Land is she,
Diana call'd, the Queen of Chastity:
And, for the spotless Name of Maid she bears,
That *Agnus castus* in her Hand appears:

230 *The Flower and the Leaf: Or,*

And all her Train with leafy Chaplets crown'd,
 Were for unblam'd Virginity renown'd:
 But those the chief and highest in Command
 Who bear those holy Branches in their Hand:
 The Knights adorn'd with Lawrel-Crowns, are they,
 Whom Death nor Danger ever cou'd dismay,
 Victorious Names, who made the World obey:
 Who while they liv'd, in Deeds of Arms excell'd,
 And after Death for Deities were held.
 But those who wear the Woodbine on their Brow,
 Were Knights of Love, who never broke their Vow:
 Firm to their plighted Faith, and ever free
 From Fears and fickle Chance, and Jealousy.
 The Lords, and Ladies, who the Woodbine bear,
 As true as *Tristram* and *Isotta* were.

But what are those, said I, th' unconquer'd Nine,
 Who crown'd with Lawrel-Wreaths in golden Armour shine?
 And who the Knights in Green, and what the Train
 Of Ladies dress'd with Daisies on the Plain?
 Why both the Bands in Worship disagree,
 And some adore the Flow'r, and some the Tree?

Just is your Suit, fair Daughter, said the Dame:
 Those lawrell'd Chiefs were Men of mighty Fame;
 Nine Worthies were they call'd of different Rites,
 Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian Knights.
 These, as you see, ride foremost in the Field,
 As they the foremost Rank of Honour held,
 And all in Deeds of Chivalry excell'd.
 Their Temples wreath'd with Leaves, that still renew;
 For deathless Lawrel is the Victor's Due:
 Who bear the Bows were Knights in *Arthur's* Reign,
 Twelve they, and twelve the Peers of *Charlemain*:
 For Bows the Strength of brawny Arms imply,
 Emblems of Valour, and of Victory.
 Behold an Order yet of newer Date,
 Doubling their Number, equal in their State;

Our *England's* Ornament, the Crown's Defence,
In Battel brave, Protectors of their Prince.
Unchang'd by Fortune, to their Sovereign true,
For which their manly Legs are bound with Blue.
These, of the Garter call'd, of Faith unstain'd,
In fighting Fields the Lawrel have obtain'd,
And well repaid those Honours which they gain'd.
The Lawrel-Wreaths were first by *Cæsar* worn,
And still they *Cæsar's* Successors adorn :
One Leaf of this is Immortality,
And more of Worth, than all the World can buy.

One Doubt remains, said I, the Dames in Green,
What were their Qualities, and who their Queen?
Flora commands, said she, those Nymphs and Knights,
Who liv'd in slothful Ease, and loose Delights :
Who never Acts of Honour durst pursue,
The Men inglorious Knights, the Ladies all untrue :
Who nurs'd in Idleness, and train'd in Courts,
Pass'd all their precious Hours in Plays and Sports,
Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the Storm) the Freshness of their Green.
These, and their Mates; enjoy the present Hour,
And therefore pay their Homage to the Flow'r.
But Knights in knightly Deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were ;
Continue, and proceed in Honour's fair Career.
No Room for Cowardise, or dull Delay ;
From Good to Better they should urge their Way.
For this with golden Spurs the Chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed Rowels arm'd to mend their Haste ;
For this with lasting Leaves their Brows are bound ;
For Lawrel is the Sign of Labour crown'd ;
Which bears the bitter Blast, nor shaken falls to Ground :
From Winter-Winds it suffers no Decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and ev'ry Month is *May*.

Ev'n when the vital Sap retreats below,
 Ev'n when the hoary Head is hid in Snow;
 The Life is in the Leaf, and still between
 The Fits of falling Snows, appears the streaky Green.
 Not so the Flow'r, which lasts for little Space,
 A short-liv'd Good, and an uncertain Grace;
 This Way and that the feeble Stem is driv'n,
 Weak to sustain the Storms, and Injuries of Heav'n.
 Propp'd by the Spring, it lifts aloft the Head,
 But of a sickly Beauty, soon to shed;
 In Summer living, and in Winter dead.
 For Things of tender Kind, for Pleasure made,
 Shoot up with swift Increase, and sudden are decay'd.

With humble Words, the wisest I could frame,
 And proffer'd Service, I repaid the Dame:
 That, of her Grace, she gave her Maid to know
 The secret Meaning of this moral Show.
 And she, to prove what Profit I had made
 Of mystic Truth, in Fables first convey'd,
 Demanded, till the next returning *May*,
 Whether the Leaf or Flow'r I would obey?
 I chose the Leaf; she smil'd with sober Chear,
 And wish'd me fair Adventure for the Year,
 And gave me Charms and Sigils, for Defence
 Against ill Tongues that scandal Innocence:
 But I, said she, my Fellows must pursue,
 Already past the Plain, and out of View.

We parted thus; I homeward sped my Way,
 Bewilder'd in the Wood till Dawn of Day:
 And met the merry Crew who danc'd about the *May*.
 Then late refresh'd with Sleep, I rose to write
 'The visionary Vigils of the Night:
 Blush, as thou may'st, my little Book, for Shame,
 Nor hope with homely Verse to purchase Fame;
 For such thy Maker chose; and so design'd
 Thy simple Stile to suit thy lowly Kind.

ALEXANDER



ALEXANDER's FEAST;
OR, THE
POWER OF MUSICK.
AN
ODE,
IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA's DAY.

I.



WAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
By *Philip's* Warlike Son:
Aloft in awful State
The God-like Heroe sate
On his Imperial Throne:
His valiant Peers were plac'd around;
Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound.
(So shou'd Desert in Arms be crown'd:)
The lovely *Thais* by his Side,
Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride
In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

N 3

Happy,

Happy, happy, happy Pair !
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

C H O R U S.

*Happy, happy, happy Pair !
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.*

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful Quire,
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre :
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
 And heav'nly Joys inspire.
 The Song began from *Jove* ;
 Who left his blissful Seats above,
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
 A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :
 Sublime on Radiant Spires he rode,
 When he to fair *Olympia* press'd :
 And while he sought her snowy Breast :
 Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the World,
 The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound.
 A present Deity, they shout around ;
 A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the Spheres.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

*With ravish'd Ears
The Monarch hears,
Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the Spheres.*

III.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet Musician sung ;
Of *Bacchus* ever Fair, and ever Young :
The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
Sound the Trumpets ; beat the Drums ;
Flush'd with a purple Grace
He shews his honest Face,
Now gives the Hautboys Breath ; He comes, He comes.
Bacchus, ever Fair and Young,
Drinking Joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure ;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure ;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain,

C H O R U S.

*Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure ;
Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure ;
Rich the Treasure,
Sweet the Pleasure ;
Sweet is Pleasure after Pain.*

IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain ;
Fought all his Battles o'er again ;
And thrice he routed all his Foes ; and thrice he slew the Slain.

An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

The Master saw the Madness rise ;
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ;
 And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.

He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft Pity to infuse :
 He sung *Darius* Great and Good,
 By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high Estate,
 And weltring in his Blood :
 Deserted at his utmost Need,
 By those his former Bounty fed :
 On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a Friend to close his Eyes.

With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul
 The various Turns of Chance below ;
 And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
 And Tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

*Revolving in his alter'd Soul
 The various Turns of Chance below ;
 And, now and then, a Sigh he stole ;
 And Tears began to flow.*

V.

The mighty Master smil'd, to see
 That Love was in the next Degree :
 'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move ;
 For Pity melts the Mind to Love.
 Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.

War,

War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble;
Honour but an empty Bubble.

Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the World be worth thy Winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying.

Lovely *Thais* sits besides thee,

Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Musick won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

C H O R U S.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd;

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again:

A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain:

Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound

Has rais'd up his Head,

As awak'd from the Dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,
 See the Furies arise:
 See the Snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their Hair,
 And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!
 Behold a ghastly Band,
 Each a Torch in his Hand!
 Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battel were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the Plain.

Give the Vengeance due
 To the valiant Crew.

Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the *Persian* Abodes,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods!
 The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy;
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy;
Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey,
 And, like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

C H O R U S.

*And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the Way,
 To light him to his Prey,
 And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.*

VII.

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute
 And sounding Lyre,
 Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire.
 At last divine *Cecilia* came,
 Inventress of the vocal Frame;

The

An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

239

The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize;
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.

GRAND C H O R U S.

*At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal Frame;
The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
And added Length to solemn Sounds,
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the Prize,
Or both divide the Crown;
He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies;
She drew an Angel down.*



THE



T H E
T W E L F T H B O O K
O F
O V I D ' s M E T A M O R P H O S E S ,
W H O L L Y T R A N S L A T E D .

CONNECTION TO THE END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

Ætacus, the Son of Priam, loving a Country-Life, forsakes the Court : Living obscurely, he falls in Love with a Nymph ; who flying from him, was killed by a Serpent ; for Grief of this, he would have drowned himself ; but by the Pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Ætacus, believes him to be dead, and raises a Tomb to preserve his Memory. By this Transfition, which is one of the finest in all Ovid, the Poet naturally falls into the Story of the Trojan War, which is summed up, in the present Book, but so very briefly, in many Places, that Ovid seems more short than Virgil, contrary to his usual Style. Yet the House of Fame, which is here described, is one of the most beautiful Pieces in the whole Metamorphoses. The Fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the Fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield

to no other Part of this Poet : And particularly the Loves and Death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the Male and Female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.



RIAM, to whom the Story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd Son :
A Cenotaph his Name and Title kept,
And *Heñor* round the Tomb, with all his
Brothers wept.

This pious Office *Paris* did not share,
Absent alone ; and Author of the War,
Which, for the *Spartan* Queen, the *Grecians* drew
T' avenge the Rape ; and *Asia* to subdue.

A thousand Ships were mann'd, to sail the Sea :
Nor had their just Resentments found Delay,
Had not the Winds and Waves oppos'd their Way.
At *Aulis*, with united Pow'rs they meet,
But there, cross Winds or Calms detain'd the Fleet.

Now, while they raise an Altar on the Shore,
And *Jove* with solemn Sacrifice adore ;
A boding Sign the Priests and People see :
A Snake of Size immense ascends a Tree,
And, in the leafy Summit, spy'd a Nest,
Which, o'er her callow Young, a Sparrow press'd.
Eight were the Birds unfledg'd ; their Mother flew ;
And hover'd round her Care ; but still in View :
Till the fierce Reptile first devour'd the Brood ;
'Then seiz'd the flutt'ring Dam, and drunk her Blood.
This dire Oſtent, the fearful People view ;
Calchus alone, by *Phæbus* taught, foreknew
What Heav'n decreed ; and with a smiling Glance,
Thus gratulates to *Greece* her happy Chance.
O *Argives*, we shall conquer : *Troy* is ours,
But long Delays shall first afflict our Pow'rs :
Nine Years of Labour, the nine Birds portend ;
The Tenth shall in the Town's Destruction end.

Th

The Serpent, who his Maw obscene had fill'd,
 The Branches in his curl'd Embraces held:
 But, as in Spires he stood, he turn'd to Stone:
 The stony Snake retain'd the Figure still his own.

Yet, not for this, the Wind-bound Navy weigh'd,
 Slack were their Sails; and *Neptune* disobey'd.
 Some thought him loath the Town shou'd be destroy'd,
 Whose Building had his Hands divine employ'd:
 Not so the Seer; who knew, and known foreshow'd,
 The Virgin *Phæbe*, with a Virgin's Blood
 Must first be reconcil'd; the common Cause
 Prevail'd; and Pity yielding to the Laws,
 Fair *Iphigenia* the devoted Maid
 Was, by the weeping Priests, in Linen Robes array'd;
 All mourn her Fate; but no Relief appear'd:
 The Royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd:
 When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
 Relenting ceas'd her Wrath; and stopp'd the coming Blow.
 A Mist before the Ministers she cast;
 And, in the Virgin's Room, a Hind she plac'd.
 Th' Oblation slain, and *Phæbe* reconcil'd,
 The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd:
 A favourable Gale arose from Shore,
 Which to the Port desir'd, the *Grecian* Gallies bore.

Full in the Midst of this created Space,
 Betwixt Heav'n, Earth and Skies, there stands a Place
 Confining on all three; with triple Bound;
 Whence all Things, though remote, are view'd around;
 And thither bring their undulating Sound. }
 The Palace of loud Fame; her Seat of Pow'r;
 Plac'd on the Summit of a lofty Tow'r;
 A thousand winding Entries long and wide,
 Receive of fresh Reports a flowing Tide.
 A thousand Crannies in the Walls are made;
 Nor Gate nor Bars exclude the busy Trade.

'Tis built of Brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading Sounds, and multiply the News :
Where Echos in repeated Echos play :
A Mart for ever full ; and open Night and Day.
Nor Silence is within, nor Voice express,
But a deaf Noise of Sounds that never cease.
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow Roar
Of Tides, receding from th' insulted Shore.
Or like the broken Thunder, heard from far,
When *Jove* to Distance drives the rowling War.
The Courts are fill'd with a tumultuous Din
Of Crowds, or issuing forth, or entring in :
A thorough-fare of News : Where some devise
Things never heard ; some mingle Truth with Lies :
The troubled Air with empty Sounds they beat :
Intent to hear ; and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there ; with added Train
Of vain Credulity ; and Joys as vain :
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near ; [Fear.
And Rumours rais'd, and Murmurs mix'd, and Panick
Fame sits aloft ; and sees the subject Ground ;
And Seas about, and Skies above ; enquiring all around.
The Goddess gives th' Alarm ; and soon is known
The *Grecian* Fleet, descending on the Town.
Fix'd on Defence the *Trojans* are not slow
'To guard their Shore from an expected Foe.
They meet in Fight : By *Hector's* fatal Hand.
Protesilaus falls ; and bites the Strand :
Which with Expend of Blood the *Grecians* won ;
And prov'd the Strength unknown of *Priam's* Son.
And to their Cost the *Trojan* Leaders felt
The *Grecian* Heroes ; and what Deaths they dealt.
From these first Onsets, the *Sigæan* Shore
Was strew'd with Carcasses, and stain'd with Gore :
Neptunian Cygnus, Troops of *Greeks* had slain ;
Achilles in his Car had scowr'd the Plain,

And

And clear'd the *Trojan* Rank : Where-e'er he fought,
Cygnus, or *Hector*, through the Fields he fought :
Cygnus he found ; on him his Force essay'd :
 For *Hector* was to the tenth Year delay'd.
 His white man'd Steeds, that bow'd beneath the Yoke,
 He chear'd to Courage, with a gentle Stroke ;
 Then urg'd his fiery Chariot on the Foe ;
 And rising shook his Lance ; in Act to throw.
 But first he cry'd, O Youth, be proud to bear
 Thy Death, enobled, by *Pelides'* Spear.
 The Lance pursu'd the Voice without Delay ;
 Nor did the whizzing Weapon miss the Way,
 But pierc'd his Cuirass, with such Fury sent ;
 And sign'd his Bosom with a purple Dint.
 At this the Seed of *Neptune* ; Goddess-born,
 For Ornament, not Use, these Arms are worn ;
 This Helm, and heavy Buckler, I can spare ;
 As only Decorations of the War :
 So *Mars* is arm'd for Glory, not for Need.
 'Tis somewhat more from *Neptune* to proceed,
 Than from a Daughter of the Sea to spring :
 Thy Sire is mortal ; mine is Ocean's King.
 Secure of Death, I shou'd contemn thy Dart,
 Tho' naked ; and impassible depart :
 He said, and threw : The trembling Weapon pass'd
 Through nine Bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
 On his broad Shield ; and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out ; and sent again
 The hostile Gift : The hostile Gift was vain.
 He try'd a third, a tough well-chosen Spear ;
 Th' inviolable Body stood sincere,
 Though *Cygnus* then did no Defence provide,
 But scornful offer'd his unshielded Side.
 Not otherwise th' impatient Hero far'd,
 Than as a Bull, incompas'd with a Guard,

Amid the *Circus* roars : Provok'd from far
 By Sight of Scarlet, and a sanguine War :
 They quit their Ground ; his bended Horns elude ;
 In vain pursuing, and in vain pursu'd.

Before to farther Fight he wou'd advance,
 He stood considering, and survey'd his Lance.
 Doubts if he wielded not a Wooden Spear
 Without a Point : He look'd, the Point was there.
 This is my Hand, and this my Lance, he said,
 By which so many thousand Foes are dead.

}

O whither is their usual Virtue fled !
 I had it once ; and the *Lyrnessian* Wall,
 And *Tenedos*, confess'd it in their Fall.
 Thy Streams, *Caicus*, rowl'd a crimson Flood ;
 And *Thebes* ran Red with her own Natives Blood.
 Twice *Telephus* employ'd their piercing Steel,
 To wound him first, and afterward to heal.

}

The Vigour of this Arm was never vain :
 And that my wonted Prowess I retain,
 Witness these Heaps of Slaughter on the Plain.
 He said ; and, doubtful of his former Deeds,
 To some new Trial of his Force proceeds.
 He chose *Menætes* from among the rest ;
 At him he lanch'd his Spear ; and pierc'd his Breast :
 On the hard Earth the *Lycian* knock'd his Head,
 And lay supine ; and forth the Spirit fled.

Then thus the Hero ; Neither can I blame
 The Hand, or Javelin ; both are still the same.
 The same I will employ against this Foe ;
 And wish but with the same Success to throw.
 So spoke the Chief ; and while he spoke he threw ;
 The Weapon with unerring Fury flew ;
 At his left Shoulder aim'd : Nor Entrance found ;
 But back, as from a Rock, with swift Rebound
 Harmless return'd : A bloody Mark appear'd,
 Which with false Joy the flatter'd Hero chear'd.

Wound

Wound there was none; the Blood that was in View,
The Lance before from slain *Menætes* drew.

Headlong he leaps from off his lofty Car,
And in close Fight on Foot renews the War.
Raging with high Disdain, repeats his Blows;
Nor Shield nor Armour can their Force oppose;
Huge Cantlets of his Buckler strew the Ground,
And no Defence in his bor'd Arms is found.
But on his Flesh, no Wound or Blood is seen;
The Sword itself is blunted on the Skin.

This vain Attempt the Chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow Temples and his Ears
His Buckler beats: The Son of *Neptune*, stunn'd
With these repeated Buffets, quits his Ground;
A sickly Sweat succeeds, and Shades of Night;
Inverted Nature swims before his Sight:
Th' insulting Victor presses on the more,
And treads the Steps the vanquish'd trod before.
Nor Rest, nor Respite gives. A Stone there lay
Behind his trembling Foe, and stopp'd his Way:
Achilles took th' Advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the Ground.
His Buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his Knees above, his panting Breast.
Unlac'd his Helm: About his Chin the Twist
He ty'd; and soon the strangled Soul dismiss'd.

With eager Haste he went to strip the Dead:
The vanish'd Body from his Arms was fled.
His Sea-God Sire, t' immortalize his Fame,
Had turn'd it to the Bird that bears his Name.

A Truce succeeds the Labours of this Day,
And Arms suspended with a long Delay.
While *Trojan* Walls are kept with Watch and Ward;
The *Greeks* before their Trenches mount the Guard;

The Feast approach'd ; when to the blue-ey'd Maid
 His Vows for *Cygnus* slain the Victor paid,
 And a white Heifer on her Altar laid. }
 The reeking Entrails on the Fire they threw ;
 And to the Gods the grateful Odour flew :
 Heav'n had its Part in Sacrifice : The rest
 Was broil'd and roasted for the future Feast.
 The chief invited Guests were set around :
 And Hunger first asswag'd, the Bowls were crown'd, }
 Which in deep Draughts their Cares and Labours drown'd.
 The mellow Harp did not their Ears employ :
 And mute was all the warlike Symphony :
 Discourse, the Food of Souls, was their Delight,
 And pleasing Chat prolong'd the Summer's Night.
 The Subject, Deeds of Arms ; and Valour shown,
 Or on the *Trojan* Side, or on their own.
 Of Dangers undertaken, Fame achiev'd,
 They talk'd by Turns ; the Talk by Turns reliev'd.
 What Things but these, cou'd fierce *Achilles* tell,
 Or what cou'd fierce *Achilles* hear so well ?
 The last great Act perform'd, of *Cygnus* slain,
 Did most the martial Audience entertain :
 Wondring to find a Body, free by Fate
 From Steel ; and which cou'd ev'n that Steel rebate :
 Amaz'd, their Admiration they renew ;
 And scarce *Pelides* cou'd believe it true.

Then *Nestor*, thus : What once this Age has known,
 In fated *Cygnus*, and in him alone,
 These Eyes have seen in *Cæneus* long before,
 Whose Body, not a thousand Swords cou'd bore.
Cæneus, in Courage, and in Strength, excell'd ;
 And still his *Othrys*' with his Fame is fill'd :
 But what did most his martial Deeds adorn,
 (Though since he chang'd his Sex) a Woman born.

A Novelty so strange. and full of Fate,
 His list'ning Audience ask'd him to relate.

Achilles

Achilles thus commends their common Suit;
 O Father, first for Prudence in Repute,
 Tell, with that Eloquence, so much thy own,
 What thou hast heard, or what of *Caneus* known:
 What was he, whence his Change of Sex begun,
 What Trophies, join'd in Wars with thee, he won?
 Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal Strife
 The Youth, without a Wound, cou'd lose his Life?

Neleides then; Though tardy Age, and Time,
 Have shrunk my Sinews, and decay'd my Prime;
 Though much I have forgotten of my Store,
 Yet not exhausted, I remember more.

Of all that Arms atchiev'd, or Peace design'd,
 That Action still is fresher in my Mind
 Than ought beside. If reverend Age can give
 To Faith a Sanction, in my Third I live.

'Twas in my second Cent'ry, I survey'd
 Young *Cænis*, then a fair *Thessalian* Maid:
Cænis the Bright, was born to high Command;
 A Princess; and a Native of thy Land,
 Divine *Achilles*; every Tongue proclaim'd
 Her Beauty; and her Eyes all Hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy Sire, perhaps had sought her Bed,
 Among the rest; but he had either led
 Thy Mother then; or was by Promise ty'd;
 But she to him, and all, alike her Love deny'd.

It was her Fortune once, to take her Way
 Along the sandy Margin of the Sea:
 The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
 And lov'd as soon as seen, by Force embrac'd.
 So Fame reports. Her Virgin Treasure seiz'd,
 And his new Joys, the Ravisher so pleas'd,
 That thus, transported, to the Nymph he cry'd;
 Ask what thou wilt, no Pray'r shall be deny'd.
 This also Fame relates: The haughty Fair,
 Who not the Rape ev'n of a God cou'd bear,

This Answer, proud, return'd : To mighty Wrongs
A mighty Recompence, of Right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a Shame ;
But change the Woman, for a better Name ;
One Gift for all : She said ; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestick, manly Tone she took.
A Man she was : And as the Godhead swore,
To *Cæneus* turn'd, who *Cænis* was before.

To this the Lover adds, without Request :
No Force of Steel shou'd violate his Breast.
Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warrior goes :
And Arms among the *Greeks* ; and longs for equal Foes.

Now brave *Pirithous*, bold *Ixion's* Son,
The Love of fair *Hippodame* had won.
The Cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half Beast,
Invited, came to grace the Nuptial Feast :
In a cool Cave's Recess the Treat was made,
Whose Entrance, Trees with spreading Boughs o'ershade.
They fate : And summon'd by the Bridegroom, came,
To mix with those the *Lapithæan* Name :
Nor wanted I : The Roofs with Joy resound :
And *Hymen*, *Io Hymen*, rung around.
Rais'd Altars shone with holy Fires ; the Bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her Side
A Bevy of bright Nymphs, with sober Grace,)
Came glitt'ring like a Star ; and took her Place.
Her heav'nly Form beheld, all wish'd her Joy ;
And little wanted, but in vain, their Wishes all employ.

For one, most Brutal, of the brutal Brood,
Or whether Wine or Beauty fir'd his Blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful Eyes
The Bride ; at once resolv'd to make his Prize.
Down went the Board ; and fastning on her Hair,
He seiz'd with sudden Force the frightened Fair.
'Twas *Eurytus* began : His bestial Kind
His Crime pursu'd ; and each as pleas'd his Mind,

Or her, whom Chance presented, took : The Feast
An Image of a taken Town express'd.

The Cave resounds with female Shrieks ; we rise,
Mad with Revenge, to make a swift Reprise :
And *Theseus* first : What Frenzy has possess'd,
O *Eurytus*, he cry'd, thy brutal Breast,
To wrong *Pirithous*, and not him alone,
But while I live, two Friends conjoin'd in one ?

To justify his Threat, he thrusts aside
The Crowd of Centaurs ; and redeems the Bride :
The Monster nought reply'd : For Words were vain ;
And Deeds cou'd only Deeds unjust maintain :
But answers with his Hand ; and forward press'd,
With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breast.
An ample Goblet stood, of antick Mold,
And rough with Figures of the rising Gold ;
The Hero snatch'd it up : And toss'd in Air,
Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher.
He falls ; and falling vomits forth a Flood
Of Wine, and Foam and Brains, and mingled Blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing through the Hall,
Arms, Arms, the Double-form'd with Fury call ;
To wreak their Brother's Death : A Medley-Flight
Of Bowls and Jars, at first supply the Fight,
Once Instruments of Feasts ; but now of Fate ;
Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.

Bold *Amycus*, from the robb'd Vestry brings
The Chalice of Heav'n ; and holy Things
Of precious Weight : A Sconce, that hung on high,
With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacrifice,
Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
He threw amid the *Lapithæan* Band.
On *Celadon* the Ruin fell ; and left
His Face of-Feature and of Form bereft :
So, when some brawny Sacrificer knocks,
Before an Altar led, an offer'd Ox,

His

His Eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to Ground ;
His Nose dismantled, in his Mouth is found,
His Jaws, Cheeks, Front, one undistinguish'd Wound. }

This, *Belates*, th' Avenger, cou'd not brook ;
But, by the Foot, a Maple-board he took ;
And hurl'd at *Amycus* ; his Chin is bent
Against his Chest, and down the Centaur sent :
Whom sputtring bloody Teeth, the second Blow
Of his drawn Sword, dispatch'd to Shades below.

Grineus was near ; and cast a furious Look
On the Side-Altar, cens'd with sacred Smoke,
And bright with flaming Fires ; The Gods, he cry'd,
Have with their holy Trade our Hands supply'd :
Why use we not their Gifts ? Then from the Floor
An Altar Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore :
Altar and Altar's Freight together flew,
Were thickest throng'd the *Lapithæan* Crew :
And, at once, *Broteas* and *Oryus* slew.
Oyrus' Mother, *Mycale*, was known
Down from her Sphere to draw the lab'ring Moon.

Exadius cry'd, Unpunish'd shall not go
This Fact, if Arms are found against the Foe.
He look'd about, where on a Pine were spread
The votive Horns of a Stag's branching Head :
At *Grineus* these he throws ; so just they fly,
That the sharp Antlers stuck in either Eye :
Breathless and Blind he fell ; with Blood besmear'd ;
His Eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his Beard.
Fierce *Rhætus*, from the Hearth a burning Brand
Selects, and whirling Waves ; till, from his Hand
The Fire took Flame ; then dash'd it from the Right,
On fair *Charaxus*' Temples ; near the Sight :
The whistling Pest came on ; and pierc'd the Bone,
And caught the yellow Hair, that shrivel'd while it shone.

Caught,

Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd ; or like Seerwood ;
 Yet from the Wound ensu'd no Purple Flood ;
 But look'd a bubbling Mass of frying Blood.
 His blazing Locks sent forth a crackling Sound ;
 And hiss'd, like red hot Iron within the Smithy drown'd.
 The wounded Warrior shook his flaming Hair,
 Then (what a Team of Horse cou'd hardly rear)
 He heaves the Threshold Stone ; but cou'd not throw ;
 The Weight itself forbad the threaten'd Blow ;
 Which dropping from his lifted Arms, came down
 Full on *Cometes*' Head ; and crush'd his Crown.
 Nor *Rhætus* then retain'd his Joy ; but said ;
 So by their Fellows may our Foes be sped ;
 Then, with redoubled Strokes he plies his Head :
 The burning Lever not deludes his Pains ;
 But drives the batter'd Skull within the Brains.

Thus flush'd, the Conqueror, with Force renew'd,
Evagrus, *Dryas*, *Corythus*, pursu'd :
 First, *Corythus*, with downy Cheeks, he slew ;
 Whose fall, when fierce *Evagrus* had in View,
 He cry'd, What Palm is from a beardless Prey ?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say ;
 And drove within his Mouth the fiery Death,
 Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his Breath.
 At *Dryas* next he flew : But weary Chance,
 No longer wou'd the same Success advance.
 But while he whirl'd in fiery Circles round
 The Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong *Dryas* found ;
 And in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound.
 The Weapon stuck ; which, roaring out with Pain,
 He drew ; nor longer durst the Fight maintain,
 But turn'd his Back, for Fear ; and fled amain.
 With him fled *Orneus*, with like Dread possess'd ;
Thaumus, and *Medon* wounded in the Breast ;
 And *Mermoros*, in the late Race renown'd,
 Now limping ran, and tardy with his Wound.

Phelus

Pholus and *Melaneus* from Fight withdrew,
 And *Abas* maim'd, who Boars encountring slew:
 And *Augur Aftylos*, whose Art in vain
 From Fight dissuaded the four-footed Train,
 Now beat the Hoof, with *Nessus* on the Plain;
 But to his Fellow cry'd, Be safely slow,
 Thy Death deferr'd is due to great *Alcides'* Bow.

Mean Time strong *Dryas* urg'd his Chance so well,
 That *Lycidas*, *Areos*, *Imbreus* fell;
 All, one by one, and fighting Face to Face;
Crenæus fled, to fall with more Disgrace:
 For fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
 Betwixt his Nose and Front, the Blow before.
 Amid the Noise and Tumult of the Fray,
 Snoring, and drunk with Wine, *Aphidas* lay.
 Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he kept,
 And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept.
 Him *Phorbas* with his flying Dart transfix'd;
 'Take thy next Draught, with *Stygian* Waters mix'd,
 And sleep thy fill, th' insulting Victor cry'd;
 Surpris'd with Death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd
 The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,
 Repass'd his Throat; and fill'd his empty Bowl.

I saw *Petræus'* Arms, employ'd around
 A well-grown Oak, to root it from the Ground.
 This Way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous Bands;
 The Trunk was like a Sappling in his Hands,
 And still obey'd the Bent: While thus he stood,
Perithous' Dart drove on; and nail'd him to the Wood.
Lycus and *Chromys* fell, by him oppress'd:
Helops and *Diety*s added to the rest
 A nobler Palm: *Helops*, through either Ear
 Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating Spear.
 'This *Diety*s saw; and seiz'd with sudden Fright,
 Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy Height;
 And crush'd an Ash beneath, that cou'd not bear his Weight

The shatter'd Tree receives his Fall ; and strikes,
 Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd Spikes.
 Strong *Aphareus* had heav'd a mighty Stone,
 The Fragment of a Rock ; and wou'd have thrown ;
 But *Theseus*, with a Club of harden'd Oak,
 The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke ;
 And left him maim'd ; nor seconded the Stroke.
 Then leapt on tall *Bianor's* Back : (Who bore
 No mortal Burden but his own, before.)
 Press'd with his Knees his Sides ; the double Man,
 His Speed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
 One Hand the Hero fasten'd on his Locks ;
 His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes.
 The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd Brows ;
 He falls ; and lashing up his Heels, his Rider throws.
 The same *Herculean* Arms, *Nedymnus* wound ;
 And lay by him *Lycotas* on the Ground.
 And *Hippasus*, whose Beard his Breast invades ;
 And *Ripheus*, Haunter of the Woodland Shades :
 And *Tereus*, us'd with Mountain-Bears to strive ;
 And from their Dens to draw th' indignant Beasts alive.
Demoleon cou'd not bear this hateful Sight,
 Or the long Fortune of th' *Athenian* Knight :
 But pull'd with all his Force, to disengage
 From Earth a Pine ; the Product of an Age :
 The Root stuck fast : The broken Trunk he sent
 At *Theseus* : *Theseus* frustrates his Intent,
 And leaps aside, by *Pallas* warn'd, the Blow
 To shun : (for so he said ; and we believ'd it so.)
 Yet not in vain th' enormous Weight was cast ;
 Which *Crantor's* Body sunder'd at the Waist :
 Thy Father's Squire, *Achilles*, and his Care ;
 Whom conquer'd in the *Dolopeian* War,
 Their King, his present Ruin to prevent,
 A Pledge of Peace implor'd, to *Pe'us* sent.

Thy Sire, with grieving Eyes, beheld his Fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd *Grantor*, shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd Revenge. At once he said, and threw
His Ashen-Spear; which quiver'd as it flew;
With all his Force and all his Soul apply'd;
The sharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's Side:
Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monster join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the Steel behind.
Stuck in his Lungs it stood: Inrag'd he rears
His Hoofs, and down to Ground thy Father bears.
Thus trampled under Foot, his Shield defends
His Head; his other Hand the Lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the Dust,
He sped the Centaur, with one single Thrust.
Two more, his Lance before transfix'd from far;
And two, his Sword had slain, in closer War.
To these was added *Dorylas*: Who spread
A Bull's two goring Horns around his Head.
With these he push'd; in Blood already dy'd;
Him, fearless, I approach'd; and thus defy'd:
Now Monster, now, by Proof it shall appear,
Whether thy Horns are sharper, or my Spear.
At this, I threw: For want of other Ward,
He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard.
His Hand it pass; and fix'd it to his Brow:
Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow.
Him *Peleus* finish'd, with a second Wound,
Which thro' the Navel pierc'd: He reel'd around;
And drag'd his dangling Bowels on the Ground.
Trod what he drag'd; and what he trod he crush'd:
And to his Mother-Earth, with empty Belly, rush'd.

Nor cou'd thy Form, O *Cyllarus*, foreshow
Thy Fate; (if Form to Monsters Men allow:)
Just bloom'd thy Beard: Thy Beard of golden Hue:
Thy Locks, in golden Waves, about thy Shoulders flew.

Sprightly thy Look: Thy Shapes in ev'ry Part
 So clean, as might instruct the Sculptor's Art;
 As far as Man extended: Where began
 The Beast, the Beast was equal to the Man.
 Add but a Horses Head and Neck; and he,
 O *Castor*, was a Courser worthy thee.
 So was his Back proportion'd for the Seat;
 So rose his brawny Chest; so swiftly mov'd his Feet.
 Coal-black his Colour, but like Jet it shone;
 His Legs and flowing Tail were white alone.
 Belov'd by many Maidens of his Kind
 But fair *Hylomone* possess'd his Mind;
Hylomone, for Features, and for Face,
 Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:
 Nor less her Blandishments, than Beauty move;
 At once both loving, and confessing Love.
 For him she dress'd: For him with Female Care
 She comb'd, and set in Curls, her auborn Hair.
 Of Roses, Violets, and Lillies mix'd,
 And Sprigs of flowing Rosemary betwixt,
 She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her Front:
 In Waters of the *Pagasean* Fount,
 And in the Streams that from the Fountain play,
 She wash'd her Face; and bath'd her twice a Day.
 The Scarf of Firs, that hung below her Side,
 Was Ermin, or the Panther's spotted Pride;
 Spoils of no common Beast: With equal Flame
 They lov'd: Their *Sylvan* Pleasures were the same;
 All day they hunted: And when Day expir'd,
 Together to some shady Cave retir'd:
 Invited to the Nuptials, both repair:
 And, Side by Side, they both engage in War.
 Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
 At *Cyllarus* was sent; which pierc'd his Heart.
 The Javelin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
 He faints with staggr'ing Steps; and seeks the Ground:

The

The Fair, within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
 And strove his wandring Spirits to recall:
 And while her Hand the streaming Blood oppos'd,
 Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers she clos'd.
 Stiffled with Kisses, a sweet Death he dies;
 She fills the Fields with undistinguish'd Cries:
 At least her Words were in her Clamour drown'd;
 For my stunn'd Ears receiv'd no vocal Sound.
 In mandels of her Grief, she seiz'd the Dart
 New-drawn, and reeking from her Lover's Heart,
 To her bare Bosom the sharp Point apply'd;
 And wounded fell; and falling by his Side,
 Embrac'd him in her Arms; and thus embracing dy'd. }

Ev'n still methinks, I see *Phæocomes*;
 Strange was his Habit; and as odd his Dress.
 Six Lions Hides, with Thongs together fast,
 His upper Part defended to his Waist:
 And where Man ended, the continu'd Vest,
 Spread on his Back, the Hous and Trappings of a Beast.
 A Stump too heavy for a Team to draw,
 (It seems a Fable, tho' the Fact I saw;)
 He threw at *Phoion*; the descending Blow
 Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in two.
 The Brains, from Nose and Mouth, and either Ear,
 Came issuing out, as through a Colendar
 The curdled Milk: or from the Press the Whey,
 Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the Slain,
 Pierc'd through the Paunch, I tumbled on the Plain.
 Then *Chthonius*, and *Teleboas* I slew:
 A Fork the former arm'd; a Dart his Fellow threw.
 The Javelin wounded me; (behold the Scar.)
 Then was my Time to seek the *Trojan War*;
 Then I was *Hector's* Match in open Field;
 But he was then unborn; at least a Child:

Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
 By *Periphantas* how *Pyretus* fell;
 The Centaur by the Knight: Nor will I stay
 On *Amphyx*, or what Deaths he dealt that Day:
 What Honour, with a pointless Lance, he won,
 Stuck in the Front of a Four-footed Man.
 What Fame young *Macareus* obtain'd in Fight:
 Or dwell on *Nessus*, now return'd from Flight.
 How Prophet *Mopsus* not alone divin'd,
 Whose Valour equal'd his foreseeing Mind.

Already *Cæneus*, with his conquering Hand,
 Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their Band.
Pyrachmus, *Helymus*, *Antimachus*,
Bromus the Brave, and stronger *Stiphelus*,
 Their Names I number'd, and remember well,
 No Trace remaining, by what Wounds they fell.

Latreus, the bulkiest of the double Race,
 Whom the spoil'd Arms of slain *Halesus* grace,
 In Years retaining still his youthful Might,
 Though his black Hairs were interspers'd with White,
 Betwixt th' imbattled Ranks began to prance,
 Proud of his Helm, and *Macedonian* Lance;
 And rode the Ring around; that either Host
 Might hear him, while he made this empty Boast.
 And from a Strumpet shall we suffer Shame?
 For *Cænis* still, not *Cæneus* is thy Name:
 And still the native Softness of thy Kind
 Prevails; and leaves the Woman in thy Mind.
 Remember what thou wert: what Price was paid
 To change thy Sex: To make thee not a Maid;
 And but a Man in shew: Go, card and spin;
 And leave the Business of the War to Men.

While thus the Boaster exercis'd his Pride,
 The fatal Spear of *Cæneus* reach'd his Side:
 Just in the Mixture of the Kinds it ran;
 Betwixt the neather Breast, and upper Man.

The Monster mad with Rage, and stung with Smart,
His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart :
It struck ; but bounded from his harden'd Breast,
Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House invest,
Nor seem'd the Stroke with more Effect to come,
Than a small Pebble falling on a Drum.
He next his Fauchion try'd, in closer Fight ;
But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite.
He thrust ; the blunted Point return'd again :
Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and Thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his Side : In strong Embraces held
He prov'd his Side ; his Side the Sword repell'd :
His hollow Belly eccho'd to the Stroke ;
Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock ;
Aim'd at his Neck at last, the Blade in Shivers broke.

Th' impassive Knight stood idle, to deride
His Rage, and offer'd oft his naked Side :
At length, now Monster, in thy Turn, he cry'd,
Try thou the Strength of *Caneus* : At the Word
He thrust ; and in his Shoulder plung'd the Sword.
Then writh'd his Hand : and as he drove it down,
Deep in his Breast, made many Wounds in one.

The Centaurs saw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd Success ;
And rushing on, in Crowds, together press ;
At him, and him alone, their Darts they threw :
Repuls'd they from his fated Body flew.
Amaz'd they stood ; till *Monychus* began,
O Shame, a Nation conquer'd by a Man !
A Woman-Man ; yet more a Man is he,
Than all our Race ; and what He was, are We.
Now, what avail our Nerves ? th' united Force,
Of two the strongest Creatures, Man and Horse.
Nor Goddess-born ; nor of *Ixion's* Seed
We seem ; (a Lover built for *Juno's* Bed ;
Master'd by this half Man. Whole Mountains throw
With Woods at once, and bury him below

This only Way remains. Nor need we doubt
 To choak the Soul within; though not to force it out.
 Heap Weights, instead of Wounds: He chanc'd to see
 Where Southern Storms had rooted up a Tree;
 This, rais'd from Earth, against the Foe he threw;
 Th' Example shewn, his Fellow-Brutes pursue.
 With Forest-loads the Warrior they invade;
Othrys and *Pelion* soon were void of Shade;
 And spreading Groves were naked Mountains made.
 Press'd with the Burden, *Cæneus* pants for Breath;
 And on his Shoulders bears the wooden Death.
 To heave th' intollerable Weight he tries;
 At length it rose above his Mouth and Eyes;
 Yet still he heaves: And struggling with Despair,
 Shakes all aside; and gains a Gulp of Air:
 A short Relief, which but prolongs his Pain;
 He faints by Fits; and then respire again:
 At last, the Burden only nods above,
 As when an Earthquake stirs th' *Idæan* Grove.
 Doubtful his Death: He suffocated seem'd
 'To most; but otherwise our *Mopsus* deem'd.
 Who said he saw a yellow Bird arise
 From out the Pile, and cleave the liquid Skies:
 I saw it too: With golden Feathers bright;
 Nor e'er before beheld so strange a Sight.
 Whom *Mopsus* viewing, as it soar'd around
 Our Troop, and heard the Pinions rattling Sound,
 All hail, he cry'd, thy Country's Grace and Love;
 Once first of Men below, now first of Birds above.
 Its Author to the Story gave Belief;
 For us our Courage was increas'd by Grief:
 Asham'd to see a single Man, pursu'd
 With odds, to sink beneath a Multitude:
 We push'd the Foe; and forc'd to shameful Flight;
 Part fell; and Part escap'd by Favour of the Night.

This

This Tale by *Nestor* told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the Seed of *Hercules* :

For, often he had heard his Father say,
That he himself was present at the Fray ;
And more than shar'd the Glories of the Day.

}

Old Chronicle he said, among the rest,
You might have nam'd *Alcides* at the least :
Is he not worth your Praise ? The *Pylian* Prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke ; then made this proud Defence.
My former Woes in long Oblivion drown'd,
I wou'd have lost ; but you renew the Wound :
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The Cause I have your mighty Sire to hate.
His Fame has fill'd the World, and reach'd the Sky ;
(Which, Oh, I wish, with Truth, I cou'd deny !)
We praise not *Hector* ; though his Name, we know,
Is great in Arms ; 'tis hard to praise a Foe.

He, your Great Father, levell'd to the Ground
Messenia's Tow'rs : Nor better Fortune found
Elis, and *Pylus* ; that a neighb'ring State,
And this my own : Both guiltless of their Fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew ;
My Brethren, who their Birth from *Neleus* drew.
All Youths of early Promise, had they liv'd ;
By him they perish'd : I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy Conquest : But the Fate
Of *Periclymenos*, is wond'rous to relate.
To him, our common Grandfire of the Main,
Had giv'n to change his Form, and chang'd, resume again.
Vary'd at Pleasure, every Shape he try'd ;
And in all Beasts *Alcides* still defy'd :
Vanquish'd on Earth, at length he soar'd above ;
Chang'd to the Bird, that bears the Bolt of *Jove*.
The new-dissembled Eagle, now endu'd
With Beak and Pounces, *Hercules* pursu'd,

And cuff'd his manly Cheeks, and tore his Face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty Space.

Alcides bore not long his flying Foe:

But bending his inevitable Bow,

Reach'd him in Air, suspended as he stood;

And in his Pinion fix'd the feather'd Wood.

Light was the Wound; but in the Sinew hung

The Point; and his disabled Wing unstrung.

He wheel'd in Air, and stretch'd his Vans in vain;

His Vans no longer cou'd his Flight sustain:

For while one gather'd Wind, one unsupply'd

Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other Side.

He fell: The Shaft that slightly was impress'd,

Now from his heavy Fall with Weight increas'd,

Drove through his Neck, assant; he spurns the Ground,

And the Soul issues through the Weazon's Wound.

Now, brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Seas,

What Praise is due from me, to *Hercules*?

Silence is all the Vengeance I decree

For my slain Brothers; but 'tis Peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing Tongue old *Nestor* spoke:

Then, to full Bowls each other they provoke:

At length, with Weariness and Wine oppress'd,

They rise from Table, and withdraw to Rest.

The Sire of *Cygnus*, Monarch of the Main,

Mean Time, laments his Son, in Battle slain:

And vows the Victor's Death; nor vows in vain.

For nine long Years the smother'd Pain he bore;

(*Achilles* was not ripe for Fate, before:)

Then when he saw the promis'd Hour was near,

He thus bespoke the God, that guides the Year.

Immortal Offspring of my Brother *Jove*;

My brightest Nephew, and whom best I love,

Whose Hands were join'd with mine, to raise the Wall

Of tottering *Troy*, now nodding to her Fall,

Dost thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in vain ;
 And the Defenders of our City slain ?
 To pass the rest, cou'd noble *Heſtor* lie
 Unpity'd, drag'd around his native *Troy* ?
 And yet the Murd'rer lives : Himself by far
 A greater Plague, than all the wasteful War :
 He lives ; the proud *Pelides* lives, to boast
 Our Town destroy'd, our common Labour lost !
 O, cou'd I meet him ! But I wish too late :
 To prove my Trident is not in his Fate !
 But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy Dart,
 And pierce his only penetrable Part.

Apollo bows to the superior Throne ;
 And to his Uncle's Anger, adds his own.
 Then in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight,
 Where *Greeks* and *Trojans* mix'd in mortal Fight ;
 And found out *Paris*, lurking where he stood,
 And stain'd his Arrows with *Plebeian* Blood :
Phæbus to him alone the God confess'd,
 Then to the recreant Knight, he thus address'd.
 Dost thou not blush, to spend thy Shafts in vain
 On a degenerate and ignoble Train ?
 If Fame, or better Vengeance, be thy Care,
 There aim : And, with one Arrow, end the War.

He said ; and shew'd from far the blazing Shield
 And Sword, which but *Achilles* none cou'd wield ;
 And how he mov'd a God, and mov'd the standing Field. }
 The Deity himself directs aright
 Th' invenom'd Shaft ; and wings the fatal Flight.

Thus fell the foremost of the *Grecian* Name ;
 And He, the base Adult'rer, boasts the Fame.
 A Spectacle to glad the *Trojan* Train ;
 And please old *Priam*, after *Heſtor* slain.
 If by a female Hand he had foreseen
 He was to die, his Wish had rather been
 The Lance and double Ax of the fair Warrior Queen. }

And

And now the Terror of the *Trojan* Field
The *Grecian* Honour, Ornament, and Shield,
High on a Pile, th' Unconquer'd Chief is plac'd,
The God that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
Of all the mighty Man, the small Remains
A little Urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in *Homer*, still *Achilles* lives;
And equal to himself, himself survives.

His Buckler owns its former Lord; and brings
New Cause of Strife, betwixt contending Kings;
Who worthiest after him, his Sword to wield,
Or wear his Armour, or sustain his Shield.
Ev'n *Diomedes* fate Mute, with down-cast Eyes;
Conscious of wanted Worth to win the Prize:
Nor *Menelaus* presum'd these Arms to claim,
Nor He the King of Men, a greater Name.
Two Rivals only rose: *Laertes'* Son,
And the vast Bulk of *Ajax Telamon*.
The King, who cherish'd each, with equal Love,
And from himself all Envy wou'd remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the Laws;
And to the *Grecian* Chiefs transferr'd the Cause.



THE
S P E E C H E S
O F
A J A X A N D U L Y S S E S :

FROM THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.



THE Chiefs were fet; the Soldiers crown'd
the Field :
T To these the Master of the sevenfold Shield,
Upstart'd fierce : And kindled with Disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling Rage, he rowl'd his Eyes around
The Shore, and *Grecian* Gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then stretching out his Hands, O *Jove*, he cry'd,
Must then our Cause before the Fleet be try'd ?
And dares *Ulysses* for the Prize contend,
In Sight of what he durst not once defend ?
But basely fled that memorable Day,
When I from *Hector's* Hands redeem'd the flaming Prey.
So much 'tis safer at the noisy Bar
With Words to flourish, than engage in War.

By diff'rent Methods we maintain our Right,
 Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
 In bloody Fields I labour to be great;
 His Arms are a smooth Tongue, and soft Deceit.
 Nor need I speak my Deeds, for those you see,
 The Sun and Day are Witnesses for me.
 Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
 And vouch the silent Stars, and conscious Moon.
 Great is the Prize demanded, I confess,
 But such an abject Rival makes it less;
 That Gift, those Honours, he but hop'd to gain,
 Can leave no Room for *Ajax* to be vain:
 Losing he wins, because his Name will be
 Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
 Were my known Valour question'd, yet my blood
 Without that Plea wou'd make my Title good:
 My Sire was *Telamon*, whose Arms, employ'd
 With *Hercules*, these *Trojan* Walls destroy'd;
 And who before with *Jason*, sent from *Greece*,
 In the first Ship brought home the golden Fleece:
 Great *Telamon* from *Æacus* derives
 His Birth (th' Inquisitor of guilty Lives
 In Shades below; where *Sisyphus*, whose Son
 This Thief is thought, rould up the restless heavy Stone.)
 Just *Æacus*, the King of Gods above
 Begot: Thus *Ajax* is the Third from *Jove*.
 Nor shou'd I seek Advantage from my Line,
 Unless (*Achilles*) it were mix'd with thine:
 As next of Kin *Achilles*' Arms I claim;
 This Fellow wou'd ingraft a foreign Name
 Upon our Stock, and the *Sisyphean* Seed
 By Fraud and Theft asserts his Father's Breed.
 Then must I lose these Arms, because I came
 To fight uncall'd, a voluntary Name?
 Nor shunn'd the Cause, but offer'd you my Aid,
 While he long lurking was to War betray'd:

Forc'd

Forc'd to the Field he came, but in the Reer;
 And feign'd Distraction to conceal his Fear:
 Till one more cunning caught him in the Snare;
 (Ill for himself) and dragg'd him into War.
 Now let a Hero's Arms a Coward vest,
 And he who shunn'd all Honours, gain the best:
 And let me stand excluded from my Right,
 Robb'd of my Kinsman's Arms, who first appear'd in Fight.
 Better for us, at home had he remain'd,
 Had it been true the Madnefs which he feign'd,
 Or so believ'd; the less had been our Shame, [Name;
 The less his counsell'd Crime, which brands the Grecian
 Nor *Philoctetes* had been left inclos'd
 In a bare Isle, to Wants and Pains expos'd,
 Where to the Rocks, with solitary Groans,
 His Suff'rings and our Baseness he bemoans;
 And wishes (so may Heav'n his Wish fulfill)
 The due Reward to him who caus'd his Ill.
 Now he, with us to *Troy's* Destruction sworn,
 Our Brother of the War, by whom are born
Alcides' Arrows, pent in narrow Bounds,
 With Cold and Hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with Wounds,
 To find him Food and Cloathing, must employ
 Against the Birds the Shafts due to the Fate of *Troy*.
 Yet still he lives, and lives from Treason free,
 Because he left *Ulysses'* Company:
 Poor *Palamede* might wish, so void of Aid,
 Rather to have been left, than so to Death betray'd.
 The Coward bore the Man immortal Spight,
 Who sham'd him out of Madnefs into Fight:
 Nor daring otherwise to vent his Hate,
 Accus'd him first of Treason to the State,
 And then for Proof produc'd the golden Store
 Himself had hidden in his Tent before:
 Thus of two Champions he depriv'd our Host,
 By Exile one, and one by Treason lost.

Thus fights *Ulysses*, thus his Fame extends,
 A formidable Man but to his Friends :
 Great, for what Greatness is in Words and Sound,
 Ev'n faithful *Nestor* less in both is found :
 But that he might without a Rival reign,
 He left this faithful *Nestor* on the Plain ;
 Forsook his Friend ev'n at his utmost Need,
 Who tir'd, and tardy with his wounded Steed
 Cry'd out for Aid, and call'd him by his Name ;
 But Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame :
 Thus fled the good old Man, bereft of Aid,
 And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
 That this is not a Fable forg'd by me,
 Like one of his, an *Ulyssæan* Lie,
 I vouch ev'n *Diomedes*, who tho' his Friend
 Cannot that Act excuse, much less defend :
 He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his Fear ;
 And sure enough he heard, but durst not hear.
 The Gods with equal Eyes on Mortals look,
 He justly was forsaken, who forsook :
 Wanted that Succour he refus'd to lend,
 Found every Fellow such another Friend :
 No Wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear ;
 His Elocution was increas'd by Fear :
 I heard, I ran, I found him out of Breath,
 Pale, trembling, and half dead with Fear of Death.
 Tho' he had judg'd himself by his own Laws,
 And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common Cause :
 With my broad Buckler hid him from the Foe ;
 (Ev'n the Shield trembled as he lay below ;)
 And from impending Fate the Coward freed :
 Good Heav'n forgive me for so bad a Deed !
 If still he will persist, and urge the Strife,
 First let him give me back his forfeit Life :
 Let him return to that opprobrious Field ;
 Again creep under my protecting Shield :

Let

Let him lie wounded, let the Foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring Heart confess his Fear;
There put him in the very Jaws of Fate;
And let him plead his Cause in that Estate:
And yet when snatch'd from Death, when from below
My lifted Shield I loos'd, and let him go:
Good Heav'ns how light he rose, with what a Bound
He sprung from Earth, forgetful of his Wound;
How fresh, how eager then his Feet to ply,
Who had not Strength to stand, Had Speed to fly!

Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear seiz'd alike the Feeble and the Strong:
Each *Greek* was an *Ulysses*; such a Dread
'Th' Approach, and ev'n the Sound of *Hector* bred:
Him, flesh'd with Slaughter, and with Conquest crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the Ground;
When after, matchless as he deem'd in Might,
He challeng'd all our Host to single Fight;
All Eyes were fix'd on me: The Lots were thrown;
But for your Champion I was wish'd alone:
Your Vows were heard, we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the Field.
With *Jove* to friend th' insulting *Trojan* came,
And menac'd us with Force, our Fleet with Flame:
Was it the Strength of this Tongue-valiant Lord,
In that black Hour, that sav'd you from the Sword;
Or was my Breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand Swords, a thousand Ships to save?
The Hopes of your Return! And can you yield,
For a sav'd Fleet, less than a single Shield?
Think it no Boast, O *Grecians*, if I deem
These Arms want *Ajax*, more than *Ajax* them;
Or, I with them an equal Honour share;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my Courage with his Slight?
As well he may compare the Day with Night.

Night.

Night is indeed the Province of his Reign :
 Yet all his dark Exploits no more contain
 Than a Spy taken, and a Sleeper slain.
 A Priest made Pris'ner, *Pallas* made a Prey,
 But none of all these Actions done by Day :
 Nor ought of these was done, and *Diomedo* away.
 If on such petty Merits you confer
 So vast a Prize, let each his Portion share ;
 Make a just Dividend ; and if not all,
 The greater Part to *Diomedo* will fall.
 But why, for *Ithacus* such Arms as those,
 Who naked and by Night invades his Foes ?
 The glitt'ring Helm by Moonlight, will proclaim
 The latent Robber, and prevent his Game :
 Nor cou'd he hold his tott'ring Head upright
 Beneath that Motion, or sustain the Weight ;
 Nor that right Arm cou'd toss the beamy Lance ;
 Much less the left that ampler Shield advance ;
 Pond'rous with precious Weight, and rough with Cost
 Of the round World in rising Gold emboss'd.
 That Orb would ill become his Hand to wield ;
 And look as for the Gold he stole the Shield ;
 Which, shou'd your Error on the Wretch bestow,
 It would not frighten, but allure the Foe :
 Why asks he, what avails him not in Fight,
 And wou'd but cumber and retard his Flight,
 In which his only Excellence is plac'd ?
 You give him Death, that intercept his Haste.
 Add, that his own is yet a Maiden-Shield,
 Nor the least Dint has suffer'd in the Field,
 Guiltless of Fight : Mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
 Worn out of Service, must forsake his Lord.
 What farther Need of Words our Right to scan ?
 My Arguments are Deeds, let Action speak the Man
 Since from a Champion's Arms the Strife arose,
 So cast the glorious Prize amid the Foes ;

Then

Then send us to redeem both Arms and Shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the Field.

He said: A Murmur from the Multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled Shout ensu'd:
Till from his Seat arose *Laertes'* Son,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting Audience rais'd his Look,
And not without prepar'd Attention spoke:
Soft was his Tone, and sober was his Face;
Action his Words, and Words his Action grace.

If Heav'n, my Lords, had heard our common Pray'r,
These Arms had caus'd no Quarrel for an Heir;
Still great *Achilles* had his own possess'd,
And we with great *Achilles* had been blest'd.
But since hard Fate, and Heav'n's severe Decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me,
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his Eyes, and drew
Or seem'd to draw some Drops of kindly Dew)
Who better can succeed *Achilles* lost,
Than he who gave *Achilles* to your Host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid Thing, nor I may lose the Prize,
By having Sense, which Heav'n to him denies:
Since, great or small, the Talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common Cause employ'd:
Nor let my Wit, and wonted Eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your Defence
And in my own, this only Time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a Fault.
Make not a Crime, where Nature made it none;
For ev'ry Man may freely use his own.
The Deeds of long descended Ancestors
Are but by Grace of Imputation ours,
Theirs in Effect; but since he draws his Line
From *Jove*, and seems to plead a Right Divine;

From

From *Jove*, like him, I claim my Pedigree,
 And am descended in the same Degree:
 My Sire *Laertes* was *Arcefius*' Heir,
Arcefius was the Son of *Jupiter*:
 No Paricide, no banish'd Man, is known
 In all my Line: Let him excuse his own.
Hermes enobles too my Mother's Side,
 By both my Parents to the Gods ally'd;
 But not because that on the Female Part
 My Blood is better, dare I claim Desert,
 Or that my Sire from Paricide is free;
 But judge by Merit betwixt him and me:
 The Prize be to the best; provided yet,
 That *Ajax* for a while his Kin forget:
 And his great Sire, and greater Uncle's Name,
 To fortify by them his feeble Claim:
 Be Kindred and Relation laid aside,
 And Honour's Cause by Laws of Honour try'd:
 For if he plead Proximity of Blood;
 That empty Title is with Ease withstood.
Peleus, the Hero's Sire, more nigh than he,
 And *Pyrrhus*, his undoubted Progeny,
 Inherit first these Trophies of the Field;
 To *Scyros*, or to *Pbthia*, send the Shield:
 And *Teucer* has an Uncle's Right; yet he
 Waves his Pretensions, nor contends with me.
 Then, since the Cause on pure Desert is plac'd,
 Whence shall I take my Rise, what reckon last?
 I not presume on ev'ry Act to dwell,
 But take these few, in Order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the Fates, apply'd her Care
 To keep *Achilles* in Disguise from War;
 And till the threatening Influence were past,
 A Woman's Habit on the Hero cast:
 All Eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd Vest,
 And *Ajax* (never wiser than the rest)

Found no *Pelias* there: At Length I came
 With proffer'd Wares to this pretended Dame;
 She, not discover'd by her Mien or Voice,
 Betray'd her Manhood by her manly Choice;
 And while on Female Toys her Fellows look,
 Grasp'd in her warlike Hand, a Javelin shook;
 Whom, by this Act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
 O Goddess-born! resist not Heav'n's Decree,
 The Fall of *Ilium* is reserv'd for Thee;
 Then seiz'd him, and produc'd in open Light,
 Sent blushing to the Field the fatal Knight.
 Mine then are all his Actions of the War,
 Great *Telephus* was conquer'd by my Spear,
 And after cur'd: To me the *Thebans* owe,
Lesbos, and *Tenedos*, their Overthrow;
Scyros and *Cylla*! Not on all to dwell,
 By me *Lyrnesus* and strong *Chrysa* fell:
 And since I sent the Man who *Hector* slew,
 To me the noble *Hector*'s Death is due:
 Those Arms I put into his living Hand,
 Those Arms, *Pelides* dead, I now demand.

When *Greece* was injur'd in the *Spartan* Prince,
 And met at *Aulis* to avenge th' Offence,
 'Twas a dead Calm, or adverse Blasts, that reign'd,
 And in the Port the Wind-bound Fleet detain'd:
 Bad Signs were seen, and Oracles severe
 Were daily thundered in our General's Ear;
 That by his Daughter's Blood we must appease
Diana's kindled Wrath, and free the Seas.
 Affection, Int'rest, Fame, his Heart assail'd;
 But soon the Father o'er the King prevail'd:
 Bold, on himself he took the pious Crime,
 As angry with the Gods, as they with him.
 No Subject cou'd sustain their Sovereign's Look,
 Till this hard Enterprize I undertook:

I only

I only durst th' Imperial Pow'r controul,
 And undermin'd the Parent in his Soul;
 Forc'd him t' exert the King for common Good,
 And pay our Ransom with his Daughter's Blood.
 Never was Cause more difficult to plead,
 Than were the Judge against himself decreed:
 Yet this I won by Dint of Argument;
 The Wrongs his injur'd Brother underwent,
 And his own Office sham'd him to consent.

}

'Twas harder yet to move the Mother's Mind,
 And to this heavy Task was I design'd:
 Reasons against her Love I knew were vain:
 I circumvented whom I could not gain:
 Had *Ajax* been employ'd, our slacken'd Sails
 Had still at *Aulis* waited happy Gales.

Arriv'd at *Troy*, your Choice was fix'd on me,
 A fearless Envoy, fit for a bold Embassy:
 Secure, I enter'd thro' the hostile Court,
 Glitt'ring with Steel, and crowded with Resort:
 There, in the Midst of Arms, I plead our Cause,
 Urge the foul Rape, and violated Laws;
 Accuse the Foes, as Authors of the Strife,
 Reproach the Ravisher, demand the Wife.
Priam, *Antenor*, and the wiser few,
 I mov'd; but *Paris* and his lawless Crew
 Scarce held their Hands, and lifted Swords: But stood
 In Act to quench their impious Thirst of Blood:
 This *Menelaus* knows; expos'd to share
 With me the rough Preludium of the War.

Endless it were to tell what I have done,
 In Arms, or Counsel, since the Siege begun:
 The first Encounters past, the Foe repell'd,
 They skulk'd within the Town, we kept the Field.
 War seem'd asleep for nine long Years, at Length
 Both Sides resolv'd to push, we try'd our Strength.

Now

Now what did *Ajax* while our Arms took Breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanick Trade of Death?
If you require my Deeds, with ambush'd Arms
I trapp'd the Foe, or tir'd with false Alarms;
Secur'd the Ships, drew Lines along the Plain,
The Fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the Rebel-train,
Provided Forage, our spent Arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common Cause pursu'd.

The King, deluded in a Dream by *Jove*,
Despair'd to take the Town, and order'd to remove.
What Subject durst arraign the Pow'r Supreme,
Producing *Jove* to justify his Dream?

Ajax might with the Soldiers to retain
From shameful Flight, but Wishes were in vain:
As wanting of Effect had been his Words,
Such as of Course his thund'ring Tongue affords.
But did this Boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own Example urge their Stay?
None, none of these, but ran himself away.

I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
Who ply'd his Feet so fast to get aboard as He?
Then speeding through the Place, I made a stand
And loudly cry'd, O base, degenerate Band,
To leave a Town already in your Hand!
After so long Expence of Blood, for Fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual Shame!
These Words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For Grief inspir'd me then with Eloquence)
Reduc'd their Minds, they leave the crowded Port,
And to their late forsaken Camp resort:

Dismay'd the Council met: This Man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his Fear:
Thersites tax'd the King, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening Mouth with Blows I seal'd.
Then, rising, I excite their Souls to Fame,
And kindle sleeping Virtue into Flame.

From

From thence, whatever he perform'd in Fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from Flight.

Which of the *Grecian* Chiefs consorts with thee?
But *Diomede* desires my Company,
And still communicates his Praise with me.
As guided by a God, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my Fellowship, amid the Foes;
And sure no little Merit I may boast,
Whom such a Man selects from such an Host;
Unforc'd by Lots I went without Affright,
To dare with him the Dangers of the Night:
On the same Errand sent, we met the Spy
Of *Hector*, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till undermin'd,
I drew him first to tell what treach'rous *Troy* design'd:
My Task perform'd, with Praise I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater Praise aspir'd.
Invaded *Rhæsus*, and his *Thracian* Crew,
And him, and his, in their own Strength I slew:
Return'd a Victor, all my Vows compleat,
With the King's Chariot, in his Royal seat:
Refuse me now his Arms, whose fiery Steeds
Were promis'd to the Spy for his nocturnal Deeds:
And let dull *Ajax* bear away my Right,
When all his Days out-balance this one Night.

Nor fought I Darkling still: The Sun beheld
With slaughter'd *Lycians* when I strew'd the Field:
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, *Cromius*, *Ceranos* the Strong,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, and *Halius*,
Noemon, *Charopes*, and *Ennomus*;
Choon, *Cberfidamas*; and five beside,
Men of obscure Descent, but Courage try'd;
All these this Hand laid breathless on the Ground;
Nor want I Proofs of many a manly Wound:

All honest, all before: Believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.

At this he bar'd his Breast, and show'd his Scars,
As of a furrow'd Field, well plough'd with Wars;
Nor is this Part unexercis'd, said he;
That Giant-bulk of his from Wounds is free:
Safe in his Shield he fears no Foe to try,
And better manages his Blood than I:
But this avails me not; our Boaster strove
Not with our Foes alone, but partial *Jove*,
To save the Fleet: This I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any Man his Due:)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some Part of Honour to your Share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.

}

Patroclus in *Achilles'* Arms, and thought
The Chief he seem'd, with equal Ardour fought;
Preserv'd the Fleet, repell'd the raging Fire,
And forc'd the fearful *Trojans* to retire.

But *Ajax* boasts, that he was only thought
A Match for *Hector*, who the Combat fought:
Sure he forgets the King, the Chiefs, and Me:
All were as eager for the Fight as He:
He but the ninth, and not by publick Voice,
Or ours prefer'd, was only Fortune's Choice:
They fought; nor can our Hero boast th' Event,
For *Hector* from the Field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal Day,
That snatch'd the Prop and Pride of *Greece* away?
I saw *Pelides* sink, with pious Grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his Relief;
For the brave Soul was fled: Full of my Friend,
I rush'd amid the War, his Relicks to defend:
Nor ceas'd my Toil till I redeem'd the Prey,
And, loaded with *Achilles*, march'd away:

Those Arms, which on these Shoulders then I bore,
 'Tis just you to these Shoulders should restore.
 You see I want not Nerves, who cou'd sustain
 The pond'rous Ruins of so great a Man:
 Or if in others equal Force you find,
 None is endu'd with a more grateful Mind.

Did *Thetis* then, ambitious in her Care,
 These Arms thus labour'd for her Son prepare;
 That *Ajax* after him the heav'nly Gift shou'd wear!
 For that dull Soul to stare, with stupid Eyes,
 On the learn'd unintelligible Prize!
 What are to him the Sculptures of the Shield,
 Heav'ns Planets, Earth, and Ocean's watry Field?
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*; less, and greater *Bear*,
 Undipp'd in Seas; *Orion's* angry Star;
 Two diff'ring Cities, grav'd on either Hand;
 Would he wear Arms he cannot understand?

Beside, what wise Objections he prepares
 Against my late Accession to the Wars?
 Does not the Fool perceive his Argument
 Is with more Force against *Achilles* bent?
 For if Dissembling be so great a Crime,
 The Fault is common, and the same in him:
 And if he taxes both of long Delay,
 My Guilt is less, who sooner came away.
 His pious Mother, anxious for his Life,
 Detain'd her Son; and me, my pious Wife.
 To them the Blossoms of our Youth were due,
 Our riper Manhood we reserv'd for you.
 But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my Care,
 When with so great a Man my Guilt I share:
 My Wit to War the matchless Hero brought,
 But by this Fool he never had been caught.
 Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
 Such foul Aspersions, when he spares not you;

If *Palamede* unjustly fell by me,
Your Honour suffer'd in th' unjust Decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: And yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of Treason, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was false; your Eyes beheld
The Traitor manifest; the Bribe reveal'd.

That *Philoctetes* is on *Lemnos* left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human Aid bereft,
Is not my Crime, or not my Crime alone;
Defend your Justice, for the Fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' Advice was mine; that staying there
He might his weary Limbs with Rest repair,
From a long Voyage free, and from a longer War.
He took the Counsel, and he lives at least;
Th' Event declares I counsell'd for the best:
Though Faith is all, in Ministers of State;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his Arrows are the Fate of *Troy*,
Do not my Wit, or weak Address, employ;
Send *Ajax* there, with his persuasive Sense,
To mollify the Man, and draw him thence:
But *Xanthus* shall run backward; *Ida* stand
A leafless Mountain; and the *Grecian* Band
Shall fight for *Troy*; if when my Counsels fail,
The Wit of heavy *Ajax* can prevail.

Hard *Philoctetes*, exercise thy Spleen
Against thy Fellows, and the King of Men;
Curse my devoted Head, above the rest,
And wish in Arms to meet me Breast to Breast:
Yet I the dang'rous Task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

Nor doubt the same Success, as when before
The *Phrygian* Prophet to these Tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by Night, and forc'd him to declare
What was plac'd the Fortune of the War,

Heav'n's dark Decrees, and Answers to display,
 And how to take the Town, and where the Secret lay:
 Yet this I compass'd, and from *Troy* convey'd
 The fatal Image of their Guardian-Maid;
 That Work was mine; for *Pallas*, though our Friend,
 Yet while she was in *Troy*, did *Troy* defend.
 Now what has *Ajax* done, or what design'd?
 A noisy Nothing, and an empty Wind.
 If he be what he promises in Show,
 Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
 Our boasting Champion thought the Task not light.
 To pass the Guards, commit himself to Night;
 Not only through a hostile Town to pass,
 But scale, with steep Ascent, the sacred Place;
 With wand'ring Steps to search the Citadel,
 And from the Priests their Patroness to steal:
 Then through surrounding Foes to force my Way,
 And bear in Triumph home the heav'nly Prey;
 Which had I not, *Ajax* in vain had held,
 Before that monst'rous Bulk, his sev'nfold Shield.
 That Night to conquer *Troy* I might be said,
 When *Troy* was liable to Conquest made.

Why point'st thou to my Partner of the War?
Tydidēs had indeed a worthy Share
 In all my Toil, and Praise; but when thy Might
 Our Ships protected, did'st thou singly fight?
 All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
 I ask'd no Friend, nor had, but him alone:
 Who, had he not been well assur'd, that Art
 And Conduct were of War the better Part,
 And more avail'd than Strength, my valiant Friend
 Had urg'd a better Right, than *Ajax* can pretend:
 As good at least *Eurypylus* may claim,
 And the more moderate *Ajax* of the Name:
 The *Cretan* King, and his brave Charioteer,
 And *Menelaus* bold with Sword and Spear:

All these had been my Rivals in the Shield,
 And yet all these to my Pretensions yield.
 Thy boist'rous Hands are then of Use, when I
 With this directing Head those Hands apply.
 Brawn without Brain is thine: My prudent Care
 Foresees, provides, administers the War:
 Thy Province is to fight; but when shall be
 The Time to fight, the King consults with me:
 No Dram of Judgment with thy Force is join'd;
 Thy Body is of Profit, and my Mind.
 By how much more the Ship her Safety owes
 To him who steers, than him that only rows;
 By how much more the Captain merits Praise
 Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
 By so much greater is my Worth than thine,
 Who canst but execute what I design.
 What gain'st thou, brutal Man, if I confess
 Thy Strength superior, when thy Wit is less?
 Mind is the Man: I claim my whole Desert,
 From the Mind's Vigour, and th' immortal Part.

But you, O Grecian Chiefs, reward my Care,
 Be grateful to your Watchman of the War:
 For all my Labours in so long a Space,
 Sure I may plead a Title to your Grace;
 Enter the Town; I then unbarr'd the Gates,
 When I remov'd their tutelary Fates.
 By all our common Hopes, if Hopes they be
 Which I have now reduc'd to Certainty;
 By falling *Troy*, by yonder tott'ring Tow'rs,
 And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
 Or, if there yet a farther Task remains,
 To be perform'd by Prudence or by Pains;
 If yet some desp'rate Action rests behind,
 That asks high Conduct, and a dauntless Mind;
 If ought be wanting to the *Trojan* Doom,
 Which none but I can manage and o'ercome,

The Death of AJAX.

Award those Arms I ask, by your Decree :
Or give to this what you refuse to me.

He ceas'd : And ceasing with Respect he bow'd,
And with his Hand at once the fatal Statue show'd.
Heav'n, Air and Ocean rung, with loud Applause,
And by the gen'ral Vote he gain'd his Cause.
Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage fail'd,
And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd.

The Death of AJAX.

He who cou'd often, and alone, withstand
The Foe, the Fire, and *Jove's* own partial Hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd Grief sustain,
But yields to Rage, to Madness, and Disdain ;
Then snatching out his Fauchion, Thou, said he,
Art mine ; *Ulysses* lays no Claim to thee.
O often-try'd, and ever trusty Sword,
Now do thy last kind Office to thy Lord :
'Tis *Ajax* who requests thy Aid, to show
None but himself, himself cou'd overthrow.
He said, and with so good a Will to die
Did to his Breast the fatal Point apply,
It found his Heart, a Way till then unknown,
Where never Weapon enter'd, but his own.
No Hands cou'd force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by Streams of spouting Blood.
The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which grew
On a green Stem ; and of a purple Hue :
Like his, whom unaware *Apollo* slew :
Inscrib'd in both, the Letters are the same,
But those express the Grief, and these the Name.



T H E
W I F E O F B A T H
H E R
T A L E.



N Days of Old, when *Arthur* fill'd the
Throne,
Whose Acts and Fame to foreign Lands
were blown;
The King of Elfs and little Fairy Queen
Gamboll'd on Heaths, and danc'd on ev'ry
Green.

And where the jolly Troop had led the Round,
The Grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the Ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the Silver Light
Of *Phæbe* serv'd to guide their Steps aright,
And, with their Tripping pleas'd, prolong'd the Night.
Her Beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her Horns they staid,
From thence with airy Flight to foreign Lands convey'd.
Above the rest our *Britain* held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more spacious Rings, and revell'd half the
Year.

I speak of ancient Times, for now the Swain
 Returning late may pass the Woods in vain,
 And never hope to see the nightly Train:
 In vain the Dairy now with Mints is dress'd,
 The Dairy-Maid expects no Fairy Guest,
 To skim the Bowls, and after pay the Feast.
 She sighs and shakes her empty Shoes in vain,
 No Silver Penny to reward her Pain:
 For Priests with Pray'rs, and other godly Geer,
 Have made the merry Goblins disappear;
 And where they play'd their merry Pranks before,
 Have sprinkled Holy Water on the Floor:
 And Fry'rs. that through the wealthy Regions run
 Thick as the Motes, that twinkle in the Sun;
 Resort to Farmers rich, and bless their Halls,
 And exercise the Beds, and cross the Walls:
 This makes the Fairy Quires forsake the Place,
 When once 'tis hallow'd with the Rites of Grace:
 But in the Walks where wicked Elves have been,
 The Learning of the Parish now is seen,
 The Midnight Parson posting o'er the Green
 With Gown tuck'd up to Wakes; for *Sunday* next,
 With humming Ale encouraging his Text;
 Nor wants the holy Leer to Country-Girl betwixt.
 From Fiends and Imps he sets the Village free,
 There haunts not any Incubus, but he.
 The Maids and Women need no Danger fear
 To walk by Night, and Sanctity so near:
 For by some Haycock, or some shady Thorn,
 He bids his Beads both Even-song and Morn.

It so befel in this King *Arthur's* Reign,
 A lusty Knight was pricking o'er the Plain;
 A Batchelor he was, and of the courtly Train.
 It happen'd as he rode, a Damsel gay
 In Ruffet-Robes to Market took her Way;

Soon

Soon on the Girl he cast an amorous Eye,
So strait she walk'd, and on her Pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he lik'd her Pace,
Now turning short he better lik'd her Face:
He lights in Haste, and, full of youthful Fire,
By Force accomplish'd his obscene Desire:
This done away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his Back the Country cry'd;
And once in View they never lost the Sight,
But seiz'd, and pinion'd brought to Court the Knight.

Then Courts of Kings were held in high Renown,
Ere made the common Brothels of the Town:
There, Virgins honourable Vows receiv'd,
But chaste as Maids in Monasteries liv'd:
The King himself to nuptial Ties a Slave,
No bad Example to his Poets gave:
And they not bad, but in a vicious Age,
Had not to please the Prince debauch'd the Stage.

Now what shou'd *Arihur* do? He lov'd the Knight,
But Sovereign Monarchs are the Source of Right:
Mov'd by the Damsel's Tears and common Cry,
He doom'd the brutal Ravisher to die:
But fair *Geneura* rose in his Defence,
And pray'd so hard for Mercy from the Prince;
That to his Queen the King th' Offender gave,
And left it in her Pow'r to kill or save:
This gracious Act the Ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a Man shou'd die for Love.
And with their Mistress join'd in close Debate,
(Covering their Kindness with dissembled Hate;)
If not to free him, to prolong his Fate.
At last agreed they call'd him by Consent
Before the Queen and Female Parliament.
And the fair Speaker rising from the Chair,
Did thus the Judgment of the House declare.

Sir Knight, tho' I have ask'd thy Life, yet still
 Thy Destiny depends upon my Will :
 Nor hast thou other Surety than the Grace
 Not due to thee from our offended Race.
 But as our Kind is of a softer Mold,
 And cannot Blood without a Sigh behold,
 I grant thee Life ; reserving still the Pow'r
 To take the Forfeit when I see my Hour :
 Unless thy Answer to my next Demand
 Shall set thee free from our avenging Hand ;
 The Question, whose Solution I require,
 Is, *what the Sex of Women most desire ?*
 In this Dispute thy Judges are at Strife ;
 Beware ; for on thy Wit depends thy Life.
 Yet (lest surpriz'd, unknowing what to say
 Thou damn thyself) we give thee farther Day :
 A Year is thine to wander at thy Will ;
 And learn from others, if thou want'st the Skill.
 But, not to hold our Proffer turn'd in Scorn,
 Good Sureties will we have for thy Return ;
 That at the Time prefix'd thou shalt obey,
 And at thy Pledges' Peril keep thy Day.

Wee was the Knight at this severe Command !
 But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand :
 The Terms accepted as the Fair ordain,
 He put in Bail for his Return again.
 And promis'd Answer at the Day assign'd,
 The best, with Heav'n's Assistance, he cou'd find.

His Leave thus taken, on his Way he went
 With heavy Heart, and full of Discontent,
 Misdoubting much, and fearful of th' Event.
 'Twas hard the Truth of such a Point to find,
 As was not yet agreed among the Kind.
 Thus on he went ; still anxious more and more,
 Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at ev'ry Door ;

Enqui'd

Enquir'd of Men ; but made his chief Request
To learn from Women what they lov'd the best.
They answer'd each according to her Mind
To please herself, not all the Female Kind.
One was for Wealth, another was for Place :
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better Face.
The Widow's Wish was oftentimes to wed ;
The wanton Maids were all for Sport a-Bed.
Some said the Sex were pleas'd with handsome Lies,
And some gross Flatt'ry lov'd without Disguise :
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win
Who flatters well, for that's our darling Sin.
But long Attendance, and a duteous Mind,
Will work ev'n with the Wisest of the Kind.
One thought the Sexes prime Felicity
Was from the Bonds of Wedlock to be free :
Their Pleasures, Hours, and Actions all their own,
And uncontroll'd to give Account to none.
Some wish a Husband-Fool ; but such are curst,
For Fools perverse, of Husbands are the worst :
All Women wou'd be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our Spouses see, but with our Eyes ;
For Fools will prate ; and tho' they want the Wit
To find close Faults, yet open Blots will hit :
Tho' better for their Ease to hold their Tongue,
For Womankind was never in the Wrong.
So Noise ensues, and Quarrels last for Life ;
The Wife abhors the Fool, the Fool the Wife.
And some Men say that great Delight have we,
To be for Truth extoll'd, and Secrecy :
And constant in one Purpose still to dwell ;
And not our Husband's Counsels to reveal.
But that's a Fable, for our Sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a Tale.
Like leaky Sives no Secrets we can hold :
Witness the famous Tale that *Ovid* told.

Midas the King, as in his Book appears,
 By *Phœbus* was endowed with Asses Ears,
 Which under his long Locks he well conceal'd,
 (As Monarchs Vices must not be reveal'd)
 For Fear the People have 'em in the Wind,
 Who long ago were neither Dumb nor Blind;
 Nor apt to think from Heav'n their Title springs,
 Since *Jove* and *Mars* left off begetting Kings.
 This *Midas* knew; and durst communicate
 To none but to his Wife, his Ears of State:
 One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
 As passing prudent; and a parlous Wit.
 To this sagacious Confessor he went,
 And told her what a Gift the Gods had sent:
 But told it under Matrimonial Seal,
 With strict Injunction never to reveal.
 The Secret heard, she plighted him her Troth;
 (And sacred sure is every Woman's Oath)
 The Royal Malady should rest unknown;
 Both for her Husband's Honour and her own:
 But ne'ertheless she pin'd with Discontent;
 The Counsel rumbled till it found a Vent.
 The Thing she knew she was oblig'd to hide;
 By Int'rest and by Oath the Wife was ty'd;
 But if she told it not, the Woman dy'd.
 Loth to betray a Husband and a Prince;
 But she must burst, or blab; and no Pretence
 Of Honour ty'd her Tongue from Self-defence.
 A marshy Ground commodiously was near,
 Thither she ran, and held her Breath for Fear,
 Left if a Word she spoke of any Thing,
 That Word might be the Secret of the King.
 Thus full of Counsel to the Fen she went,
 Grip'd all the Way, and longing for a Vent:
 Arriv'd, by pure Necessity compell'd,
 On her majestick Marrow-bones she kneel'd:

Then

Then to the Waters-brink she laid her Head,
And, as a Bittour bumps within a Reed,
To thee alone, O Lake, she said, I tell
(And, as thy Queen, command thee to conceal)
Beneath his Locks the King my Husband wears
A goodly royal Pair of Asses Ears.:
Now I have eas'd my Bosom of the Pain,
Till the next longing Fit return again!

Thus through a Woman was the Secret known;
Tell us, and in Effect you tell the Town.

But to my Tale: The Knight with heavy Cheer,
Wandring in vain had now consum'd the Year:
One Day was only left to solve the Doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must: And, as th' Award had been,
Yield up his Body Captive to the Queen.
In this despairing State he hap'd to ride,
As Fortune led him, by a Forest-side:
Lonely the Vale, and full of Horror stood
Brown with the Shade of a religious Wood:
When full before him at the Noon of Night,
(The Moon was up and shot a gleamy Light)
He saw a Quire of Ladies in a Round,
That featly footing seem'd to skim the Ground:
Thus dancing Hand in Hand, so light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on Earth or Air.
At Speed he drove, and came a sudden Guest,
In hope where many Women were, at least,
Some one by Chance might answer his Request.
But faster than his Horse the Ladies flew,
And in a Trice were vanish'd out of View.

One only Hag remain'd: But fowler far
Than Grandame Apes in *Indian* Forests are:
Against a wither'd Oak she lean'd her Weight,
Prop'd on her trusty Staff, not half upright,
And drop'd an awkward Court'sy to the Knight.

Then

Then said, What make you Sir so late abroad
 Without a Guide, and this no beaten Road ?
 Or want you ought that here you hope to find,
 Or travel for some Trouble in your Mind ?
 The last I guess ; and, if I read aright,
 Those of our Sex are bound to serve a Knight :
 Perhaps good Counsel may your Grief assuage,
 Then tell your Pain : For Wisdom is in Age.

To this the Knight : Good Mother, wou'd you know.

The secret Cause and Spring of all my Woe ?
 My Life must with To-morrow's Light expire,
 Unless I tell, what Women most desire :
 Now cou'd you help me at this hard Essay,
 Or for your inborn Goodness, or for Pay ;
 Your's is my Life, redeem'd by your Advice,
 Ask what you please, and I will pay the Price :
 The proudest Kerchief of the Court shall rest
 Well satisfied of what they love the best.

Plight me thy Faith, quoth she, That what I ask,
 Thy Danger over, and perform'd the Task ;
 That shalt thou give for Hire of thy Demand,
 Here take thy Oath ; and seal it on my Hand ;
 I warrant thee, on Peril of my Life,
 Thy Word shall please both Widow, Maid and Wife.

More Words there needed not to move the Knight
 To take her Offer, and his Truth to plight.
 With that she spread her Mantle on the Ground,
 And, first enquiring whither he was bound,
 Bade him not fear, tho' long and rough the Way,
 At Court he should arrive ere break of Day :
 His Horse should find the Way without a Guide.
 She said : With Fury they began to ride,
 He on the Midst, the Beldam at his Side.
 The Horse, what Devil drove I cannot tell,
 But only this, they sped their Journey well :

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And

And all the Way the Crone inform'd the Knight,
How he should answer the Demand aright.

To Court they came: The News was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his Head.

The Female Senate was assembled soon,
With all the Mob of Women in the Town:
The Queen sate Lord Chief Justice of the Hall,
And bad the Crier cite the Criminal.

The Knight appear'd; and Silence they proclaim,
Then first the *Culprit* answer'd to his Name:

And after Forms of Law, was last requir'd
To name the Thing that Women most desir'd.

Th' Offender, taught his Lesson by the Way,
And by his Counsel order'd what to say,

'Thus bold began; My Lady Liege, said he,
What all your Sex desire is *Sovereignty*.

The Wife affects her Husband to command,
All must be hers, both Money, House, and Land.

The Maids are Mistresses ev'n in their Name;
And of their Servants full Dominion claim.

This, at the Peril of my Head, I say,
A blunt plain Truth, the Sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all; while we, like Slaves, obey.

There was not one, or Widow, Maid, or Wife,
But said the Knight had well deserv'd his Life.

Ev'n fair *Geneura*, with a Blush, confess'd
The Man had found what Women love the best.

Upstarts the Beldam, who was there unseen,
And Reverence made, accosted thus the Queen
My Liege, said she, before the Court arise,
May I poor Wretch find Favour in your Eyes:
To grant my just Request: 'Twas I who taught
The Knight this Answer, and inspir'd his Thought.
None but a Woman could a Man direct
To tell us Women, what we most affect.

But

But first I swore him on his knightly Troth,
 (And here demand Performance of his Oath)
 To grant the Boon that next I should desire;
 He gave his Faith, and I expect my Hire:
 My Promise is fulfill'd: I sav'd his Life,
 And claim his Debt to take me for his Wife.
 The Knight was ask'd, nor cou'd his Oath deny,
 But hop'd they would not force him to comply.
 The Women, who would rather wrest the Laws,
 Than let a Sister-Plaintiff lose the Cause,
 (As Judges on the Bench more gracious are,
 And more attent to Brothers of the Bar)
 Cry'd, one and all, the Suppliant should have Right,
 And to the Grandame-Hag adjudg'd the Knight.

In vain he sigh'd, and oft with Tears desir'd,
 Some reasonable Suit might be requir'd.
 But still the Crone was constant to her Note;
 The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her Throat.
 In vain he proffer'd all his Goods, to save
 His Body, destin'd to that living Grave.
 The liquorish Hag rejects the Pelf with Scorn:
 And nothing but the Man would serve her Turn.
 Not all the Wealth of Eastern Kings, said she,
 Have Pow'r to part my plighted Love, and me:
 And Old, and Ugly as I am, and Poor,
 Yet never will I break the Faith I swore;
 For mine thou art by Promise, during Life,
 And I thy loving and obedient Wife.

My Love! nay rather my Damnation thou,
 Said he: Nor am I bound to keep my Vow;
 The Fiend thy Sire has sent thee from below,
 Else how could'st thou my secret Sorrows know?
 Avaunt old Witch, for I renounce thy Bed:
 The Queen may take the Forfeit of my Head,
 Ere any of my Race so foul a Crone shall wed.

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Both

Both heard, the Judge pronounc'd against the Knight;
So was he marry'd in his own Despight;
And all Day after hid him as an Owl,
Not able to sustain a Sight so foul.

Perhaps the Reader thinks I do him Wrong;
To pass the Marriage-Reast, and Nuptial Song:
Mirth there was none, the Man was *a-la-mort*:
And little Courage had to make his Court.

To Bed they went, the Bridegroom and the Bride:
Was never such an ill-pair'd Couple ty'd.

Restless he tofs'd and tumbled to and fro,
And rowl'd, and wriggled further off, for Woe.

The good old Wife lay smiling by his Side,
And caught him in her quiv'ring Arms; and cry'd,
When you my ravish'd Predecessor saw,

You were not then become this Man of Straw;
Had you been such, you might have scap'd the Law.

Is this the Custom of King *Arthur's* Court?
Are all Round-Table Knights of such a Sort?

Remember I am the who sav'd your Life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying Wife:

Not thus you swore in your unhappy Hour,
Nor I for this Return employ'd my Pow'r.

In Time of Need I was your faithful Friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will, offend.

Believe me, my lov'd Lord, 'tis much unkind;
What Fury has possess'd your alter'd Mind?

Thus on my Wedding-night—Without Pretence—
Come turn this Way, or tell me my Offence.

If not your Wife, let Reason's Rule persuade,
Name but my Fault, Amends shall soon be made.

Amends! Nay that's impossible, said he,
What Change of Age or Uglinefs can be!

Or, could *Medea's* Magick mend thy Face,
Thou art descended from so mean a Race,

That never Knight was match'd with such Disgrace.

What

What Wonder, Madam, if I move my Side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a Bride ?

And is this all that troubles you so fore !
And what the Devil cou'dst thou wish me more ?

Ah *Benedicite*, reply'd the Crone :

Then Cause of just Complaining have you none.

The Remedy to this were soon apply'd,

Wou'd you be like the Bridegroom to the Bride.

But, for you say a long descended Race,

And Wealth, and Dignity, and Pow'r, and Place,

Make Gentlemen, and that your high Degree

Is much disparag'd to be match'd with me ;

Know this, my Lord, Nobility of Blood

Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious Good :

The Nobleman is he whose noble Mind

Is fill'd with inborn Worth, unborrow'd from his Kind.

The King of Heav'n was in a Manger laid ;

And took his Earth but from an humble Maid :

Then what can Birth, or mortal Men, bestow ?

Since Floods no higher than their Fountains flow.

We, who for Name and empty Honour strive,

Our true Nobility from him derive.

Your Ancestors, who puff your Mind with Pride,

And vast Estates to mighty Titles ty'd,

Did not your Honour, but their own, advance :

For Virtue come not by Inheritance.

If you tralineate from your Father's Mind,

What are you else but of a Bastard-kind ?

Do, as your great Progenitors have done,

And by their Virtues prove yourself their Son.

No Father can infuse, or Wit, or Grace,

A Mother comes across, and marrs the Race.

A Grandfire, or a Grandame, taints the Blood ;

And seldom three Descents continue Good.

Were Virtue by Descent, a noble Name

Cou'd never villanize his Father's Fame :

But,

But, as the first, the last of all the Line,
Wou'd like the Sun ev'n in Descending shine.
Take Fire; and bear it to the darkest House,
Betwixt King *Arthur's* Court and *Caucasus*,
If you depart, the Flame shall still remain,
And the bright Blaze enlighten all the Plain:
Nor, till the Fewel perish, can decay,
By Nature form'd on Things combustible to prey.
Such is not Man, who mixing better Seed
With Worse, begets a base degen'rate Breed:
The Bad corrupts the Good, and leaves behind
No Trace of all the great Begetter's Mind.
The Father sinks within his Son, we see,
And often rises in the third Degree;
If better Luck, a better Mother give:
Chance gave us Being, and by Chance we live.
Such as our Atoms were, ev'n such are we,
Or call it Chance, or strong Necessity,
'Thus, loaded with dead Weight, the Will is free.
And thus it needs must be: For Seed conjoin'd
Lets into Nature's Work th' imperfect Kind:
But Fire, th' Enliv'ner of the general Frame,
Is one, its Operation still the same.
Its Principle is in itself: While ours
Works, as Confederates War, with mingled Pow'rs:
Or Man, or Woman, which so ever fails:
And, oft, the Vigour of the Worse prevails.
Æther with Sulphur blended alters Hue,
And casts a dusky Gleam of *Sodom* blue.
Thus in a Brute, their ancient Honour ends,
And the fair Mermaid in a Fish descends:
The Line is gone; no longer Duke or Earl;
But, by himself degraded, turns a Churl.
Nobility of Blood is but Renown
Of thy great Fathers by their Virtue known,
And a long Trail of Light, to thee descending down.

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If

If in thy Smoke it ends : Their Glories shine ;
 But Infamy and Villanage are thine.
 Then what I said before is plainly shov'd,
 The true Nobility proceeds from God :
 Not left us by Inheritance, but giv'n
 By Bounty of our Stars, and Grace of Heav'n.
 Thus from a Captive *Servius Tullus* rose,
 Whom for his Virtues the first *Romans* chose :
Fabritius from their Walls repell'd the Foe,
 Whose noble Hands had exercis'd the Plough.
 From hence, my Lord, and Love, I thus conclude,
 That tho' my homely Ancestors were rude,
 Mean as I am, yet I may have the Grace
 To make you Father of a generous Race :
 And Noble then am I, when I begin,
 In Virtue cloath'd, to cast the Rags of Sin :
 If Poverty be my upbraided Crime,
 And you believe in Heav'n, there was a Time
 When he, the great Controller of our Fate,
 Deign'd to be Man, and liv'd in low Estate :
 Which he who had the World at his Dispose,
 If Poverty were Vice, wou'd never chuse,
 Philosophers have said, and Poets sing,
 That a glad Poverty's an honest Thing.
 Content is Wealth, the Riches of the Mind ;
 And happy he who can that Treasure find.
 But the base Miser starves amidst his Store,
 Broods on his Gold, and griping still at more,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's Poor.
 The ragged Beggar, tho' he wants Relief,
 Has not to lose, and sings before the Thief.
 Want is a bitter and a hateful Good,
 Because its Virtues are not understood :
 Yet many Things, impossible to Thought,
 Have been by Need to full Perfection brought :

The daring of the Soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of Wit, and active Diligence :
Prudence at once, and Fortitude, it gives,
And, if in Patience taken, mends our Lives ;
For ev'n that Indigence that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and him above, to know.
A Good which none would challenge. few wou'd chuse,
A fair Possession, which Mankind refuse.

If we from Wealth to Poverty descend,
Want gives to know the Flatt'rer from the Friend.
If I am Old and Ugly, well for you,
No leud Adult'rer will my Love pursue.
Nor Jealousy, the Bane of marry'd Life,
Shall haunt you, for a wither'd homely Wife :
For Age, and Uglinefs, as all agree,
Are the best Guards of Female Chastity.

Yet since I see your Mind is wordly bent,
I'll do my Best to further your Content.
And therefore of two Gifts in my Dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you Leave to chuse :
Wou'd you I should be still deform'd, and Old,
Nauseous to Touch, and Loathsome to behold ;
On this Condition, to remain for Life
A careful, tender and obedient Wife,
In all I can contribute to your Ease,
And not in Deed, or Word, or Thought, displease ?
Or would you rather have me Young and Fair,
And take the Chance that happens to your Share ?
Temptations are in Beauty, and in Youth,
And how can you depend upon my Truth ?
Now weigh the Danger, with the doubtful Blis,
And thank yourself, if ought should fall amiss.

Sore sigh'd the Knight, who this long Sermon heard :
At length, considering all, his Heart he chear'd ;
And thus reply'd : My Lady, and my Wife,
To your wife Conduct I resign my Life :

Chuse

Chuse you for me, for well you understand
 The future Good and Ill, on either Hand :
 But if an humble Husband may request,
 Provide, and order all Things for the best ;
 Your's be the Care to profit, and to please :
 And let your Subject-Servant take his Ease.

Then thus in Peace, quoth she, concludes the Strife,
 Since I am turn'd the Husband, you the Wife :
 The Matrimonial Victory is mine,
 Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign ;
 Forgive, if I have said, or done amiss,
 And seal the Bargain with a friendly Kiss :
 I promis'd you but one Content to share,
 But now I will become both Good, and Fair.
 No Nuptial Quarrel shall disturb your Ease,
 The Business of my Life shall be to please :
 And for my Beauty that, as Time shall try ;
 But draw the Curtain first, and cast your Eye.

He look'd, and saw a Creature heav'nly Fair,
 In bloom of Youth, and of a charming Air.
 With Joy he turn'd, and seiz'd her Iv'ry Arm ;
 And, like *Pygmalion*, found the Statue warm.
 Small Arguments there needed to prevail,
 A Storm of Kisses pour'd as thick as Hail.
 Thus long in mutual Bliss they lay embrac'd,
 And their first Love continu'd to the last :
 One Sun-shine was their Life ; no Cloud between ;
 Nor ever was a kinder Couple seen.

And so may all our Lives like theirs be led ;
 Heav'n send the Maids young Husbands, fresh in Bed ;
 May Widows wed as often as they can,
 And ever for the better change their Man.
 And some devouring Plague pursue their Lives,
 Who will not well be govern'd by their Wives.



OF THE
PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

FROM THE FIFTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

The Fourteenth Book concludes with the Death and Deification of Romulus: The Fifteenth begins with the Election of Numa to the Crown of Rome. On this Occasion, Ovid, following the Opinion of some Authors, makes Numa the Scholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his Acquaintance with that Philosopher at Crotona, a Town in Italy; from thence he makes a Digression to the Moral and Natural Philosophy of Pythagoras: On both which our Author enlarges; and which are the most learned and beautiful Parts of the whole Metamorphoses.



King is sought to guide the growing State,
One able to support the Publick Weight,
And fill the Throne where *Romulus* had sat.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the Publick
Voice,
Had recommended *Numa* to their Choice:
A peaceful, pious Prince; who not content
To know the *Sabine* Rites, his Study bent

To

To cultivate his Mind: To learn the Laws
 Of Nature, and explore their hidden Cause.
 Urg'd by this Care, his Country he forsook,
 And to *Crotana* thence his Journey took.
 Arriv'd, he first enquir'd the Founder's Name
 Of this new Colony; and whence he came.
 Then thus a Senior of the Place replies,
 (Well read, and curious of Antiquities)
 'Tis said, *Alcides* hither took his Way
 From *Spain*, and drove along his conquer'd Prey;
 Then, leaving in the Fields his grazing Cows,
 He sought himself some hospitable House:
 Good *Croton* entertain'd his godlike Guest;
 While he repair'd his weary Limbs with Rest.
 The Hero, thence departing, bless'd the Place;
 And here, he said, in Time's revolving Race,
 A rising Town shall take his Name from thee;
 Revolving Time fulfill'd the Prophecy:
 For *Mycelos*, the justest Man on Earth,
Alemon's Son, at *Argos* had his Birth:
 Him *Hercules*, arm'd with his Club of Oak,
 O'ershadow'd in a Dream, and thus bespoke;
 Go, leave thy native Soil, and make Abode
 Where *Æfari's* roils down his rapid Flood:
 He said; and Sleep forsook him, and the God.
 Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious Heart;
 His Country Laws forbade him to depart:
 What shou'd he do? 'Twas Death to go away,
 And the God menac'd if he dar'd to stay:
 All Day he doubted, and when Night came on,
 Sleep, and the same forewarning Dream, begun:
 Once more the God stood threatening o'er his Head;
 With added Curses if he disobey'd.
 Twice warn'd, he study'd Flight; but wou'd convey,
 At once, his Person and his Wealth away;

Thus while he linger'd, his Design was heard ;
A speedy Process form'd, and Death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his Offence,
Against himself the Wretch was Evidence :
Condemn'd, and destitute of human Aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd.

O Pow'r who hast deserv'd in Heav'n a Throne
Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy own,
Pity thy Suppliant, and protect his Cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the Laws.

A Custom was of old, and still remains,
Which Life or Death by Suffrages ordains ;
White Stones and black within an Urn are cast,
The first absolve, but Fate is in the last.
The Judges to the common Urn bequeath
Their Votes, and drop the fable Signs of Death ;
The Box receives all black ; but, pour'd from thence,
The Stones came candid forth : the Hue of Innocence.

Thus *Alemonides* his Safety won,
Preserv'd from Death by *Alcumena's* Son :
Then to his Kinsman-God his Vows he pays,
And cuts with prosp'rous Gales th' *Ionian* Seas :
He leaves *Tarentum*, favour'd by the Wind,
And *Thurine* Bays, and *Temises* behind ;
Soft *Sibaris*, and all the Capes that stand
Along the Shore, he makes in Sight of Land ;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The Mouth of *Æsaris*, and promis'd Ground,
Then saw where, on the Margin of the Flood,
The Tomb that held the Bones of *Croton* stood :
Here, by the God's Command, he built and wall'd
The Place predicted ; and *Crotona* call'd :
Thus Fame, from Time to Time, delivers down
The sure Tradition of th' *Italian* Town.

Here dwelt the Man divine whom *Samos* bore,
But now Self-banish'd from his Native Shore,

Because he hated Tyrants, nor cou'd bear
 The Chains which none but servile Souls will wear:
 He, tho' from Heav'n remote, to Heav'n cou'd move,
 With Strength of Mind, and tread th' Abyfs above;
 And penetrate, with his interior Light,
 Those upper Depths, which Nature hid from Sight:
 And what he had observ'd, and learnt from thence,
 Lov'd in familiar Language to dispence.

The Crowd with silent Admiration stand,
 And heard him, as they heard their God's Command;
 While he discours'd of Heav'n's mysterious Laws,
 The World's Original, and Nature's Cause;
 And what was God, and why the fleecy Snows
 In Silence fell, and rattling Winds arose;
 What shook the stedfast Earth, and whence begun
 The Dance of Planets round the radiant Sun;
 If Thunder was the Voice of angry *Jove*,
 Or Clouds, with Nitre pregnant, burst above:
 Of these, and Things beyond the common Reach,
 He spoke, and charm'd his Audience with his Speech.

He first the Taste of Flesh from Tables drove,
 And argu'd well, if Arguments cou'd move.
 O Mortals! from your Fellows Blood abstain,
 Nor taint your Bodies with a Food profane:
 While Corn and Pulse by Nature are bestow'd,
 And planted Orchards bend their willing Load;
 While labour'd Gardens wholesom Herbs produce,
 And teeming Vines afford their gen'rous Juice;
 Nor tardier Fruits of cruder Kind are lost,
 But tam'd with Fire, or mellow'd by the Frost;
 While Kine to Pails distended Udders bring,
 And Bees their Hony redolent of Spring;
 While Earth not only can your Needs supply,
 But, lavish of her Store, provides for Luxury;
 A guiltless Feast administers with Ease,
 And without Blood is prodigal to please.

Wild Beasts their Maws with their slain Brethren fill;
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill:
Sheep, Goats, and Oxen, and the nobler Steed,
On Browz, and Corn, and flow'ry Meadows, feed.
Bears, Tygers, Wolves, the Lion's angry Brood,
Whom Heav'n endu'd with Principles of Blood,
He wisely sundred from the rest, to yell
In Forests, and in lonely Caves to dwell,
Where stronger Beasts oppress the weak by Might,
And all in Prey and purple Feasts delight.

O impious Use! to Nature's Laws oppos'd,
Where Bowels are in other Bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their Fellow's Fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by Murder, and by Death they live.
'Tis then for nought that Mother Earth provides
The Stores of all she shows, and all she hides,
If Men with fleshly Morsels must be fed,
And chaw with bloody Teeth the breathing Bread:
What else is this but to devour our Guests,
And barb'rously renew *Cyclopean* Feasts!
We, by destroying Life, our Life sustain;
And gorge th' ungodly Maw with Meats obscene:

Not so the Golden Age, who fed on Fruit,
Nor durst with bloody Meals their Mouths pollute.
Then Birds in airy Space might safely move,
And tim'rous Hares on Heaths securely rove:
Nor needed Fish the guileful Hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful; and that Peace sincere.
Whoever was the Wretch (and curs'd be he)
'That envy'd first our Food's Simplicity;
'Th' Essay of bloody Feasts on Brutes began,
And after forg'd the Sword to murder Man.
Had he the sharpen'd Steel alone employ'd
On Beasts of Prey that other Beasts destroy'd,
Or Man invaded with their Fangs and Paws,
'This had been justify'd by Nature's Laws,

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And Self-defence : But who did Feasts begin
Of Flesh, He stretch'd Necessity to Sin.
To kill Man-killers, Man has lawful Pow'r,
But not th' extended Licence, to devour.

Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees,
As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.
The Sow, with her broad Snout for rooting up
Th' intrusted Seed, was judg'd to spoil the Crop,
And intercept the sweating Farmer's Hope :
The covet'ous Churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' Offender to the bloody Priest resign'd :
Her Hunger was no Plea : For that she dy'd.
The Goat came next in Order, to be try'd :
The Goat had cropt the Tendrills of the Vine :
In Vengeance Laity and Clergy join,
Where one had lost his Profit, one his Wine.
Here was, at least, some Shadow of Offence :
The Sheep was sacrific'd on no Pretence,
But meek and unresisting Innocence.
A Patient, useful Creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly Fleece, that cloath'd her Murderer,
And daily to give down the Milk she bred,
A Tribute for the Grass on which she fed.
Living, both Food and Rayment she supplies,
And is of least Advantage when she dies.

How did the toiling Ox his Death deserve,
A downright simple Drudge, and born to serve ?
O Tyrant ! with what Justice canst thou hope
The Promise of the Year, a plenteous Crop,
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring Steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with Pains, thy else ungrateful Field ?
From his yet reeking Neck to draw the Yoke,
That Neck with which the surly Clods he broke ;
And to the Hatchet yield thy Husbandman,
Who finish'd Autumn, and the Spring began !

Nor this alone ! but Heav'n itself to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious Acts ascribe :

First

First recompence with Death their Creatures Toil,
Then call the Bless'd above to share the Spoil :
'The fairest Victim must the Pow'rs appease,
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
A purple Fillet his broad Brows adorns,
With flow'ry Garlands crown'd, and gilded Horns :
He hears the murd'rous Pray'r the Priest prefers,
But understands not, 'tis his Doom he hears :
Beholds the Meal betwixt his Temples cast,
(The Fruit and Product of his Labours past ;)
And in the Water views perhaps the Knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his Life ;
Then broken up alive, his Entrails sees
Torn out, for Priests t' inspect the Gods Decrees.

From whence, O mortal Men, this Gust of Blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted Food ?
Be taught by me this dire Delight to shun,
Warn'd by my Precepts, by my Practice won :
And when you eat the well-deserving Beast,
Think, on the Lab'rer of your Field you feast !

Now since the God inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring Pow'r obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty Mysteries,
Of Truths conceal'd before, from human Eyes,
Dark Oracles unveil, and open all the Skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the Sphere
Of shining Stars, and travel with the Year,
To leave the heavy Earth, and scale the Height
Of *Atlas*, who supports the heav'nly Weight ;
To look from upper Light, and thence survey
Mistaken Mortals wand'ring from the Way,
And wanting Wisdom, fearful for the State
Of future Things, and trembling at their Fate !

Those I wou'd teach ; and by right Reason bring
To think of Death, as but an idle Thing.

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Why thus affrighted at an empty Name,
A Dream of Darkneſs, and fictitious Flame?
Vain Themes of Wit, which but in Poems paſs,
And Fables of a World, that never was!
What feels the Body when the Soul expires,
By Time corrupted, or conſum'd by Fires?
Nor dies the Spirit, but new Life repeats
In other Forms, and only changes Seats.

Ev'n I, who theſe myſterious Truths declare,
Was once *Euphorbus* in the *Trojan* War;
My Name and Lineage I remember well,
And how in Fight by *Sparta's* King I fell.
In *Argive Juno's* Fane I late beheld
My Buckler hung on high, and own'd my former Shield.

Then Death, ſo call'd, is but old Matter dress'd
In ſome new Figure, and a vary'd Veſt:
Thus all Things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd Spirit flies,
By Time, or Force, or Sickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it light, in Man or Beaſt;
Or hunts without, till ready Limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their Kind;
From Tenement to Tenement is toſs'd;
The Soul is ſtill the ſame, the Figure only loſt:
And, as the ſofter'd Wax new Seals receives,
This Face aſſumes, and that Impreſſion leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another Name;
The Form is only chang'd, the Wax is ſtill the ſame.
So Death, ſo call'd, can but the Form deface,
Th' immortal Soul flies out in empty Space;
To ſeek her Fortune in ſome other Place.

Then let not Piety be put to Flight,
To pleaſe the Taſte of Glutton Appetite;
But ſuffer inmate Souls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their Seats your Parents you expel;

With

With rabid Hunger feed upon your Kind,
Or from a Beast dislodge a Brother's Mind.

And since, like *Tiphys*, parting from the Shore,
In ample Seas I sail, and Depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that Nature knows
No steadfast Station, but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in Motion; she destroys her old,
And casts new Figures in another Mold.
Ev'n Times are in perpetual Flux; and run,
Like Rivers from their Fountain, rowling on;
For Time, no more than Streams, is at a Stay:
The flying Hour is ever on her Way;
And as the Fountain still supplies her Store,
The Wave behind impels the Wave before;
Thus in successive Course the Minutes run,
And urge their Predecessor Minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: For former Things
Are set aside, like abdicated Kings:
And every Moment alters what is done,
And innovates some Act till then unknown.

Darkness we see emerges into Light,
And shining Suns descend to sable Night;
Ev'n Heav'n itself receives another Die,
When weary'd Animals in Slumbers lie:
Of Midnight Ease: Another, when the Gray
Of Morn preludes the Splendor of the Day.
The Disk of *Phæbus*, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot Eye;
And when his Chariot downward drives to Bed,
His Ball is with the same Suffusion red;
But mounted high in his Meridian Race
All Bright he shines, and with a better Face:
For there, pure Particles of *Æther* flow,
Far from th' Infection of the World below.

Nor equal Light th' unequal Moon adorns,
Or in her waxing or her waning Horns.

For ev'ry Day she wanes, her Face is less,
But gath'ring into Globe, she fattens at Increase.

Perceiv'st thou not the Process of the Year,
How the four Seasons in four Forms appear,
Resembling human Life in ev'ry Shape they wear?
Spring first, like Infancy, shoots out her Head,
With milky Juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless, tho' fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green Stem grows in Stature and in Size,
But only feeds with Hope the Farmer's Eyes;
Then laughs the childish Year with Flourets crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the Fields around,
But no substantial Nourishment receives,
Infirm the Stalks, unsolid are the Leaves.

Proceeding onward whence the Year began,
The Summer grows adult, and ripens into Man.
This Season, as in Men, is most repleat
With kindly Moisture, and prolifick Heat.

Autumn succeeds, a sober tepid Age,
Not froze with Fear, nor boiling into Rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown Locks repine to mix with odious Grey.

Last, Winter creeps along with tardy Pace,
Sour is his Front, and furrow'd is his Face;
His Scalp if not dishonour'd quite of Hair,
The ragged Fleece is thin, and thin is worse than bare.

Ev'n our own Bodies daily Change receive,
Some Part of what was theirs before, they leave;
Nor are To-day what Yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same To-morrow will appear.

Time was, when we were sow'd, and just began
From some few fruitful Drops, the Promise of a Man;
Then Nature's Hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to Shape the soft, coagulated Mass;
And when the little Man was fully form'd,
The breathless Embrio with a Spirit warm'd;

But

But when the Mother's Throws begin to come,
 The Creature, pent within the narrow Room,
 Breaks his blind Prison, pushing to repair
 His stifled Breath, and draw the living Air;
 Cast on the Margin of the World he lies,
 A helpless Babe, but by Instinct he cries.
 He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
 On four Feet imitates his Brother Beast:
 By slow Degrees he gathers from the Ground
 His Legs, and to the rowling Chair is bound;
 Then walks alone; a Horseman now become,
 He rides a Stick, and travels round the Room:
 In Time he vaunts among his youthful Peers,
 Strong-bon'd, and strung with Nerves, in Pride of Years,
 He runs with Mettle his first merry Stage,
 Maintains the next, abated of his Rage,
 But manages his Strength, and spares his Age.
 Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace,
 And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the Race.
 Now sapless on the verge of Death he stands,
 Contemplating his former Feet, and Hands:
 And *Milo*-like, his slacken'd Sinews sees,
 And wither'd Arms, once fit to cope with *Hercules*,
 Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the Trees.

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So *Helen* wept when her too faithful Glass
 Reflected to her Eyes the Ruins of her Face:
 Wondring what Charms her Ravishers cou'd spy,
 To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!

Thy Teeth, devouring Time, thine, envious Age,
 On Things below still exercise your Rage:
 With venom'd Grinders you corrupt your Meat,
 And then, at lingring Meals, the Morfels eat.

Nor those, which Elements we call, abide,
 Nor to this Figure, nor to that, are ty'd:
 For this eternal World is said of Old
 But four prolifick Principles to hold,

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Four different Bodies ; two to Heav'n ascend,
 And other two down to the Center tend :
 Fire first with Wings expanded mounts on high,
 Pure, void of Weight, and dwells in upper Sky ;
 Then Air, because unclog'd in empty Space,
 Flies after Fire, and claims the second Place :
 But weighty Water, as her Nature guides,
 Lies on the Lap of Earth ; and Mother Earth subsides.

All Things are mixt of these, which all contain,
 And into these are all resolv'd again :
 Earth rarifies to Dew, expanded more,
 The subtil Dew in Air begins to soar ;
 Spreads as she flies, and weary of her Name
 Extenuates still, and changes into Flame ;
 Thus having by Degrees Perfection won,
 Restless they soon untwist the Web they spun,
 And Fire begins to lose her radiant Hue,
 Mix'd with gross Air, and Air descends to Dew ;
 And Dew condensing, does her Form forego,
 And sinks, a heavy Lump of Earth, below.

Thus are their Figures never at a Stand,
 But chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand ;
 All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
 The shifted Scene for some new Shew employ'd.

Then, to be born, is to begin to be
 Some other Thing we were not formerly :
 And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
 Or be the Thing that formerly we were.
 Those very Elements which we partake,
 Alive, when Dead some other Bodies make :
 Translated grow, have Sense, or can Discourse ;
 But Death on deathless Substance has no Force.

That Forms are chang'd I grant ; that nothing can
 Continue in the Figure it began :
 The golden Age, to Silver was debas'd :
 To Copper that ; our Metal came at last.

The Face of Places, and their Forms, decay ;
And that is solid Earth, that once was Sea :
Seas in their Turn retreating from the Shore,
Make solid Land, what Ocean was before ;
And far from Strands are Shells of Fishes found,
And rusty Anchors fix'd on Mountain-Ground :
And what were Fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling Floods from high, to Valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level Lands ;
And Lakes, and trembling Bogs, are barren Sands :
And the parch'd Desert floats in Streams unknown ;
Wondring to drink of Waters not her own.

Here Nature living Fountains opes ; and there
Seals up the Wombs where living Fountains were ;
Or Earthquakes stop their ancient Course, and bring
Diverted Streams to feed a distant Spring.
So *Lycus*, swallow'd up, is seen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another Door.
Thus *Erasmus* dives ; and blind in Earth
Runs on, and gropes his Way to second Birth,
Starts up in *Argos* Meads, and shakes his Locks
Around the Fields, and fattens all the Flocks.
So *Mysus* by another Way is led,
And, grown a River, now disdains his Head :
Forgets his humble Birth, his Name forsakes,
And the proud Title of *Caicus* takes.
Large *Amenane*, impure with yellow Sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,
And here he threats the drunken Fields to drown ;
And there his Dogs deny to give their Liquor down.

Anigros once did wholesome Draughts afford,
But now his deadly Waters are abhorr'd :
Since, hurt by *Hercules*, as Fame resounds,
The Centaurs in his Current wash'd their Wounds.
The Streams of *Hypanis* are sweet no more,
But brackish lose their Taste they had before.

Antissa,

Antissa, *Pharos*, *Tyre*, in Seas were pent,
 Once Isles, but now increase the Continent;
 While the *Leucadian* Coast. main Land before,
 By rushing Seas is sever'd from the Shore.
 So *Zancle* to th' *Italian* Earth was ty'd,
 And Men once wa'k'd where Ships at Anchor ride.
 Till *Neptune* overlook'd the narrow Way,
 And in Disdain pour'd in the conqu'ring Sea.

Two Cities that adorn'd th' *Achaian* Ground,
Buris and *Helice*, no more are found,
 But, whelm'd beneath a Lake, are sunk and drown'd; }
 And Boatsmen through the Crystal Water show,
 To wond'ring Passengers, the Walls below.

Near *Trazen* stands a Hill, expos'd in Air
 To Winter-Winds, of leafy Shadows bare:
 This once was level Ground: But (strange to tell)
 Th' included Vapours, that in Caverns dwell,
 Lab'ring with Cholick Pangs, and close confin'd,
 In vain sought Issue for the rumbling Wind:
 Yet still they heav'd for Vent, and heaving still
 Inlarg'd the Concave, and shot up the Hill;
 As Breath extends a Bladder, or the Skins
 Of Goats are blown t' inclose the hoarded Wines:
 The Mountain yet retains a Mountain's Face,
 And gather'd Rubbish heals the hollow Space.

Of many Wonders, which I heard or knew,
 Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
 What, are not Springs with Qualities oppos'd,
 Endu'd at Seasons, and at Seasons lost?
 Thrice in a Day thine, *Ammon*, change their Form,
 Cold at high Noon, at Morn and Evening warm:
 Thine, *Athaman*, will kindle Wood, if thrown
 On the pil'd Earth, and in the waning Moon.
 The *Thracians* have a Stream, if any try
 The Taste, his harden'd Bowels petrify;

Whate'er it touches it converts to Stones,
And makes a Marble Pavement where it runs.

Crathis, and *Sibaris* her Sister Flood,
That slide through our *Calabrian* Neighbour Wood,
With Gold and Amber dye the shining Hair,
And thither Youth resort; (for who wou'd not be Fair?)

But stranger Virtues yet in Streams we find,
Some change not only Bodies, but the Mind:
Who has not heard of *Salmacis* obscene,
Whose Waters into Women soften Men?
Or *Æthiopian* Lakes, which turn the Brain
To Madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain?
Clytorian Streams the Love of Wine expel,
(Such is the Virtue of th' abstemious Well,)
Whether the colder Nymph that rules the Flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that *Melampus* (so have some assur'd)
When the mad *Præitides* with Charms he cur'd,
And pow'ful Herbs, both Charms and Simples cast
Into the sober Spring, where still their Virtues last.

Unlike Effects *Lyncestis* will produce,
Who drinks his Waters, tho' with moderate Use,
Reels as with Wine, and sees with double Sight:
His Heels too heavy, and his Head too light.

Ladon, once *Pheneos*, an *Arcadian* Stream,
(Ambiguous in th' Effects, as in the Name)
By Day is wholesome Bev'rage; but is thought
By Night infected, and a deadly Draught.

Thus running Rivers, and the standing Lake,
Now of these Virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all Things Time and Fate obey)
When fast *Ortygia* floated on the Sea;
Such were *Cyanean* Isles, when *Typhis* steer'd
Betwixt their Streights, and their Collision fear'd;
They swam where now they sit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, resist the Wind.

Nor

314 *Of the Pythagorean Philosophy.*

Nor *Ætna* vomiting sulphureous Fire
Will ever belch ; for Sulphur will expire,
(The Veins exhausted of the liquid Store :)
Time was she cast no Flames ; in Time will cast no more.

For whether Earth's an Animal, and Air
Imbibes, her Lungs with Coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits ; she still requires
Inlets for Air, and Outlets for her Fires ;
When tortur'd with convulsive Fits she shakes,
That Motion choaks the Vent, till other Vent she makes:
Or when the Winds in hollow Caves are clos'd,
And subtil Spirits find that Way oppos'd,
They toss up Flints in Air ; the Flints that hide
The Seeds of Fire, thus toss'd in Air, collide,
Kindling the Sulphur, till the Fewel spent
The Cave is cool'd, and the fierce Winds relent.
Or whether Sulphur, catching Fire, feeds on
Its unctuous Parts, till all the Matter gone
The Flames no more ascend ; for Earth supplies
The Fat that feeds them ; and when Earth denies
That Food, by length of Time consum'd, the Fire
Famish'd for Want of Fewel must expire.

A Race of Men there are, as Fame has told,
Who shiv'ring suffer *Hyperborean* Cold,
Till nine Times bathing in *Minerva's* Lake,
Soft Feathers, to defend their naked Sides, they take.
'Tis said, the *Scythian* Wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to Birds by Magick Skill ;
Smear'd over with an Oil of wond'rous Might,
That adds new Pinions to their airy Flight.

But this by sure Experiment we know,
That living Creatures from Corruption grow :
Hide in a hollow Pit a slaughter'd Steer,
Bees from his putrid Bowels will appear ;
Who like their Parents haunt the Fields, and bring
Their Honey-Harvest home ; and hope another Spring.

The

The Warlike-Steed is multiply'd, we find,
To Wasps and Hornets of the Warrior Kind.
Cut from a Crab his crooked Claws, and hide
The rest in Earth, a Scorpion thence will glide
And shoot his Sting, his Tail in Circles to's'd
Refers the Limbs his backward Father lost.
And Worms, that stretch on Leaves their filmy Loom,
Crawl from their Bags, and Butterflies become.
Ev'n Slime begets the Frog's loquacious Race:
Short of their Feet at first, in little Space
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long Leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder Part, and swim the Lake,
And Waves repel: For Nature gives their Kind,
To that Intent, a Length of Legs behind.

The Cubs of Bears a living Lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd Figure wear.
Their Mother licks 'em into Shape, and gives
As much of Form, as she herself receives.

The Grubs from their sexangular Abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the Maggot's Brood:
Trunks without Limbs; till Time at Leisure brings
The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy Wings.

The Bird who draws the Carr of *Juno*, vain
Of her crown'd Head, and of her starry Train;
And he that bears th' Artillery of *Jove*,
The strong-pounc'd Eagle, and the billing Dove;
And all the feather'd Kind, who cou'd suppose
(But that from Sight the surest Sense he knows)
They from th' included Yolk, not ambient White arose.

There are who think the Marrow of a Man,
Which in the Spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the Pith corrupted will become
A Snake, and hiss within the hollow Tomb.

All these receive their Birth from other Things;
But from himself the *Phoenix* only springs:

Self-born

Self-born, begotten by the Parent Flame
 In which he burn'd, another and the same;
 Who not by Corn or Herbs his Life sustains,
 But the sweet Essence of *Amonum* drains:
 And watches the rich Gums *Arabia* bears,
 While yet in tender Dew they drop their Tears.
 He, (his five Centuries of Life fulfill'd)
 His Nest on Oaken Boughs begins to build,
 Or trembling tops of Palm, and first he draws
 The Plan with his broad Bill, and crooked Claws,
 Nature's Artificers; on this the Pile
 Is form'd, and rises round, then with the Spoil
 Of *Casia*, *Cynamon*, and Stems of *Nard*,
 (For Softness strew'd beneath,) his fun'ral Bed is rear'd:
 Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
 The Borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd,
 On this incumbent; 'till ætherial Flame
 First catches, then consumes the costly Frame:
 Consumes him too, as on the Pile he lies;
 He liv'd on Odours, and in Odours dies.

An Infant-*Phoenix* from the former springs,
 His Father's Heir, and from his tender Wings
 Shakes off his Parent Dust, his Method he pursues,
 And the same Lease of Life on the same Terms renews.
 When grown to Manhood he begins his Reign,
 And with stiff Pinions can his Flight sustain,
 He lightens of its Load the Tree that bore
 His Father's royal Sepulcher before,
 And his own Cradle: This (with pious Care
 Plac'd on his Back) he cuts the buxome Air,
 Seeks the Sun's City, and his sacred Church,
 And decently lays down his Burden in the Porch.

A Wonder more amazing wou'd we find?
 Th' *Hyæna* shows it, of a double Kind,
 Varying the Sexes in alternate Years,
 In one begets, and in another bears.

The

The thin *Camelion* fed with Air, receives
The Colour of the Thing to which he cleaves.

India when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God
For planted Vines the sharp-ey'd *Lynx* bestow'd,
Whose Urine, shed before it touches Earth,
Congeals in Air, and gives to Gems their Birth.
So *Coral* soft, and white in Ocean's Bed,
Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with Red.

All changing Species should my Song recite ;
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the Day to Night.
Nations and Empires flourish, and decay,
By Turns command, and in their Turns obey ;
'Time softens hardy People, 'Time again
Hardens to War a soft, unwarlike Train.
'Thus *Troy* for ten long Years her Foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' Expence of Blood :
Now for thick Streets it shows an empty Space,
Or only fill'd with Tombs of her own perish'd Race,
Herself becomes the Sepulcher of what she was.

Mycene, *Sparta*, *Thebes* of mighty Fame,
Are vanish'd out of Substance into Name.
And *Dardan Rome* that just begins to rise,
On *Tiber's* Banks, in 'Time shall mate the Skies ;
Widening her Bounds, and working on her Way ;
Ev'n now she meditates Imperial Sway :
Yet this is Change, but she by changing thrives,
Like Moons new-born, and in her Cradle strives
To fill her Infant-Horns ; an Hour shall come
When the round World shall be contain'd in *Rome*.

For thus old Saws foretel, and *Helenus*
Anchises' drooping Son enliven'd thus ;
When *Ilium* now was in a sinking State ;
And he was doubtful of his future Fate :
O Goddess born, with thy hard Fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.

Thy Passage thou shalt free through Fire and Sword,
 And *Troy* in Foreign Lands shall be restor'd.
 In happier Fields a rising Town I see,
 Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
 And Heav'n yet owes the World a Race deriv'd from thee.
 Sages and Chiefs, of other Lineage born,
 'The City shall extend, extended shall adorn:
 But from *Iulus* he must draw his Breath,
 By whom thy *Rome* shall rule the conquer'd Earth:
 Whom Heav'n will lend Mankind on Earth to reign,
 And late require the precious Pledge again.
 This *Helenus* to great *Aeneas* told,
 Which I retain, e'er since in other Mould
 My Soul was cloath'd; and now rejoice to view
 My Country Walls rebuilt, and *Troy* reviv'd anew,
 Rais'd by the Fall: Dece'd by Loss to Gain;
 Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
 'Tis Time my hard mouth'd Coursers to controul,
 Apt to run Riot, and transgress the Goal:
 And therefore I conclude, Whatever lies
 In Earth, or flits in Air, or fills the Skies,
 All suffer Change, and we, that are of Soul
 And Body mix'd, are Members of the Whole.
 Then when our Sires, or Grandfires, shall forsake
 The Forms of Men, and brutal Figures take,
 Thus hous'd, securely let their Spirits rest,
 Nor violate thy Father in the Beast.
 Thy Friend, thy Brother, any of thy Kin,
 If none of these, yet there's a Man within:
 O spare to make a *Thyestæan* Meal,
 T' inclose his Body, and his Soul expel.
 Ill Customs by Degrees to Habits rise,
 Ill Habits soon become exalted Vice:
 What more Advance can Mortals make in Sin
 So near Perfection, who with Blood begin?

Deaf to the Calf that lies beneath the Knife,
Looks up, and from her Butcher begs her Life :
Deaf to the harmless Kid, that ere he dies,
All Methods to procure thy Mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy Childrens Cries. }
Where will he stop, who feeds with Household Bread,
Then eats the Poultry which before he fed ?
Let plough thy Steers ; that when they lose their Breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their Death.
Let Goats for Food their loaded Udders lend,
And Sheep from Winter-cold thy Sides defend ;
But neither Sprindges, Nets, nor Snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.

Free as in Air, let Birds on Earth remain,
Nor let insidious Glue their Wings constrain ;
Nor opening Hounds the trembling Stag affright,
Nor purple Feathers intercept his Flight :
Nor Hooks conceal'd in Baits for Fish prepare,
Nor Lines to heave 'em twinkling up in Air.

Take not away the Life you cannot give :
For all Things have an equal Right to live.
Kill noxious Creatures, where 'tis Sin to save ;
'This only just Prerogative we have :
But nourish Life with vegetable Food,
And shun the sacrilegious Taste of Blood.

These Precepts by the *Samian* Sage were taught,
Which Godlike *Numa* to the *Sabines* brought,
And thence transferr'd to *Rome*, by Gift his own :
A willing People, and an offer'd Throne.
O happy Monarch, sent by Heav'n to bless
A Salvage Nation with soft Arts of Peace,
To teach Religion, Rapine to restrain,
Give Laws to Lust, and Sacrifice ordain :
Himself a Saint, a Goddess was his Bride,
And all the Muses o'er his Acts preside.



T H E
C H A R A C T E R
O F A
G O O D P A R S O N ;

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER, AND INLARGED.



Parish-Priest was of the Pilgrim-Train ;
An awful, reverend, and religious Man.
His Eyes diffus'd a venerable Grace,
And Charity itself was in his Face.
Rich was his Soul, though his Attire was
poor ;

(As God had cloath'd his own Ambassador ;)

For such, on Earth, his blest'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty Years he seem'd ; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast ;
Refin'd himself to Soul, to curb the Sense ;
And made almost a Sin of Abstinence.
Yet, had his Aspect nothing of severe,
But such a Face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see :
But sweet Regards ; and pleasing Sanctity :
Mild was his Accent, and his Action free.
With Eloquence innate his Tongue was arm'd ;
Tho' harsh the Precept, yet the Preacher charm'd.

For,

For, letting down the golden Chain from high,
He drew his Audience upward to the Sky :
And oft, with holy Hymns, he charm'd their Ears :
(A Musick more melodious than the Spheres.)
For *David* left him, when he went to Rest,
His Lyre ; and after him, he sung the best.
He bore his great Commission in his Look :
But sweetly temper'd Awe ; and softned all he spoke.
He preach'd the Joys of Heav'n, and Pains of Hell ;
And warn'd the Sinner with becoming Zeal ;
But on Eternal Mercy lov'd to dwell. }
He taught the Gospel rather than the Law :
And forc'd himself to drive ; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes Minds ; but Love, like Heat,
Exhales the Soul sublime, to seek her Native Seat.
To Threats, the stubborn Sinner oft is hard :
Wrap'd in his Crimes, against the Storm prepar'd ;
But, when the milder Beams of Mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumb'rous Cloak away.

Lightning and Thunder (Heav'n's Artillery)
As Harbingers before th' Almighty fly :
Those but proclaim his Stile, and disappear ;
The stiller Sound succeeds ; and God is there.

The Tythes, his Parish freely paid, he took ;
But never su'd ; or curs'd with Bell and Book.
With Patience bearing Wrong ; but off'ring none :
Since every Man is free to lose his own.
The Country-Churls, according to their Kind,
(Who grudge their Dues, and love to be behind,)
The less he sought his Off'rings, pinch'd the more ;
And prais'd a Priest, contented to be poor.

Yet, of his little, he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to cloath the Bare :
For mortify'd he was, to that Degree,
A poorer than himself he wou'd not see.

322 *The Character of a Good Parson.*

True Priests, he said, and Preachers of the Word,
Were only Stewards of their Sov'reign Lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the publick Store:
Intrusted Riches, to relive the Poor.

Who, shou'd they steal, for Want of his Relief,
He judg'd himself Accomplice with the Thief.

Wide was his Parish; not contracted close
In Streets, but here and there a straggling House;
Yet still he was at Hand, without Request,
To serve the Sick; to succour the Distress'd:
Tempting, on Foot, alone, without Affright,
The Dangers of a dark tempestuous Night.

All this, the good old Man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his Pains; for Curate he had none.

Nor durst he trust another with his Care;
Nor rode himself to *Pauls*, the publick Fair,
To chaffer for Preferment with his Gold,
Where *Bishopricks* and *sine Cures* are sold.
But duly watch'd his Flock, by Night and Day;
And from the prowling Wolf redeem'd the Prey:
And hungry sent the wily Fox away.

The Proud he tam'd, the Penitent he chear'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich Offender fear'd.
His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought;
(A living Sermon of the Truths he taught;
For this by Rules severe his Life he squar'd:
That all might see the Doctrine which they heard.
For Priests, he said, are Patterns for the rest:
(The Gold of Heav'n, who bear the God impress'd:)
But when the precious Coin is kept unclean,
The Sov'reign's Image is no longer seen.
If they be foul, on whom the People trust,
Well may the baser Brass contract a Rust.

The Prelate, for his Holy Life, he priz'd;
The worldly Pomp of Prelacy despis'd.

His

His Saviour came not with a gawdy Show;
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.
Patience in Want, and Poverty of Mind,
These Marks of Church and Churchmen he design'd,
And living taught; and dying left behind.
The Crown he wore was of the pointed Thorn:
In Purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for Place and high Degree,
Are not his Sons, but those of *Zebedee*.

Not, but he knew the Signs of earthly Pow'r
Might well become Saint *Peter's* Successor:
The holy Father holds a double Reign,
The Prince may keep his Pomp; the Fisher must be plain.
Such was the Saint; who shone with every Grace,
Reflecting, *Moses*-like, his Maker's Face.
God saw his Image lively was express'd;
And his own Work, as in Creation, bless'd.

The Tempter saw him too, with envious Eye;
And, as on *Job*, demanded Leave to try.
He took the Time when *Richard* was depos'd;
And high and low with happy *Harry* clos'd.
This Prince, tho' great in Arms, the Priest withstood:
Near tho' he was, yet not the next of Blood.
Had *Richard*, unconstrain'd, resign'd the Throne;
A King can give no more than is his own:
The Title stood entail'd, had *Richard* had a Son.

Conquest, an odious Name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted; none the Battle try'd.
The senseless Plea of Right by Providence,
Was, by a flatt'ring Priest, invented since:
And lasts no longer than the present Sway;
But justifies the next who comes in Play.

The People's Right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their Pow'r, when they the Judges are.

He join'd not in their Choice; because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from Change ensue.

Much

Much to himself he thought ; but little spoke :
And, undepriv'd, his Benefice forsook.

Now, through the Land, his Cure of Souls he stretch'd :
And like a primitive Apostle preach'd.

Still chearful ; ever constant to his Call ;
By many follow'd ; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he beg'd, his Brethren he reliev'd ;
And gave the Charities himself receiv'd.

Gave, while he taught ; and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd, by Proof, 'twas easy to be Poor.

He went not, with the Crowd, to see a Shrine ;
But fed us by the Way, with Food divine.

In Deference to his Virtues, I forbear
To shew you, what the rest in Orders were :
This Brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no Foil : But shines by his own proper Light.





THE
MONUMENT
OF A
FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

Who died at BATH, and is there Interred.



BELOW this Marble Monument is laid,
All that Heav'n wants of this celestial Maid.
Preserve, O sacred Tomb, thy Trust con-
sign'd: [Mind:

The Mold was made on Purpose for the
And she wou'd lose, if at the latter Day

One Atom cou'd be mix'd, of other Clay.
Such were the Features of her heav'nly Face,
Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious Grace,
So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole
Had been an Emanation of the Soul;
Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd;
And like a Picture shone, in Glass anneal'd.
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded Light:
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by Sight.
Each Thought was visible that rowl'd within:
As through a Crystal Case, the figur'd Hours are seen.
And Heav'n did this transparent Veil provide,
Because she had no guilty Thought to hide.

R

All

326 *The Monument of a Fair Maiden Lady.*

All white, a Virgin-Saint, she sought the Skies :
 For Marriage, though it sullies not, it dyes.
 High though her Wit, yet humble was her Mind;
 As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find
 How much her Worth transcended all her Kind.
 Yet she had learn'd so much of Heav'n below,
 That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know :
 But only to refresh the former Hint ;
 And read her Maker in a fairer Print.
 So Pious, as she had no Time to spare
 For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r.
 Yet in such Charities she pass'd the Day,
 'Twas wond'rous how she found an Hour to pray.
 A Soul so calm, it knew not Ebbs or Flows,
 Which Passion cou'd but curl ; not discompose.
 A female Softness, with a manly Mind :
 A Daughter duteous, and a Sister kind :
 In Sicknes patient ; and in Death resign'd.





CYMON and IPHIGENIA,

FROM

B O C C A C E.

Poeta, loquiter,



LD as I am, for Ladies Love unfit,
The Pow'r of Beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my Soul, and still
inspires my Wit.

If Love be Folly, the severe Divine
Has felt that Folly, tho' he censures mine;
Pollutes the Pleasures of a chaste Embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in Grace,
With riotous Excess, a priestly Race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' Offence,
He shew'd the Way, perverting first my Sense:
In Malice witty, and with Venom fraught,
He makes me speak the Things I never thought.
Compute the Gains of his ungovern'd Zeal;
Ill suits his Cloth the Praise of Railing well!
'The World will think that what we loosely write,
'Tho' now arraign'd, he read with some Delight;
Because he seems to chew the Cud again,
When his broad Comment makes the Text too plain:

R 2

And

And teaches more in one explaining Page,
Than all the double Meanings of the Stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at worst but Wanton; he's Obscene.

I, nor my Fellows, nor myself excuse;
But Love's the Subject of the Comic Muse:
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A Tale of only dry Instruction view;
Nor Love is always of a vicious Kind,
But oft to virtuous Acts inflames the Mind,
Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our Parts
With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.
Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhime,
The Motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the Chime;
To lib'ral Acts enlarg'd the narrow soul'd:
Softens the Fierce, and made the Coward bold:
The World, when waste, he peopled with Increase,
And warring Nations reconcil'd in Peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the Fair may find,
In this one Legend, to their Fame design'd,
When Beauty fires the Blood, how Love exalts the Mind. }

IN that sweet Isle, where *Venus* keeps her Court,
And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves, resort;
Where either Sex is form'd of softer Earth,
And takes the Bent of Pleasure from their Birth;
There liv'd a *Cyprian* Lord, above the rest,
Wife, Wealthy, with a num'rous Issue blest.

But as no Gift of Fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy Heir:
His eldest born, a goodly Youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in Shape, and outward Shew;
Fair, tall, his Limbs with due Proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degenerate Mind.

His

Cymon and Iphigenia.

329

His Soul bely'd the Features of his Face;
Beauty was there, but Beauty in Disgrace.
A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustic Sound,
And stupid Eyes, that ever lov'd the Ground.
He look'd like Nature's Error; as the Mind
And Body were not of a Piece design'd,
But made for two, and by Mistake in one were join'd.

The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
Were exercis'd in vain, on Wit's Despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public Shame,
The People from *Galefus* chang'd his Name,
And *Cymon* call'd, which signifies a Brute;
So well his Name did with his Nature suit.

His Father, when he found his Labour lost,
And Care employ'd, that answer'd not the Cost,
Chose an ungrateful Object to remove,
And loath'd to see what Nature made him love;
So to his Country Farm the Fool confin'd:
Rude Work well suited with a rustic Mind.
Thus to the Wilds the sturdy *Cymon* went,
A 'Squire among the Swains, and pleas'd with Banishment.
His Corn, and Cattle, were his only Care,
And his supream Delight a Country-Fair.

It happen'd on a Summer's Holiday,
That to the Greenwood-shade he took his Way;
For *Cymon* shunn'd the Church, and us'd not much to pray.
His Quarter-Staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he sought,
And whittled as he went, for Want of Thought.

By Chance conducted, or by Thirst constrain'd,
The deep Recesses of the Grove he gain'd;

Where in a Plain, defended by the Wood,
 Crept through the matted Grass a Crystal Flood,
 By which an Alabaster Fountain stood :
 And on the Margin of the Fount was laid
 (Attended by her Slaves) a sleeping Maid.
 Like *Dian*, and her Nymphs, when tir'd with Sport,
 To rest by cool *Eurotas* they resort :

The Dame herself the Goddess well express'd,
 Not more distinguish'd by her purple Vest,
 Than by the charming Features of her Face,
 And ev'n in Slumber a superior Grace :
 Her comely Limbs compos'd with decent Care,
 Her Body shaded with a slight Cymarr ;
 Her Bosom to the View was only bare :
 Where two beginning Paps were scarcely spy'd,
 For yet their Places were but signify'd :

The fanning Wind upon her Bosom blows,
 To meet the fanning Wind the Bosom rose ; [Repose.
 The fanning Wind, and purling Streams, continue her

The Fool of Nature, stood with stupid Eyes
 And gaping Mouth, that testify'd Surprise,
 Fix'd on her Face, nor cou'd remove his Sight,
 New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight :
 Long mute he stood, and leaning on his Staff,
 His Wonder witness'd with an idiot Laugh ;
 Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering Sense
 First found his Want of Words, and fear'd Offence :
 Doubted for what he was he should be known,
 By his Clown-accent, and his Country-tone.

Through the rude Chaos thus the running Light
 Shot the first Ray that pierc'd the native Night :
 Then Day and Darknes in the Mass were mix'd,
 Till gather'd in a Globe, the Beams were fix'd :
 Last shone the Sun, who radiant in his Sphere
 Illumin'd Heav'n, and Earth, and roll'd around the Year.

So Reason in this brutal Soul began :
 Love made him first suspect he was a Man ;
 Love made him doubt his broad barbarian Sound,
 By Love his Want of Words, and Wit, he found :
 That Sense of Want prepar'd the future Way
 To Knowledge, and disclos'd the Promise of a Day.

What not his Father's Care, nor Tutor's Art
 Cou'd plant with Pains in his unpolish'd Heart,
 The best Instructor, Love, at once inspir'd,
 As barren Grounds to Fruitfulness are fir'd :
 Love taught him Shame, and Shame with Love at Strife.
 Soon taught the sweet Civilities of Life ;
 His gross material Soul at once could find
 Somewhat in her excelling all her Kind :
 Exciting a Desire till then unknown,
 Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.
 This made the first Impression in his Mind,
 Above, but just above, the brutal Kind.
 For Beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
 Nor their own liking by Reflection know ;
 Nor why they like or this, or t' other Face,
 Or judge of this or that peculiar Grace,
 But Love in Gross, and stupidly admire ;
 As Flies allur'd by Light, approach the Fire.
 Thus our Man-beast advancing by Degrees,
 First likes the Whole, then sep'rates what he sees ;
 On sev'ral Parts a sev'ral Praise bestows,
 The ruby Lips, the well-proportion'd Nose,
 The snowy Skin, and Raven-glossy Hair,
 The dimpled Cheek, the Forehead rising fair,
 And ev'n in Sleep itself a smiling Air. }
 From thence his Eyes descending view'd the rest,
 Her plump round Arms, white Hands, and heaving Breast.
 Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry Part
 A pointed Arrow sped to pierce his Heart.

Thus in a Trice a Judge of Beauty grown,
 (A Judge erected from a country Clown)
 He long'd to see her Eyes, in Slumber hid;
 And with'd his own cou'd pierce within the Lid:
 He wou'd have wak'd her, but restrain'd his Thought,
 And Love new-born the first good Manners taught.
 An awful Fear his ardent Wish withstood,
 Nor durst disturb the Goddess of the Wood;
 For such she seem'd by her celestial Face,
 Excelling all the rest of human Race:
 And Things divine, by common Sense he knew,
 Must be devoutly seen at distant View:
 So checking his Desire, with trembling Heart,
 Gazing he stood; nor would, nor could depart;
 Fix'd as a Pilgrim wilder'd in his Way,
 Who dares not stir by Night for fear to stray,
 But stands with awful Eyes to watch the Dawn of Day. }

At Length awaking, *Iphigene* the Fair
 (So was the Beauty call'd who caus'd his Care)
 Unclos'd her Eyes, and double Day reveal'd,
 While those of all her Slaves in Sleep were seal'd.

The slaving Cadden, prop'd upon his Staff,
 Stood ready gaping with a grinning Laugh,
 To welcome her awake, nor durst begin
 To speak, but wisely kept the Fool within.
 Then she; What make you *Cymon* here alone?
 (For *Cymon*'s Name was round the Country known,
 Because descended of a noble Race,
 And for a Soul ill sorted with his Face.)

But still the Sot stood silent with Surprise,
 With fix'd Regard on her new open'd Eyes,
 And in his Breast receiv'd th' invenom'd Dart,
 A tickling Pain that pleas'd amid the Smart.
 But conscious of her Form, with quick Distrust
 She saw his sparkling Eyes, and fear'd his brutal Lust:

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy Crew,
And rising hasty took a short Adieu.

Then *Cymon* first his rustick Voice essay'd,
With proffer'd Service to the parting Maid
To see her safe; his Hand she long deny'd,
But took at length, asham'd of such a Guide.
So *Cymon* lead her home, and leaving there
No more wou'd to his Country Clowns repair,
But sought his Father's House with better Mind,
Refusing in the Farm to be confin'd.

The Father wonder'd at the Son's Return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret Causes of his alter'd Will.
Nor was he long delay'd; the first Request
He made, was, like his Brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his Birth requir'd, above the rest.

With Ease his Suit was granted by his Sire,
Distinguishing his Heir by rich Attire:
His Body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral Arts to cultivate his Mind:
He sought a Tutor of his own Accord,
And study'd Lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the Man-Child advanc'd, and learn'd so fast,
That in short Time his Equals he surpass'd:
His brutal Manners from his Breast exil'd,
His Mein he fashion'd, and his Tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry Exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd:
Inspir'd by Love, whose Business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful Ease,
More fam'd for Sense, for courtly Carriage more,
Than for his brutal Folly known before.

What then of alter'd *Cymon* shall we say,
But that the Fire which choak'd in Ashes lay,

A Load too heavy for his Soul to move,
 Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by Love?
 Love made an active Progress through his Mind,
 The dusky Parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
 The drowsy wak'd; and as he went impress'd
 The Maker's Image on the human Beast.

Thus was the Man amended by Desire,
 And tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much Fire,
 His Father all his Faults with Reason scan'd,
 And lik'd an Error of the better Hand;
 Excus'd th' Excess of Passion in his Mind,
 By Flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
 So *Cymon*, since his Sire indulg'd his Will,
 Impetuous lov'd, and would be *Cymon* still;
Galefus he disown'd, and chose to bear
 The Name of Fool confirm'd, and bishop'd by the Fair.

To *Cipseus* by his Friends his Suit he mov'd,
Cipseus the Father of the Fair he lov'd:
 But he was pre-engage'd by former Ties,
 While *Cymon* was endeavouring to be wise:
 And *Iphigene*, oblig'd by former Vows,
 Had giv'n her Faith to wed a foreign Spouse:
 Her Sire and she to *Rhodian Pasimond*,
 Tho' both repenting, were by Promise bound,
 Nor could retract; and thus, as Fate decreed,
 Tho' better lov'd, he spoke too late to Speed,

The Doom was past, the Ship already sent,
 Did all his tardy Diligence prevent:
 Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy Maid,
 While stormy *Cymon* thus in secret said:
 The Time is come for *Iphigene* to find
 The Miracle she wrought upon my Mind:
 Her Charms have made me Man, her ravish'd Love
 In Rank shall place me with the Bless'd above.
 For mine by Love, by Force she shall be mine,
 Or Death, if Force should fail, shall finish my Design.

Resolv'd

Resolv'd he said ; and rigg'd with speedy Care
 A Vessel strong, and well equipp'd for War.
 The secret Ship with chosen Friends he stor'd ;
 And bent to die, or conquer, went aboard.
 Ambush'd he lay behind the *Cyprian* Shore,
 Waiting the Sail that all his Wishes bore ;
 Nor long expected, for the following Tide
 Sent out the hostile Ship and beauteous Bride.

To *Rhodes* the rival Bark directly steer'd,
 When *Cymon* sudden at her Back appear'd,
 And stop'd her Flight : Then standing on his Prow
 In haughty Terms he thus defy'd the Foe,
 Or strike your Sails at Summons, or prepare
 To prove the last Extremities of War.

Thus warn'd, the *Rhodians* for the Fight provide ;
 Already were the Vessels Side by Side,
 These obstinate to save, and those to seize the Bride.
 But *Cymon* soon his crooked Grapples cast,
 Which with tenacious hold his Foes embrac'd,
 And, arm'd with Sword and Shield, amid the Press he pass'd.
 Fierce was the Fight, but hast'ning to his Prey,
 By Force the furious Lover freed his Way :
 Himself alone dispers'd the *Rhodian* Crew,
 The Weak disdain'd, the Valiant overthrew ;
 Cheap Conquest for his following Friends remain'd,
 He reap'd the Field, and they but only glean'd.

His Victory confess'd, the Foes retreat,
 And cast their Weapons at the Victor's Feet.
 Whom thus he hear'd : O *Rhodian* Youth, I fought
 For Love alone, nor other Booty sought ;
 Your Lives are safe ; your Vessel I resign,
 Yours be your own, restoring what is mine :
 In *Iphigene* I claim my rightful Due,
 Robb'd by my Rival, and detain'd by you :
 Your *Pasimond* a lawless Bargain drove,
 The Parent could not sell the Daughter's Love ;

Or

Or if he cou'd, my Love disdains the Laws,
 And like a King by Conquest gains his Cause :
 Where Arms take Place, all other Pleas are vain,
 Love taught me Force, and Force shall Love maintain.
 You, what by Strength you could not keep, release,
 And at an easy Ransom buy your Peace.

Fear on the conquer'd Side soon sign'd th' Accord,
 And *Iphigene* to *Cymon* was restor'd :

While to his Arms the blushing Bride he took ;
 To seeming Sadness she compos'd her Look ;
 As if by Force subjected to his Will,
 Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a Woman still.
 And, for she wept, he wip'd her falling Tears,
 And pray'd her to dismiss her empty Fears ;
 For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd,
 Your Love much better whom so long I serv'd,
 Than he to whom your formal Father ty'd
 Your Vows ; and sold a Slave, not sent a Bride.
 Thus while he spoke he seiz'd the willing Prey,
 As *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Spouse away :
 Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confess'd
 She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.

Who now exults but *Cymon* in his Mind,
 Vain Hopes, and empty Joys of human Kind,
 Proud of the present, to the future blind !
 Secure of Fate while *Cymon* plows the Sea,
 And steers to *Candy* with his conquer'd Prey,
 Scarce the third Glass of measur'd Hours was run,
 When like a fiery Meteor sunk the Sun ;
 The Promise of a Storm ; the shifting Gales
 Forsake by Fits, and fill the flagging Sails :
 Hoarse Murmurs of the Main from far were heard,
 And Night came on, not by Degrees prepar'd,
 But all at once ; at once the Winds arise,
 The Thunders roll, the forky Lightning flies.

In vain the Master issues out Commands,
 In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands:
 The Tempest unforeseen prevents their Care,
 And from the first they labour in Despair.
 The giddy Ship, betwixt the Winds and Tides
 Forc'd back, and forwards, in a Circle rides,
 Stun'd with the diff'rent Blows; then shoots amain,
 Till counterbuff'd she stops, and sleeps again.
 Not more aghast the proud Archangel fell,
 Plung'd from the Height of Heav'n to deepest Hell,
 Than stood the Lover of his Love possess'd,
 Now curs'd the more, the more he had been bless'd.
 More anxious for her Danger than his own,
 Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad *Iphigene* to womanish Complaints
 Adds pious Pray'rs, and wearies all the Saints;
 Ev'n if she could, her Love she would repent,
 But since she cannot, dreads the Punishment:
 Her forfeit Faith, and *Pasimond* betray'd,
 Are ever present, and her Crime upbraid.
 She blames herself, nor blames her Lover less,
 Augments her Anger as her Fears increase;
 From her own Back the Burden would remove,
 And lays the Load on his ungovern'd Love,
 Which interposing durst in Heav'n's Despight
 Invade, and violate another's Right:
 The Pow'rs incens'd, a while deferr'd his Pain,
 And made him Master of his Vows in vain:
 But soon they punish'd his presumptuous Pride;
 That for his daring Enterprize she dy'd,
 Who rather not resisted, than comply'd.

Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Sense,
 She hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th' Offence,
 Sex to the last: Mean Time with Sails declin'd
 The wandring Vessel drove before the Wind:

Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then alow ;
 Nor Port they seek, nor certain Course they know,
 But ev'ry Moment wait the coming Blow. }

Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking Day they view'd
 The Land before 'em, and their Fears renew'd ;
 The Land was welcome, but the Tempest bore
 The threatn'd Ship against a rocky Shore.

A winding Bay was near ; to this they bent,
 And just escap'd ; their Force already spent :
 Secure from Storms, and panting from the Sea,
 The Land unknown at Leisure they survey ;
 And saw (but soon their sickly Sight withdrew)
 The rising Tow'rs of *Rhodes* at distant View ;
 And curs'd the hostile Shore of *Pafimond*,
 Sav'd from the Seas, and shipwreck'd on the Ground.

The frightened Sailors try'd their Strength in vain
 To turn the Stern, and tempt the stormy Main ;
 But the stiff Wind withstood the lab'ring Oar,
 And forc'd them forward on the fatal Shore !
 The crooked Keel now bites the *Rhodian* Strand,
 And the Ship moor'd, constrains the Crew to land :
 Yet still they might be safe because unknown,
 But as ill Fortune seldom comes alone,
 The Vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,
 Already shelter'd on their native Shore ;
 Known each, they know : But each with Change of Cheer ;
 The vanquish'd Side exults ; the Victors fear ;
 Not them but theirs, made Pris'ners ere they Fight,
 Despairing Conquest, and depriv'd of Flight.

The Country rings around with loud Alarms,
 And raw in Fields the rude Militia swarms ;
 Mouths without Hands ; maintain'd at vast Expence,
 In Peace a Charge, in War a weak Defence ;
 Stout once a Month they march a blust'ring Band,
 And ever, but in Times of Need, at Hand :

This

This was the Morn when issuing on the Guard,
 Drawn up in Rank and File they stood prepar'd
 Of seeming Arms to make a short Essay,
 Then hasten to be drunk, the Business of the Day.

The Cowards would have fled, but that they knew
 Themselves so many, and their Foes so few;
 But crowding on, the last the first impel:
 Till overborn with Weight the *Cyprians* fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the War begun,
 And *Iphigene* once more is lost and won.

Deep in a Dungeon was the Captive cast,
 Depriv'd of Day, and held in Fetters fast:
 His Life was only spar'd at their Request,
 Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd:
 But *Iphigenia* was the Ladies Care,
 Each in their Turn address'd to treat the Fair;
 While *Pasmond* and his the nuptial Feast prepare.

Her secret Soul to *Cymon* was inclin'd,
 But she must suffer what her Fates assign'd,;
 So passive is the Church of Womankind.
 What worse to *Cymon* could his Fortune deal,
 Roll'd to the lowest Spoke of all her Wheel?
 It rested to dismiss the downward Weight,
 Or raise him upward to his former Height;
 The latter pleas'd; and Love (concern'd the most)
 Prepar'd th' Amends, for what by Love he lost.

The Sire of *Pasmond* had left a Son
 Though younger, yet for Courage early known,
Ormisda call'd; to whom by Promise ty'd,
 A *Rhodian* Beauty was the destin'd Bride;
Cassandra was her Name, above the rest
 Renown'd for Birth, with Fortune amply blest'd.
Lyfmachus who rul'd the *Rhodian* State,
 Was then by Choice their annual Magistrate:
 He lov'd *Cassandra* too with equal Fire,
 But Fortue had not favour'd his Desire;

Cross'd by her Friends, by her not disapprov'd,
 Nor yet preferr'd, or like *Ormisda* lov'd:
 So stood th' Affair: Some little Hope remain'd,
 That should his Rival chance to lose, he gain'd.

Mean Time young *Pasimond* his Marriage press'd,
 Ordain'd the nuptial Day, prepar'd the Feast;
 And frugally resolv'd (the Charge to shun,
 Which would be double should he wed alone)
 To join his Brother's Bridal with his own.

Lyfimachus oppress'd with mortal Grief
 Receiv'd the News, and study'd quick Relief:
 The fatal Day approach'd: If Force were us'd,
 The Magistrate his publick Trust abus'd;
 To Justice liable, as Law requir'd;
 For when his Office ceas'd, his Pow'r expir'd:
 While Pow'r remain'd, the Means were in his Hand
 By Force to seize, and then forsake the Land:
 Betwixt Extreame he knew not how to move,
 A Slave to Fame, but more a Slave to Love:
 Restraining others, yet himself not free,
 Made impotent by Pow'r, debas'd by Dignity!
 Both Sides he weigh'd: But after much Debate,
 The Man prevail'd above the Magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
 But works a diff'rent Way in diff'rent Minds,
 The Fool enlightens, and the Wise he blinds.
 This Youth proposing to possess, and 'scape,
 Began in Murder, to conclude in Rape:
 Unprais'd by me, tho' Heav'n sometimes may bless
 An impious Act with undeserv'd Success:
 The Great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
 To punish all Injustice but their own.
 But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
 Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous Deed:
 For Crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd

Cymon and Iphigenia.

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Resolv'd on Force, his Wit the Prætor bent,
To find the Means that might secure th' Event;
Not long he labour'd, for his lucky Thought
In Captive *Cymon* found the Friend he sought;
Th' Example pleas'd: The Cause and Crime the same;
An injur'd Lover, and a ravish'd Dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To manage loathsome Life when Love was the Reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his Intent,
In Depth of Night he for the Pris'ner sent;
In secret sent, the publick View to shun,
Then with a sober Smile he thus begun.
The Pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their Gift and Graces on Mankind below,
Yet prove our Merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not Worthy to receive:
For Valour and for Virtue they provide
Their due Reward, but first they must be try'd:
These fruitful Seeds within your Mind they sow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the Talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble Kind,
They gave you Love to lighten up your Mind,
And purge the grosser Parts; they gave you Care
To please, and Courage to deserve the Fair.

Thus far they try'd you, and by Proof they found
The Grain intrusted in a grateful Ground:
But still the great Experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the Prize you gain'd;
That you might learn the Gift was theirs alone:
And when restor'd, to them the Blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the Means prepar'd,
The Difficulty smooth'd, the Danger shar'd:
Be but yourself, the Care to me resign,
Then *Iphigene* is yours, *Cassandra* mine.

Your

Your Rival *Pasimond* pursues your Life,
 Impatient to revenge his ravish'd Wife,
 But yet not his; To-morrow is behind,
 And Love our Fortunes in one Band has join'd:
 Two Brothers are our Foes, *Ormisdas* mine,
 As much declar'd, as *Pasimond* is thine:
 To-morrow must their common Vows be ty'd;
 With Love to Friend and Fortune for our Guide,
 Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a Bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
 'Tis Force when done must justify the Deed:
 Our Task perform'd, we next prepare for Flight;
 And let the Losers talk in vain of Right:
 We with the Fair will sail before the Wind,
 If they are griev'd, I leave the Laws behind.
 Speak thy Resolves; If now thy Courage droop,
 Despair in Prison, and abandon Hope;
 But if thou dar'st in Arms thy Love regain,
 (For Liberty without thy Love were vain:)
 Then second my Design to seize the Prey,
 Or lead to second Rape, for well thou know'st the Way.

Said *Cymon* overjoy'd, Do thou propose
 The Means to Fight, and only shew the Foes;
 For from the first, when Love had fir'd my Mind,
 Resolv'd I left the Care of Life behind.

To this the bold *Lyfimachus* reply'd,
 Let Heav'n be neuter, and the Sword decide:
 The Spoufals are prepar'd, already play
 The Minstrels; and provoke the tardy Day:
 By this the Brides are wak'd, their Grooms are dress'd;
 All *Rhodes* is summon'd to the nuptial Feast,
 All but myself the sole unbidden Guest.
 Unbidden though I am, I will be there,
 And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the Fair.

Now hear the rest; when Day resigns the Light,
 And chearful Torches gild the jolly Night,

Be ready at my Call ; my chosen few
 With Arms administer'd shall aid thy Crew.
 Then entring unexpected will we seize
 Our destin'd Prey, from Men dissolv'd in Ease ;
 By Wine disabled, unprepar'd for Fight ;
 And hast'ning to the Seas suborn our Flight :
 The Seas are ours, for I command the Fort,
 A Ship well man'd expects us in the Port :
 If they, or if their Friends, the Prize contest,
 Death shall attend the Man who dares resist.

It pleas'd ! the Pris'ner to his Hold retir'd,
 His Troop with equal Emulation fir'd,
 All fix'd to Fight, and all their wonted Work requir'd. }

The Sun arose ; the Streets were throng'd around,
 The Palace open'd, and the Posts were crown'd :
 The double Bridegroom at the Door attends
 Th' expected Spouse, and entertains the Friends :
 They meet, they lead to Church ; the Priests invoke
 The Pow'rs, and feed the Flames with fragrant Smoke ;
 This done they Feast, and at the close of Night
 By kindled Torches vary their Delight, }
 These lead the lively Dance, and those the brimming
 Bowls invite. }

Now at th' appointed Place and Hour assign'd,
 With Souls resolv'd the Ravishers were join'd :
 Three Bands are form'd : The first is sent before
 To favour the Retreat, and guard the Shore :
 The second at the Palace-gate is plac'd,
 And up the lofty Stairs ascend the last :
 A peaceful Troop they seem with shining Vests,
 But Coats of Mail beneath secure their Breasts.

Dauntless they enter, *Cymon* at their Head,
 And find the Feast renew'd, the Table spread :
 Sweet Voices, mix'd with instrumental Sounds,
 Ascend the vaulted Roof, the vaulted Roof rebounds.

When

When like the Harpies rushing through the Hall
 The sudden Troop appears, the Tables fall,
 Their smoaking Load is on the Pavement thrown;
 Each Ravisher prepares to seize his own:

The Brides, invaded with a rude Embrace,
 Shreek out for Aid, Confusion fills the Place;
 Quick to redeem the Prey their plighted Lords
 Advance, the Palace gleams with shining Swords.

But late is all Defence, and Succour vain;
 The Rape is made, the Ravishers remain:
 Two sturdy Slaves were only sent before
 To bear the purchas'd Prize in safety to the Shore.

The Troop retires, the Lovers close the Rear,
 With forward Faces not confessing Fear:
 Backward they move, but scorn their Pace to mend;
 Then seek the Stairs, and with slow Haste descend.

Fierce *Pasimond*, their Passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on *Cymon's* Back in his Descent,
 The Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the Handle bent:

Stout *Cymon* soon remounts, and cleft in two
 His Rival's Head with one descending Blow:
 And as the next in rank *Ormisda* stood,
 He turn'd the Point: The Sword inur'd to Blood,
 Bor'd his unguarded Breast, which pour'd a purple Flood.

With vow'd Revenge the gathering Crowd pursues,
 The Ravishers turn Head, the Fight renews;
 The Hall is heap'd with Corps; the sprinkled Gore
 Besmears the Walls, and floats the Marble Floor.
 Dispers'd at length the drunken Squadron flies,
 The Victors to their Vessel bear the Prize;
 And hear behind loud Groans, and lamentable Cries.

The Crew with merry Shouts their Anchors weigh,
 Then ply their Oars, and brush the buxom Sea,
 While Troops of gather'd *Rhodians* croud the Key
 What should the People do, when left alone?
 The Governor and Government are gone.

The

The publick Wealth to foreign Parts convey'd;
Some Troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the Sovereign of the Sea no more;
Their Ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval Store;
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grin'd their Teeth, and cast a helpless View:
In vain with Darts a distant War they try,
Short, and more short the missive Weapons fly.
Mean while the Ravishers their Crimes enjoy,
And flying Sails and sweeping Oars employ;
The Cliffs of *Rhodes* in little Space are lost,
Jove's Isle they seek; nor *Jove* denies his Coast.
In Safety landed on the *Candian* Shore,
With generous Wines their Spirits they restore;
There *Cymon* with his *Rhodian* Friend resides,
Both court, and wed at once the willing Brides.
A War ensues, the *Cretans* own their Cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable Laws:
Both Parties lose by Turns; and neither wins,
'Till Peace propounded by a Truce begins.
The Kindred of the Slain forgive the Deed,
But a short Exile must for Show precede;
The Term expir'd, from *Candia* they remove;
And happy each, at Home, enjoys his Love.

T H E
T A B L E.

*D*EDICATION to his Grace the Duke of Ormond.

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